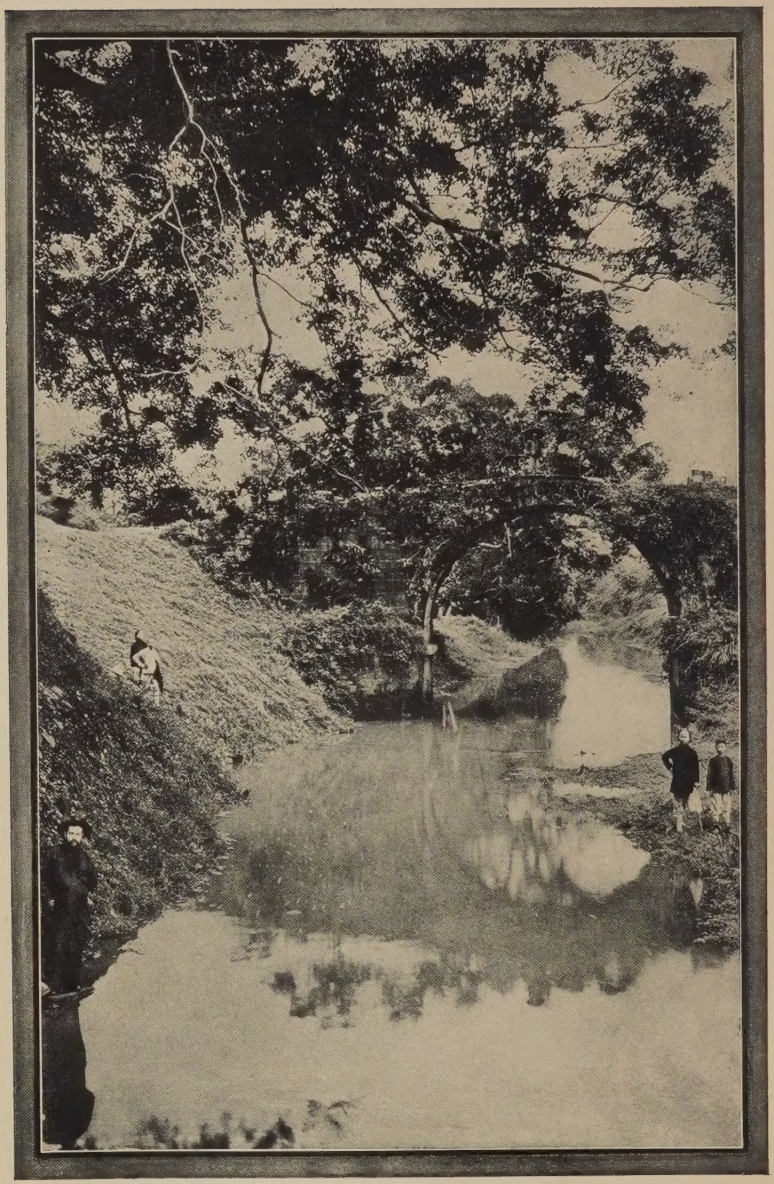
Observations in the Orient

By A Maryknoller



IN THE HEART OF KWANGTUNG

On a day's outing with the Father

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT

THE ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TO CATHOLIC MISSION FIELDS IN JAPAN, KOREA, MANCHURIA, CHINA, INDO-CHINA, AND THE PHILIPPINES

By the

VERY REVEREND JAMES A. WALSH

Superior of Maryknoll

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To the memory of
John Cardinal Farley
Prince of the Church
Beloved of his flock
Patron of all good works
for God and Country
Friend of the Missions
Father to Maryknoll
this volume is
affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE

Perhaps it is because of my own early experiences as a missioner in China that I followed with especially keen interest in *The Field Afar* the series of papers that appeared last year under the title of *A Pioneer's Log*.

In reading these letters from the Orient it often occurred to me that, if published in book form, they would make a valuable addition to the yet scanty stock of English literature on the vital subject of Foreign Missions; and I am happy to learn that this has now been done.

I hope and believe that thousands of American Catholics, through these pages, will be brought to a fuller realization of the share which the Catholic body in this great Republic is so evidently called by Divine Providence to take in the evangelization of the heathen world.

Today our Holy Father can hardly look elsewhere than to America if he would replenish the decimated ranks of his Apostolic army and sustain it in its fight against the hosts of Satan. Besides, the Church in the United States must not fail to develop, in its widest expression, the missionary spirit, which is the surest guaranty that its present vigorous life shall be

sustained and strengthened. This volume, the latest fruit of Maryknoll activities, should, therefore, receive a warm welcome and a wide patronage.

Maryknoll, the National Seminary for American foreign missions, is becoming a household word in the United States. May *Observations in the Orient* endear it still more to all who have been following its progress and bring to it, for the great cause of Christ, a host of loyal friends.

+ John Bonzano
Archbishop of Melitene
Apostolic Delegate.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Preface vii

CHAPTER I

From Maryknoll to the Golden Gate 1

CHAPTER II

On the Pacific 16

CHAPTER III

The Island Empire 32

CHAPTER IV

Northward to Nikko and Sendai 47

CHAPTER V

A Tour Through the Dioceses 61

CHAPTER VI

In Korea 82

CHAPTER VII

Through Manchuria to Tientsin 98

CHAPTER VIII

With the Lazarists in Peking and Chengtingfu .. 117

CHAPTER IX

Franciscan Hospitality at Hankow 131

CHAPTER X

Up the Yangtze to Shanghai 143

PAGE

CHAPTER XI
A Dip into the Interior 155

CHAPTER XII
Shanghai and Hongkong 175

CHAPTER XIII
A Memorable Christmas 191

CHAPTER XIV
Maryknoll's First Mission 210

CHAPTER XV
Under the American Flag 224

CHAPTER XVI
A Trip to Indo-China 243

CHAPTER XVII
At the Frontier of China 263

CHAPTER XVIII
Where St. Francis Xavier Died 278

CHAPTER XIX
Homeward 294

CHAPTER XX
Some Impressions 308

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Opposite Page
Frontispiece	
Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson	2
Maryknoll-at-Scranton	6
Mormon Temple. Great Salt Lake	10
Seminary at Menlo Park, San Francisco	14
A Catholic Missioner in the Land of His Adoption	18
A Japanese Liner. The Palms of Honolulu	22
Navigation on Chinese Waters	28
Yokohama—Its Harbor and a Main Street	32
Archbishop Petrelli in Japan. The Sacred Heart Church at Yokohama	36
At the Jesuit College, Tokyo	40
Brothers of Mary of Tokyo	44
Pagan Priests at Nikko	48
Scenes at Nikko	50
Children of Sendai. Ancestor Worship	54
At Fukushima	62
Some of the Treasures of Japan	64
Veterans in the Service of Their Master	68
The Feast of Corpus Christi in Osaka	74
The Mission at Taikou. Korean Market	82
Cathedral of Seoul. Typical Korean Hut	86
Bishop Mutel with his Little Folks	92
The Benedictine School at Seoul	96
A Street in Mukden. The Cathedral	100
French Nuns at Mukden. In the Compound	104
Seminarians of Mukden. The Station	106
Flood Scenes in Tientsin	110
The Tientsin Compound	114

Opposite Page

Students of the Peitang. Cathedral of Peking..... 118
The New Government Hospital at Peking..... 122
Sisters of Charity at Chengtingfu..... 124
A Chinese Sister. Bishop De Vienne and Seminarians 128
From the Train Window En Route to Hankow..... 132
Recollections of Hankow..... 136
The Catholic College in Wuchang..... 140
Establishment of the Canossian Sisters, Hankow..... 142
Buddhist Monastery. Missioners of Kiukiang..... 144
Kuling..... 146
Views of Shanghai..... 148
Mr. Lo Pa Hong. In St. Joseph's Hospital..... 152
The Jesuit Church at Sicawei..... 154
The Mission Buildings at Ningpo..... 156
On the Island of Chusan..... 160
Through the Chusan Archipelago..... 164
Haimen—A Monument to Efficiency..... 166
Chinese Sisters. Mission Buildings at Taichowfu.... 168
The Bishop's House at Ningpo..... 172
A Jesuit Mission Compound..... 176
The Picnic at Hangchow..... 180
Views of Hongkong..... 184
Street in Hongkong. Bp. Pozzoni with His Priests... 188
Custom-House at Canton. The Bund..... 192
The Canton Cathedral. The Bishop's House..... 194
A Country Mission. Women Workers of China..... 198
The Leper Islands of Sheklung..... 202
The Heroic Priests of Sheklung..... 206
Macao..... 210
At Shiuhing..... 212
En Route to the Maryknoll Mission..... 216

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

Opposite Page

A Street in Old China 220
A Christian Settlement. A Chinese Houseboat 222
Prelates of Manila 226
Around and About Manila 234
Reminders of the Ages of Faith 240
Traveling in Tongking 244
At the Mission in Haiphong 250
Annamite Priest. Père Cothonay at Langson 258
Indo-Chinese of Cao-bang 266
French and Spanish Bishops in Tongking 270
Shameen, the Foreign Concession 276
In a Chinese Inn. Chinese River Craft 282
Memorial Chapel at Sancian. Children of the Mission 284
At Sancian Island with Fr. Thomas 288
Traveling in China 292
At the School of the Canadian Sisters, Canton 296
The Tsu Family of Shanghai 298
Fujiyama. The Inland Sea 304
Maryknoll's First Apostles to China 310
Bishop de Guebriant and His Seminarians at Canton. 314
Map of the Maryknoll Mission in China 318

Observations in the Orient

CHAPTER I

FROM MARYKNOLL TO THE GOLDEN GATE

September, 1917.

ADIEU, Maryknoll! *À Dieu!* To God! In His hands thou art secure, and under the protecting favors of her who mothered the Saviour of men all will be well with thee!

It was a real tug at the heart-strings, the get-away on that beautiful bright morning in early September,—the third, to be exact. The great river seemed never so near, the little chapel never so attractive, the Departure Hymn never so significant. The actual parting at the Seminary porch dropped into solemnity as soon as it began, much as we would have had it otherwise; and down at St. Teresa's, where tears and smiles come more or less readily, the handshake and blessing could not be too brief for the father of the flock.

Even *Collie* seemed to realize the seriousness of the moment, as, with ears at perpendicular and eyes jumping, he stood silently observing until the friendly car had whisked the traveler out of sight and hearing.

Au revoir, Maryknollers! Until we meet. When? Where? Only God knows, but we dare to hope that it will be again at the Knoll, within six short months, and that when the roll is called that day all who witnessed our first departure for a field afar will be there to make so much the happier the welcome home.

Elizabeth, now battered enough to be called *Liz—Elizabeth* the once graceful and tidy motor-truck—followed with the bags and a few attendants, and with characteristic restlessness arrived ahead of us at the Scarborough Station, a quiet spot by the river bank admirably suited to its purpose. We had time to check the

baggage; to pose before a passing steamer for Father D—'s own and only *Graflex;* and to throw some lingering glances at that fine expanse of water, the Tappan Zee, not to mention the grim walls of Sing-Sing, behind which was one of Maryknoll's special friends—the Chaplain, we hasten to say.

An hour later we arrived in New York. The great metropolis was in holiday mood. It was Labor Day, and everybody was doing his best—some with poor success—not to work. The dusky prince who carried my large bag dropped it with a thud as he reached the curb and said something inarticulate that was uncharitably interpreted by his hearer. Though requested, he would not repeat the expression, but his good-nature came to the surface again as he closed his fist and walked back to find another victim.

We left some friends at the Grand Central—a priest, a seminarian, a layman, and one representative of the sex that on such occasions is sure to think, say, and do kind things. The representative in question did not forget to request the unusual. This time it was a call to bless her new Maryknoll ring. Holy Water was produced in a scent-bottle, and the ceremony which took place in the Grand Central might, for all that we who shared in it know, have been mistaken by the curious onlookers for some hasty marriage. We hope not.

Two Maryknollers escorted me across the North River to Hoboken (*Hobucken*, if you are a native). The ferry-boat had few passengers—the holiday travel seems to favor getting away from the place—and the harbor was unusually quiet.

The familiar line of tall buildings was extremely impressive. One at which we looked rises in towering majesty with the grace of a noble cathedral whose nave is yet uncompleted, and with the others on either side makes a sky-line unique in the world, one that may depress the artistic sense of some newly-arrived European who sees in it only the symbol of unrestrained commercialism but that will inevitably grow on him if he remains to note its different moods.

I have seen these buildings in darkness and alight—in clear atmosphere and enveloped in mist—sometimes half lost in fleecy clouds. I recall one night when, returning from Scranton,

New Seminary Site
St. Martha's
St. Michael's
St. Joseph's
Administration
Farm buildings
ON THE HUDSON — 135 acres Farmland and Woods

I crossed by water to the metropolis. There was no moon but the stars were brilliant, and as we swung away from the slip, past the hulls of the German liners and out into the river, lower Manhattan loomed like a mighty mountain. It was late and most of the buildings were merely outlined in the darkness. The highest of all was bathed in a flood of soft light that looked like Roman gold. No glaring bulbs, still or jumping, obtruded themselves and their owners' advertisements on the travelers' gaze, and yet it is safe to say that not one of the several passengers failed to learn, if he did not already know, to whom that structure belonged. Every eye quickly found the spot and was riveted to it. A stranger beside me gasped admiringly and admitted that although he came from Boston he had to take off his hat to that fairy picture.

Good-bye, New York—mine of activities, breeder of vice, stimulant of heroic virtue, home of the good, the bad, the indifferent, where legions of devils roam and where angels follow the souls of men or keep guard under the lights that twinkle in hundreds of sanctuaries where Jesus dwells unseen.

To the Vénard.

We crossed to the other side of the boat to observe the *Vaterland*,* the huge sea-monster once the pride of the German marine at whose stern was now flying the Stars and Stripes. Scores of men were working on and around it, and we were told that hundreds upon hundreds of American youths would soon be its passengers, bound for a destination far less certain than my own—for these are war-times.

At Hoboken Monsignor Dunn, Maryknoll's "Uncle John," was waiting, and his faithful secretary had come also to offer the assurance of good will and prayers. Monsignor Dunn had hoped to make the long jump with me, but home needs were pressing and what seemed to be an opportunity that might have meant much for the cause of foreign missions passed.

At Scranton, where the station was crowded with holiday excursionists, we found the Vénard Director and were soon under the hospitable roof of the episcopal residence. What His Emi-

* Later the Leviathan.

nence Cardinal Farley has been to Maryknoll, the American Seminary for Foreign Missions, that Bishop Hoban has been to its first preparatory school, the Vénard. His house has been a home to us and his consecrated hand has at once blessed and protected us.

I stayed at Scranton that night, so as to leave early the next morning for a visit to Brother T—, another Maryknoller, who was "in durance vile" taking care of his health—for a change—in a Pennsylvania sanatorium. Later Bishop Hoban took me out to the Vénard, and the day was so perfect that he stayed to walk about the place and to discuss with our young faculty the site and the proposed new buildings. The Vénard, you know—or do you know?—is likely to outstrip Maryknoll in numbers.

The few hours at the Vénard were all too short, but their close was a memorable one. The previous evening, in the chapel at Maryknoll, six priests had, in presence of the veiled Majesty of their Master, publicly expressed their *Propositum*—the purpose to remain attached for life to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. And now, at the Vénard, three more were ready to do likewise. The ceremony took place after night prayers and was an inspiration to those privileged to share in it. Hardly less moving were the recitation of the *Itinerarium*, the Church's prayer for the beginning of a journey, and the singing of the *Hymn of Departure*. Salutations followed, and our once-respectable closed carriage rattled away to the car-line, which was reached just in the nick of time.

Westward.

A night ride to Buffalo brought me in time for Mass at the old Cathedral, and a morning stay provided a good opportunity to talk with Bishop Dougherty,* whose long experience in the Far East has left him enthusiastically sympathetic towards the entrance of American Catholics into the field of missions to the heathen.

Another night and the stockyards of Chicago came into view. What shall I say of Chicago? So far, in my experience as a Maryknoller, I have found myself a stranger in a strange

*Now Archbishop of Philadelphia, Pa.

land when there. Friends who would extend a welcome hand are usually away when I happen along—but I found kindness and a resting-place at the Paulist House, spent a profitable afternoon that included an armful of typhoid germs—the third in ten days—and took an evening train for Des Moines, where one of Maryknoll's earliest and closest friends, Bishop Dowling, had left his chapel altar ready for Mass. It was Friday and the Mass was, as usual on that day, for all our benefactors—now a growing host.

Ten hours at Des Moines meant a day of recuperation. Early that evening I turned into a train berth for the fourth consecutive night, satisfied in the thought that while I was going west the earth is round and I might consider myself already on the home stretch. This reflection came especially from a suggestion made by Bishop Dougherty, that if I could not get to Europe by the Suez Canal it might be quite possible to find a Spanish steamer at Manila that would take me around Africa and land me within reaching distance of Rome—a very desirable objective for my purpose, which is yet to be unfolded.

This looks a little as if I were in the position of the man who did not know where he was going but was on his way. In these war-times it is rather difficult to say where one is going, anyhow, and I may venture the hope, if not the opinion, that these terrible war-clouds may soon be scattered by the Prince of Peace. In the meantime, along with some more dignified injunctions, I will keep in mind a couple of familiar phrases—*Keep moving* and *Watch your step*.

I passed in sleep out of Iowa, and dreamed as the train bounded through Stuart, the home of a Maryknoll priest. If *Casey* was called, the familiar name did not stir me into consciousness. Even Omaha, a city that I should have liked to look at, failed to wake me.

I found myself the next morning looking from a train window out upon prairie land—no, not fairy-land—stretches upon stretches of dried grass, stunted cornfields and genuine dirt, with here and there a straggling settlement that made one marvel how people could be induced to live out their lives there (if, indeed, they do) when controlled only by natural impulses.

But who knows? Perhaps under some of those wind and dust battered roofs there is a content sweeter than thousands find in the most attractive surroundings. If—and it seems to be true—the more we get the more we want, the needs of these people must be few, as they evidently have little.

A few names caught my attention. There was a *Bellaire* that recalled to me, by way of contrast, the hillock on which the young French martyr, Théophane Vénard, discovered, while yet a boy of nine years, his vocation to the apostolate and to the supreme sacrifice. That was in Kansas, the state that gave Maryknoll her latest priest, and my heart warmed to the place.

There was one place on that long prairie stretch towards Denver that left a particularly strong impression, if not an entirely alluring one. It was a typical struggling settlement, made up of half a hundred shacks more or less intact. On its fringe was a circus-tent and at its heart a H-O-T-E-L, as announced in great letters formed at any convenient point on the façade (*sic*). The name of this haven was *The Oasis.*

Between *The Oasis* and the railway station an acre of land reveled in its own dust, which whirled around a tethering post in the center. A score of horses, some hitched to wagons, others hampered only by their empty saddles, kicked at themselves occasionally as they stood, otherwise patient, under a hot sun while their owners visited one or other of the village attractions before saying good-bye to the proprietor of *The Oasis.*

There was a thrilling moment, which recalled a billboard picture in front of the Ossining "movie" house, and that was when a young mounted horseman in slouch hat and high boots suddenly issued from the *Deer Trail Garage* (I wondered if the animal's tire had been punctured), made a few spectacular circles, and shot up the road towards the circus tent in a cloud of dust that was sweeping down from the north at that moment.

The dust enveloped everything and everybody and drove the observers back into the train from which we had been glad enough to escape for a few moments.

Before Saturday afternoon had far advanced the incomparable Rockies were in view. The day was not clear and great fleecy clouds hung low on the horizon, fitting so well into the

Barn

Temporary Vénard College
now the Sisters' Convent

Power-house and laundry

Site of new College

MARYKNOLL-AT-SCRANTON

jagged outline of the mighty range that at first one could not distinguish mountain from cloud.

We were getting into Denver. I knew it as my eyes dropped from the dream clouds upon a signboard with the familiar words: *McPhee and McGinty*. For a moment I felt as if I were getting into Scranton with its *Hotel Casey* signs, but I soon realized that "those Irish" are Catholic enough to encircle the earth, and I expect to find Irish names on signboards in the Orient.

I entered Denver a stranger and none whom I met knew of Maryknoll, or the Vénard, or *The Field Afar*, or our blessed young martyr, Théophane. My stay was to be a stretch of but seventeen hours, including the sleeping period. The priests were hard at work in the confessionals, but kindness radiated, however, from the hospitable rector of the Cathedral—a Scranton priest, by the way—and from his genial assistants. An opportunity was soon found to interest also the nearby Sisters of Charity, and when I left the sightly and progressive capital of Colorado it was with the strong hope of returning for a longer stay.

Short as my visit was, a possible vocation manifested itself in that time. The protegé of a Denver priest, a youth who has persistently expressed his desire to be a foreign missioner, was given a momentary interview which may yet be chronicled as the providential occasion when the first Colorado Maryknoller discovered his life-work. On such little things do great purposes hang.

Across the Rockies.

I left the capital by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, headed for Salt Lake City and San Francisco, which I shall soon be referring to as "Frisco" if I don't meet a few more people from "way back East."

South we turned, as if looking for a passage through the mighty snow-capped range, under the lee of which I had slept one comfortable night in a fixed bed. South we continued for several hours, catching a glimpse of Pike's Peak, the hoary head that rises into clouds, and halting for a brief interval at Colorado Springs. No, I did not get out and take a trip on the Cog Road

from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak. That Peak has an altitude of only 14,109 feet and the sweep of view is hardly two hundred miles. What were such trifles for a man out to encircle the world? Besides, I was trying to get to the coast where a welcome was awaiting me, and a Japanese boat, also.

After running south, then, more than a hundred miles, we reached Pueblo and swung westward. At length we had found an entrance. They called it *The Royal Gorge* and the name fitted. On a couple of open freight cars, liberally supplied with seats at "twenty-five cents per," we went through the Gorge, following the bank of the Arkansas River, which bears the dignified title, "Mother of the Gorge." The narrower the canyon became the higher mounted the precipices on either side, until at its center we were on a base only thirty feet wide with walls rising precipitously a half-mile above us.

A little girl named Ella clapped her hands in glee and entertained the party with remarks more or less pertinent, until her eye caught a cinder—and then there was no more from Cinder Ella. A candy-drummer from Denver, a cotton-raiser from Tennessee, and an electrician from Illinois were my train companions and Cinderella's removal from the lecture platform gave an opportunity to the drummer to present himself as a substitute.

It was dusk when we reached the little town of Buena Vista, which the drummer described as a *nest* in the Great Divide. Back of it were those towering mountains named *Princeton*, *Yale*, and *Harvard*—by whom, or why, I do not know—perhaps to symbolize the aspirations of American students for the high places of earth. Certainly significant of the struggle for higher things, however, was a great cross, naturally cut at almost the top of a mountain, to which some Christian has happily given the name, "Mount of the Holy Cross."

It was dark when we whirled by the River of Lost Souls. May it always be so with us!

The next morning I lifted the curtain of my four-by-seven to find myself in the heart of the Rockies and in full view of a gorgeous sunrise which I could not describe if I tried. I was not the only one awake. A spoiled youngster, who called every man

in the train his father and addressed me as "Preacher" without a prefix, had risen with the sun and was running up and down the aisles in his nightie looking for a companion. He finally landed on the sleeping drummer and the car began to feel the thrill of life.

I managed to get out unobserved and to find a quiet unoccupied place in the next car. There could be no Mass that day and I wondered how near to me the Divine Sacrifice was being offered. Then I began to realize that we were between one and two miles above sea-level, and God seemed near in the vast wilderness.

The earth looked parched. Was it sand or rock? I could not tell, but it was dotted in places with sage brush. The mountains of rock were nothing short of fantastic, with here and there the appearance of a great fortress, a castle, or a cathedral nave. It was as if a giant had passed through, years before, with knife in hand, carving, cutting, and moulding at will, as a small boy would hack and form soft clay, leaving it to harden after him.

Occasionally I could distinguish near the track a highway marked only by the wheels that had made it, and strange indeed was the sight of a dust-covered automobile and later of a caravan that brought up memories of pioneer days elsewhere.

Salt Lake City came into view that afternoon, at the end of a long stretch of level country that had just been drenched with a much-needed rain. I had planned to stop over in this city, where I knew that a welcome would await me at the Marist Fathers, whose missionary spirit wherever they may be found is strongly Catholic; but like many another from way back East, I had forgotten that I was in the country of great distances and so, in my calculations, had given myself one day longer than I should.

This meant that all I could see of Salt Lake City was a very respectable railway station and some streets lined with small houses. Of the great Mormon temple I saw nothing, and of Mormons themselves I saw as little so far as I know. A young professor bound for the State University of Washington expectantly watched for some Mormon elder to appear with a bevy of wives at his heels, but he only showed his ignorance of womankind.

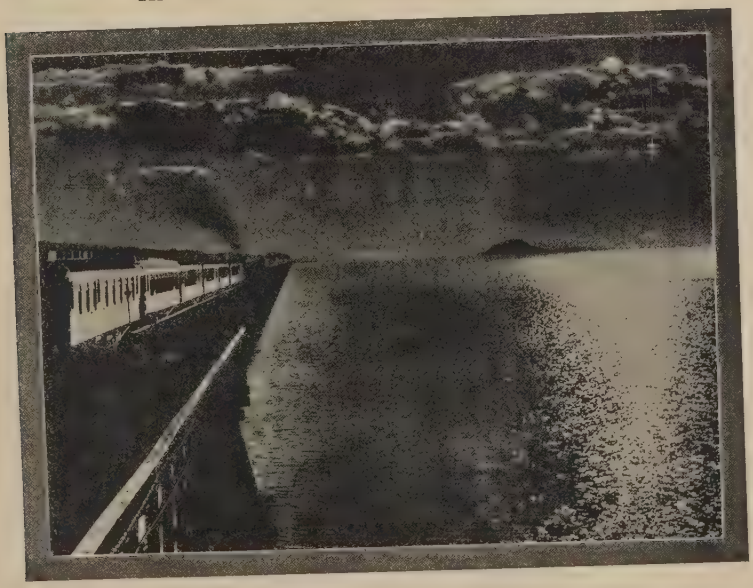
What occurred to me in reference to these people was the spirit of propaganda which they possess and which in recent years has often been called to my attention. I believe it is quite safe to say that there is rarely a passenger boat crossing the Atlantic with immigrants in normal times that does not carry one or more Mormon agents making known the "advantages" of Mormonism and of Utah.

We passed quietly out of the city, between rows of poplar trees which for some distance back we have seen in plenty, and on towards Ogden, where several cars were hitched to our train, which later disgorged a Catholic pastor and a pagan Japanese, both from New York. The pastor, a genial soul, was bound for Sacramento, a most appropriate destination; the Japanese for Osaka. I spoke with the priest about the place I left behind me, and with the Japanese about his island home to which I was going, and I soon found out that he would be one of my fellow passengers on the *Tenyo Maru.* I made it my business, as I intend to do all along the line, to disabuse this Japanese of the impression that the Catholic Church is practically and exclusively the French Church. This idea has so strongly clutched the average Japanese that a stranger arriving in Yokohama or Tokyo must, if he would find a Catholic priest, inquire for the *French* Church. It is a fine tribute to the splendid missionary spirit of French Catholics, but it is a pity, none the less, that the opening eyes of the Far East do not yet see that the Church which every good Frenchman loves as his very life is the one Church of Christ that appeals to all nations. Perhaps some day, soon, we hope, American priests will for the love of Christ work shoulder to shoulder with their French brothers in Japan, as American laymen are doing today in France for the love of country.

The Great Salt Lake came into view as we left Ogden, and after skirting its eastern shore for a while we swung out into its very centre, on a bridge of broken rock—the tedious work of years—that ran for miles before we reached the western shore.

These brackish waters hold no life and they are so buoyant that a man who does not know the art of swimming can float along in sitting posture, calmly smoking his pipe and reading the daily paper, with no fear of losing his rest or his breath. At

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY



THE GREAT SALT LAKE

"We swung out into its very center, on a bridge of broken rock." (*p.* 10.)

least so a San Francisco man tells me, although he admits that he himself has never tried the experiment.

The sun fell red that evening and the crimson twilight over the mountains was good to look upon. The night was without event and we woke up in Nevada—prisoners yet, but not without hope, because San Francisco should be reached that night.

Nevada—more dusty plains, more sage brush and jagged peaks, with here and there a stretch of green, a town, or, at least, a railway station with its post-office. Necks were craned and legs were stretched as the train stopped at Reno, the notorious divorce colony of the United States, a blot on its fair face, a breeder of parasites that are eating slowly but surely into the heart of the American family, the unit on which the nation that is to endure must be built. An old lady somewhere between the ages of seventy and ninety left the train at this station, to the great disgust of the young professor who was anxious to make his story interesting for the folks when he should go back home.

Anybody leaving Reno should expect to go higher; and that we did, climbing, climbing over the Sierra Nevada range, encircling Donner Lake, with a river torrent splashing near us and tall sturdy evergreens standing as sentinels, until we reached the summit, three thousand feet.

The view was superb, and the more enjoyable as it came after a tortuous and tantalizing ride along the cliffs and under great snow shields that dazzled the eyes and allowed only an occasional glimpse of the scenery—truly magnificent—outside the obtrusive palings.

Nearing the Golden Gate.

Downward we plunged towards Sacramento, and as our train was already more than two hours late my hope was strong that we were on an express elevator. But no, every trim little station was out waiting for us and we stopped at each and all. But California was impressing itself on us every moment, grape-laden bushes, set out in serried ranks, sharing long acres with plum and peach orchards and olive trees, and here and there a palm spreading its graceful branches over the parched ground.

As we neared Sacramento I bought a San Francisco paper and my eye soon caught the name of the priest whom I hoped to meet in a few hours. He was the object of an interview and the subject was: *Would the Coast Guard and its Chaplain be called to Europe?*

The response was characteristic of Father McQuaide (for it was he):

"You can bet they'll be heard from when they get the word!"

Just after a stop about forty miles from San Francisco, a United States Army officer of considerable weight bustled through the train. I was chatting with a St. Louis man when suddenly I heard the porter say, "There he is!" and I sensed the fact that I was the victim wanted.

My embarrassment was only momentary, because the army officer was no other than Maryknoll's San Francisco friend, the Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, L.L.D., rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Chaplain of the Coast Guard, and known to about every man, woman, and child within a hundred miles or more of the Golden Gate.

The Chaplain beamed, and everybody and everything began to beam. The porter seemed a changed man, and his eyes danced as he bowed out. The youngster who had already sized up every passenger several times came over to try on the "Captain's" hat. He looked up at our uniformed friend and exclaimed admiringly, "Say, you're fat!" —and his grandmother had a hard time getting him off the train at Berkeley.

We alighted at Oakland to take the boat across, and the ferry captain talked with Father McQuaide about so many things that I almost had to remind him that the passengers were anxiously awaiting his signal.

Father McQuaide's orderly was waiting at the San Francisco pier with a car, and presentations continued until a couple of weary eyelids dropped over their pupils for the night. In the meantime the Chaplain went to his tent at the Presidio.

The next day we saw, at Menlo Park, the diocesan Seminary, where for several years Maryknoll has had warm friends among both priests and students. Wherever the spirit of St. Sulpice is,

there may be found a keen appreciation of foreign missions, and the Seminary at Menlo Park is no exception.

Shortly after dinner we left for Santa Clara, that I might see the new Carmelite convent, talk with the saintly women who reside there, some of whom I had known, and be assured of their prayers. There is no body of women in this country, I believe, that has a stronger and more personal interest in Maryknoll than the Carmelite nuns, wherever they may be found; and it was with the home feeling that I looked back at the little Spanish belfry, as we rode past the convent after a brief visit to the near-by Jesuit college where my uniformed companion had made his studies.

The return drive to San Francisco was broken with a call at the Sacred Heart convent, and another short stay at the Seminary for supper followed by a conference to the preparatory students.

The evening was perfect, the roadbed all that could be desired, the scent of the eucalyptus trees inspiriting, and the full orchards, with palm leaves waving at us, were a delight to the eye. But the joy of that ride was the constant view of soft clouds lying motionless along the mountains under God's California blue—a picture on which I hope to look again.

Maryknoll-in-San-Francisco.

The day of days at San Francisco—in all there were only three—was Thursday, September 13, for which date was scheduled no less important an event than the opening of the third establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, the *Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco.*

This took place in the evening, at 1911 Van Ness Avenue, where a house for Maryknoll priests had been leased and furnished. The house, which had been "dolled up" by the Maryknoll Auxiliary so that it looked quite respectable, is well situated, with an outlook on the Pacific, an assembly-room, and accommodations for half a dozen priests and Brothers. Here Maryknoll will soon have one of its priests, and from this centre a knowledge of its purpose will radiate over the Pacific Slope. Here, too, the young missioners will find a welcome and a

haven of rest after passing the Rockies on their way to the Far East.

The gathering that night was a modest but notable one. The genial and cultured Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, was there to say his precious word of welcome and to reveal the Christ-like heart that is his. When later I thanked His Grace I was quickly told that there was no occasion to do so and that he would be lacking in the spirit that should animate any bishop if he failed to take advantage of such an opportunity to further the Cause of Christ. Archbishop Hanna felt, too, that the reactive influence of this new venture would be most beneficial to all concerned in it and to his archdiocese; and in a captivating talk he made known his sentiments, to the edification of all who listened and to the unconcealed delight of the Captain.

Father Bradley, of the Paulist Fathers, a zealous apostle to the Chinese of San Francisco, was there that evening with several priests, including Father Davrout, S. J., a well-known missioner of China, Father Moore, S. J., of the Japanese Mission, and my steamer companion, Father Chabloz. The assembly-room in the basement was crowded to the door with an interested body of the laity. Father McQuaide was in his glory as officer of the day, and shone as toast-master at the luncheon which his bounty had provided.

Everybody felt that the occasion marked the quiet entrance of a new force into the spiritual life of the Church in California and that as such it was an historical event worthy of record.

Leaving San Francisco.

Saturday, September 15, was our sailing date and shortly after one, on schedule time, our steamer, the *Tenyo Maru*, cut loose from her dock.

Some friends were there to see us off and among them were Father Davrout and Father Breton, both former missioners, one a Jesuit, the other an alumnus of the Paris Seminary detailed for work among the Japanese of Los Angeles. Was the Chaplain there? Ask, rather, if by any chance he missed that opportunity to express his interest in Maryknoll. Whatever

IN THE SEMINARY GARDENS

THE SAN FRANCISCO DIOCESAN SEMINARY AT MENLO PARK

time he could spare from the barracks in those few days belonged to Maryknoll's representative. We had together passed the evening before with the Archbishop, and on the morning of departure we visited again the Procure, calling also at the first San Francisco home of the Carmelites, a quaint and interesting house, quite monastic in appearance and once occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Chaplain, then, was at the dock, ready as usual to do services for any and all. My boat companion, Father Chabloz, came a little late. He was evidently anxious about his baggage, but Father McQuaide "started" things and in a few moments Father Chabloz was wearing his customary sweet smile, a combination of French dimples and an Italian sun. For you should know that Father Chabloz was born in France, spent most of his life in Italy, and belongs to the Turin Province of the Society of Jesus.

There was a pretty little ceremony of departure of which we were spectators. Scores of passengers lining the upper deck held in their hands ribbons of colored paper, each of which had been caught at the other end by some one standing on the dock. The distance was too great for ordinary conversation, but every ribbon served as a silent wire to carry unspoken messages from friend to friend. When the great ship swung away the ribbons snapped, one after another.

As we glided beyond the end of the pier we saw our little group of friends, with the Chaplain, serious of countenance, cap in hand. *Good-bye*, San Francisco! You have welcomed a stranger and he is grateful. May we meet again!

Out into the bay a little tug pulled us, and there left the *Tenyo Maru* to her own devices. We were delayed an hour by a special inspection order from Washington (these are war-times), but at length, with countless sea-gulls at our heels, we moved along. As we passed the Presidio, San Francisco's great encampment, I looked for the Chaplain, who had planned to signal us, but I could not distinguish him; and in a few more moments we had steamed out through the Golden Gate and were riding good-sized waves on the Pacific.

CHAPTER II

ON THE PACIFIC

QUITE likely your little Johnny would call the *Tenyo Maru* "some steamer." It is registered as of 22,000 tons and is decidedly ample in all its parts. This is the more surprising since it belongs to a Japanese company and is patronized by many of the small people of the Orient. But then, there are large Orientals, too; and besides, some say that the average "little Jap" feels bigger than he looks.

All ocean-liners have, as a matter of course, many points of resemblance, and if it were not for the name and the Japanese flag and symbols one might easily imagine that he was sailing across the Atlantic. There is, however, in the atmosphere a decided difference created by the employees of the boat. Practically all of these, officers, deck-stewards, cabin-stewards, and seamen, are Orientals. The waiters in the dining-room are divided between the two races, Japanese and Chinese, each "shinnying on his own side," and we were assigned to that of the Chinese.

Our "boy's" name is pronounced like *tack*, but there is nothing in him to suggest either a hard cracker or the pointed instrument of torture that needs the blow of a hammer on its head. We will write him up as plain *Tak*—and he is worthy of mention. *Tak* was born of poor but Chinese parents, somewhere near Canton, that portion of the Chinese Republic that contributes to the United States most of its laundrymen. *Tak* looks young but he assures us—and his countenance compels belief—that he is twenty-four years old. At breakfast he appears in a neatly-laundered dark blue affair, that hangs well below his knees and has long slits on either side. If it were not for a standing collar and the fact that the garment fits the body rather closely I should boldly say that *Tak* and his fellow-waiters serve us in night-gowns. At noon the shade of blue grows lighter, and at the evening meal *Tak* is in immaculate white, as are all the others except the headwaiter, who retains the blue. We like *Tak* and we may see more of him later.

Our table seemed to be quite empty the first couple of days, but gradually there came up from the sea or out of the prison cabins a little company that is, to say the least, cosmopolitan. There are five of us, representing China, Italy, Spain, France, and the United States.

The Chinese is an American-trained physician, a graduate of Harvard Medical School and for one year engaged at a large hospital in Boston. He is intelligent, bright of manner yet dignified, and knows English well. When he learned that my companion and I are Catholic priests he made known his own affiliations. He is an Episcopalian, although he had often attended services in the Mission Church of Roxbury, near which he roomed when in Boston. (The Mission Church, I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the very popular church of the Redemptorist Fathers.)

The Spaniard hails from Barcelona and is on his way to pick up a little inheritance of four or five million *pesos* which a thoughtful uncle had been dying to leave him. France and Italy are represented by my companion, and the United States by a real good young man and myself. The young man came from Illinois, so far as he can remember, and is the son of a Protestant minister. He himself has an ambition to convert the heathen and is to spend a year between China and Japan so as to determine in which country his services are most needed.

Days at sea are quite like one another if the weather happens to be good. In the early hours of the morning our little cabin becomes a chapel, and the Master bides with us awhile—during the period of two Masses, at one of which our young Spanish friend assists. At eight-thirty—it seems a long wait for early birds—we gather for breakfast; and the Lord knows how we pass the remainder of the day. Reading, writing, sitting, napping, eating, occasional conversations, and day-dreaming seem to fill out the measure of hours until we turn into the bunks at about nine o'clock and forget that we are riding a plank on the vast deep.

There is exercise to be taken, the most ordinary form being the deck promenade, which has the double advantage of giving recreation not only to yourself but also to the passengers who

watch your ambling. When the mothers are not looking I get extra compensation on the walks by exchanging winks with the babies, especially if they are Orientals.

The blue of the Pacific is deep and beautiful, increasingly so as we dip toward the tropic of Capricorn, and the ocean is restful to look upon—if it is behaving itself.

On Deck.

When the occasion offered I have talked with Orientals for the sole purpose of discovering if they have caught the idea that the Catholic Church is the Church of the world—that its head is the Holy Father—that its members can be found in all countries and that its strength in the United States is considerable; and I am convinced that the average Chinese or Japanese resident in the United States has yet to learn just where the Catholic Church stands in relation to the several denominations of Protestantism. Doubtless there are not a few American Catholics who, as students or business men, come in contact with friends from across the Pacific and some inquiries followed by a statement of fact would, I believe, do much towards setting right some wrong impressions.

Yesterday afternoon I met on deck the young Chinese physician who sits at our table, and I encouraged him to open up. He is a native of Ningpo, received his preparatory training at a mission college (Protestant), attended the Harvard Medical School in China, and took a post-graduate course in the United States, to which country, after teaching two years, he proposes to return for further study.

I put a few questions to him, with some interesting results. Personally he had not met Catholic priests. He was under the impression that there are in China more Catholics than Protestants and was surprised to learn that the ratio is about ten Catholics to one Protestant. He had remarked the absence of American priests from the mission fields, but had attributed it to indifference rather than to the burdens laid on them by the influx of immigrants.

When he learned of my mission the doctor seemed earnestly interested and anxious to suggest. I note here what he said

A CATHOLIC MISSIONER AT HOME IN THE LAND OF HIS ADOPTION

and it may be taken for what it is worth. Perhaps it carries a warning worth while.

According to his statement, the Catholic priest in China "mixes too much with politics." This statement was speedily modified, until it reached substantially the charge that Catholic priests had at times incurred the hostility of the pagans by seeking persistently for their flocks as well as for themselves the protection and punitive power of their own governments. He added that undoubtedly the Chinese converts were largely to blame, because the consciousness of the foreign protection made them bold, thus antagonizing the more their fellow-countrymen who were without that protection.

I did not feel that I could just then dispute his statements, but I reminded the doctor that the Catholic priest would naturally depend less than the Protestant missionary upon the protection of his government, since the former is alone, without a family, and living in China with the idea of making it his home for life. Perhaps a general charge had been made from a few examples. In any event, I appreciated the doctor's candor and would get the other side before forming a judgment.

The conversation then turned to the relations between Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China, and the doctor maintained that the Catholic priest holds himself absolutely aloof from his Protestant neighbor. He felt that there was some common ground on which both could stand and work together.

I told him that I knew of friendships existing between the two classes but I explained to him the special difficulty for a European, especially for one of the Latin nationalities, because Protestantism has hardly a foothold in Latin countries and is too often represented there by unprincipled or ignorant proselyters whose ill-concealed aim is to belittle the Catholic Church. In the United States, as I explained, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers often meet together for some common good, as, for example, the cause of temperance or the suppression of immoral enterprises.

I pointed out, however, the radical doctrinal differences between the Catholic Church and all Christian denominations, and I expressed regret that the Far East could not be taught the

truth of Christ by an undivided following. The young man seemed to appreciate the fact that Jesus Christ would naturally have founded a Society—a visible body with a visible head—which must be somewhere even now.

There is one group of pretty little live Japanese dolls on board, and I have had a talk with their father. He is by no means wealthy, but, like every other Japanese ocean traveler, intelligent and aspiring. His babies were born in San Francisco and he is taking them back to Japan for their education—doubtless, also, to get them saturated in the full strength of Japanese patriotism—a dense solution.

My opening came when he asked where I was going. When I reached the end of the Asiatic rope I said that I should try then to get to Europe and see the Pope at Rome. His eyes sparkled and he asked, "Are you an American?"

I nodded assent and in turn inquired if he had seen French priests in Japan. He had, of course. "Well," I went on, "I am on my way to visit them. They belong to my Church, and we are all under the great head at Rome. It happens," I added, "that most of the priests in Japan come from France, but the great Church of Christ may be found everywhere." Did he know that in the United States, where he had been for several years, there are seventeen million and more Catholics?

Just as I asked the question two of the children demanded his immediate attention, but as soon as he returned to the steamer rail by which we had been standing he asked in surprise, "Do you really mean to say that there are so many Catholics in the United States?" It was evidently a revelation to the man, as it is to so many Orientals, to learn the full strength of the Catholic body.

I am beginning to think that everyone on board this liner has something to do with foreign missions. Father Chabloz was approached this morning by a stranger who did not mention his occupation and could easily be taken for a business or professional man. I ran into the gentleman that afternoon and found him gracious. After fifteen minutes I discovered that he is a Congregational minister working in or near Canton. He had spotted some Chinese characters on a report which I carried in my hand, and when I learned his occupation I opened

the document, which was really impressive in both size and contents.

It was a chart of Catholic Missions in China, published by the Lazarist Printing Press at Peking in 1915. It gave the name of every diocese (vicariate, to be more exact), fifty-one in all. It gave also, for each, the entire population, the number of Catholics, the year's increase, the proportion of Catholics, the number of priests, seminarians, and churches or chapels. The minister was interested, but—perhaps through a sense of delicacy—did not look at the chart too closely. I read for him, however, the totals for the year:

Catholics in China	1,729,323
Increase in one year	100,969
Priests—European	1,430
Priests—Native	575
Preparatory Students	1,887
Churches and Chapels	8,618

and he expressed his admiration at the results.

Just as I was about to fold the sheet—it was two feet square—I noticed a single line on the bottom of the page:

Protestant Missions in China

and I read aloud:

Societies	93
Missionaries—American and European	5,419
Missionaries—Native	17,879
Number of Stations	4,064
Total Number of Protestants	235,303

I asked if this was about right and from what sources my Lazarist confrères at Peking had taken the figures, but the minister confessed that he did not know the statistics, and we separated, to meet again.

The Paradise of the Pacific.

Honolulu—We woke up yesterday morning to find ourselves at anchor and within sight of the garden city of the Pacific. I had visions of colored post-cards that I had often seen, idealized pictures of places and people in the Hawaiian Islands, and I was now prepared to be disillusioned.

At about eight o'clock all the passengers of the *Tenyo Maru* were lined up on the deck, like so many Chinese bandits about to be shot, and after a medical examination that consisted, so far as I could observe, in a simple count, our boat crept up to the dock.

Some passengers were so fortunate as to have friends awaiting their arrival at Honolulu, and we were among these. Ours were not friends of old; we had in fact never met them but the mutual recognition was immediate, and in a few moments we were enjoying to the full fresh experiences under the most reliable of guides.

This is no hotel folder, nor is it a promotion circular, but I would register in passing that Honolulu is certainly something of an earthly paradise as we picture such places. Our stay was for one brief day, with the unusual at every turn, and the pictures moved too rapidly to be recorded. As we passed along the streets, my first impression was that we must have already arrived in the Orient. Scores of Chinese and Japanese, dressed as in their native lands, went by us. Japanese mothers carried babes on their backs and Chinese women, wearing the pantaloons, were as unconcerned as they were unobserved except by such strangers as ourselves.

We drove at once to the Mission, the heart of splendid Catholic activities in the Hawaiian Islands.

The church is a solid old structure built of coral. Inside it gave evidence of use, and we knew that the spirit of faith filled it. It was good to feel again the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. There were three devotees, all men, on their knees when I entered, and I remarked that two were Chinese.

The house of the Fathers is at the rear of the church, and seems to be open not only to the balmy air of these islands but to anybody and everybody who takes a notion to drop in. The veranda is wide and the general reception room, though not by any means elegant, is, as it should be, free from all appearance of formality.

The priests in charge of the islands are the Missioners of the Sacred Heart (Picpus Fathers), the same congregation that gave Father Damien to the lepers of Molokai and, through Robert

A JAPANESE LINER ON THE PACIFIC

THE ROYAL PALMS OF HONOLULU

Louis Stevenson, to a world of readers who might never have heard of him otherwise.

How Father Damien would have smiled to find himself so lone a hero as the non-Catholic world has with good will made him! Or would he have smiled? Perhaps he would have been deeply humiliated at the thought that scores and hundreds of other Catholic missioners of his day and generation who deserved as much applause for heroic work remained unknown. The spirit of Father Damien was no exception to that of the ordinary Catholic missioner, and doubtless no one realized this more than Father Damien himself.

The lepers of Molokai are today under the spiritual direction of another Missioner of the Sacred Heart, who is assisted by some Brothers and Franciscan nuns. The Fathers in Honolulu also attend several churches.

We arranged to meet the community later at dinner, and resumed our drive, going at once to visit St. Louis College, which is directed by the Brothers of Mary from Dayton, Ohio.

The Superior brought us through the class-rooms—no small undertaking, since there are here fully nine hundred students, white, brown, and yellow, progeny of the United States, Europe, China, Japan, and the Islands, with Chinese evidently in the majority. This is the melting-pot of the races and the boys of Honolulu mingle so unaffectedly with one another that lines sharp and cutting elsewhere are here obliterated.

Several Brothers at St. Louis College had been in touch with Maryknoll and had communicated their interest to their respective pupils. The desire was expressed that some day St. Louis College would have a representative at Maryknoll.

The College is quite in the centre of Honolulu and occupies a considerable area. Palm and banyan trees give to the grounds a most attractive setting, here as elsewhere in and around this tropical city.

From the College we went directly to see a venerable nun, long interested in Maryknoll, who lives some two miles from the city on a hillside overlooking the bay. I was not prepared for this visit and did not realize until we arrived at the house the unusual character of the work in which Sister Bonaventure with

a few other nuns is engaged. It is the training of children born of leprous parents at Molokai. These children are taken when very young and brought to Honolulu. The Government gives the girls into the care of the Sisters, who mother the little ones, teaching them various occupations until they reach young womanhood, when they leave their convent home either to marry at once or to enter domestic service and run the chance of marrying later. Leprosy, strange to say, rarely develops in these children of afflicted parents

We reached the Mission in time for lunch and met a group of keen, active, and hospitable priests. All of them could speak French with my companion, and there was no one of them who did not speak English quite fluently, though with a foreign accent. Germany, Holland, Belgium—these were, so far as I knew, the countries represented in that house, but the spirit of Christ is stronger than that of nationality, and all work together, even in these troubled days, for the glory of God.

Our chauffeur—rather, chauffeur*ess*—called shortly after lunch and two of the Mission priests joined us in a drive to the *Pali*. Now the *Pali* meant no more to us when we started out to see it than it means just now to you, dear reader, unless you are familiar with Honolulu, but we soon found ourselves on a delightful road to somewhere and the destination was obscured in the joys of passage.

Avenues of royal palms led into some of the residences we passed, and the road itself was lined with monkey-pod and banyan trees, with hibiscus in a hundred varieties, with night-blooming cereus, and other species of fruit and flower so numerous that a botanist would grow bewildered or crazy at first sight of them.

More interesting yet were the groups of school children that we met occasionally along the road. They were happy and bright, as all children should be, but the distinguishing feature of these island children is their love of flowers. Garlands of blossoms hung around their necks, other flowers decorated their hat bands, and the little hands carried more of the precious gifts of God. Many of them gave gleeful exclamations as they recognized the Fathers of the Mission. The groups, like the classes

at St. Louis College, were made up of Hawaiian, Chinese, and graded Whites.

We were gradually mounting along a tortuous road when suddenly a cold wind struck us and the warning came, not a moment too soon, "Look out for your hats!"

We were at the *Pali*—a great cliff—and in view of a panorama that it would be hard to surpass. Sheer precipices with jagged peaks, at the base of which were acres on acres of pineapples, stretched out towards the city, and, in the distance, six miles away, Honolulu itself fringed the waters of the bay. We stood delighted until the wind drove us to shelter against a great rock, and I was thankful to be somewhat weighty with age, because the rush of air through the *Pali* gap has no consideration for those who are light of body.

On the way back we were introduced to alligator pears, picked a few papayas, saw the interior of a charming Honolulu home, visited a convent school of the Sacred Heart, and caught a glimpse of the local pastime—riding the waves. We observed many attractive buildings but none more interesting than a little Catholic church under the direction of the Mission. It had found its place, retired from the main highway that skirts the harbor, and was approached by a colonnade of palms. It nestled among the surrounding trees as if it had always been there and the trees themselves seemed proud as of their own offspring. Nothing could give us clearer proof that Honolulu has a favorable climate, because here was an all-the-year-round church with open lattice work in place of windows, exposing the interior finish of pews and wainscottings to the elements that must certainly be kind.

Our boat was scheduled to sail at six o'clock, and with reluctance we said good-bye to friends, returning to the floating boarding-house only to find that we should not leave until the following morning at seven o'clock. We were tempted to taste again the sweets of Honolulu hospitality but the farewells had been said and we decided that it would be best to wait until the next trip. This does not promise much for my companion who is strongly of the opinion that he will remain in *Chinkahee*

for the remainder of his life, a long period according to present indications.

So we listened for a while to the music of the ukuleles on the boat deck until it became monotonous, and then after beads we turned in for a much desired rest. Shortly after the scheduled hour we steamed slowly out into the harbor, and as I looked over in the direction of Molokai it was with regret that, while so near, I could not have viewed the scene of Father Damien's labors and of his apostolic death.

More Steamer Acquaintances.

I met a keen Japanese last evening. Together we were leaning over the rail watching the spray, and an unexpected wave showered us into talking. His English was so much more perfect than my Japanese that there was no choice of languages. He had lived several years in the United States and had observed much. His questions were direct and earnest, following the discovery that I am a Catholic priest. He knew the great metropolis of New York and had often visited the Cathedral, which he admired much. He realized that there are in America great men who belong to the Church—Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and noted priests—and that all are under the Pope at Rome.

"Is the Pope an American?" he asked.

"Why not?

"Can an Irishman be Pope?

"Has the United States Government a representative from the Holy Father?

"Why don't we see American priests in the Orient?

"Why have not some gone to Japan?"

These were some of the questions asked, and on that of papal representatives at the courts of the world he expressed very clearly his conviction that, as the Pope has children in all countries and is a spiritual father, he should be properly represented everywhere and his priests should be listened to with great reverence.

I was bold enough to tell him in answer to his questions about American priests going to Japan that we had very little hope of

impressing the Japanese at present, because they are too much preoccupied with material advancement to raise their thoughts to spiritual things. He smiled and admitted the truth of the statement.

As he had recalled the early persecution of Japanese Christians, I repeated the story of their perseverance, without priest or altar, in the faith of their forefathers, and added my belief that people who could show such steadfastness of purpose must be worth while, and I expressed the hope that some day, and soon, Japan, less absorbed in her attempt to be materially great, would examine seriously and for her own good the revealed truth of Christ.

Before parting, the young man told me that he himself is a Presbyterian.

Father Chabloz and I have, besides the distinction of being the only priests, a further distinction of being among the few passengers who have not already crossed the Pacific from two to twenty times.

Not all on board except the Orientals are missionaries, as I first thought, although the number of preachers and teachers is considerable—twenty-five, I am told. There are several business men, and some women, with or without children, going to join their husbands. I catch occasional conversations from these travelers, who do not hesitate to ventilate their opinions on all kinds of subjects. Some of them certainly need religion more than Oriental pagans, for the simple reason that they have none at all. Money, clean bodies, health, frequent feeding, "good times," and a respectable position summarize their philosophy of life. God and the future mean practically nothing to them. They seem to have got beyond the idea, to have had their chance and missed it. I often hear the objection that there are plenty of heathen at home. Most certainly there are, and the pity of the situation is that they prefer to remain such.

Hanging over the rail of an ocean liner when one is well may appear fruitless occupation, and yet it has decided advantages. There is inspiration in the great expanse of sky and water and there is freedom from distraction fore and aft, if one happens to be at the side rail. It is under such circumstances that I usually talk with people.

One who turned up yesterday is the son of a minister. He knows China and the Chinese, and has been all over the interior, representing a great American business enterprise. He prefaced his remarks by emphasizing his own breadth of view and his acquaintance with priests here and there on two continents, and he brought out one point worth recording in this matter of fact declaration: "Your Church 'puts it all over' ours because your priests are not hampered with family obligations. I found them in the most remote places and they were 'making good'."

Another meeting at the rail discovered a man from near Boston, who, figuratively speaking, fell on my neck when he found that I could eat beans and had coasted on Boston Common. That man spent the first five minutes running down all Protestant ministers aboard—who, so far as I can observe, do not deserve such treatment—and exalting the tribe of Catholic priests whose members he had often met on sea and land.

On Calm Seas.

The Pacific has been sustaining its name beautifully for days. We have had ideal weather and an expanse of blue sea smooth enough to fold (there is a dry-goods man watching me as I write). Except at Honolulu we have not seen a vessel since we left the Golden Gate, September 15—it is now the twenty-fifth—but this morning we passed the sister ship of the *Tenyo Maru* and she came so close that the passengers of both steamers could salute one another. It was a beautiful sight and brought out a line-up of cameras.

As I was closing mine and preparing to turn from the rail a lady standing near made one of those meaningless rail remarks that led in a few moments to her expression of unfeigned admiration for the Old Church and the hope that she might some day embrace the Faith. I suggested a daily prayer to the Holy Ghost, and I shall not be surprised if she says it. Her husband is equally interested.

What has happened? Yesterday, so far as I recall, was Tuesday, September 25, and today is Thursday, September 27, and everybody is literally and otherwise at sea.

Chinese sailing junks with eyes to enable them to find their way

A "city" of sampans at a Chinese river mouth

NAVIGATION ON CHINESE WATERS

My companion should have celebrated his ordination anniversary on the twenty-sixth and we had no twenty-sixth. Our Spanish friend, who sleeps like a log every night and takes a short afternoon nap daily from two to five o'clock, is almost convinced that he did not wake up at all on the twenty-sixth.

For many the mystery is not cleared, but the fact stands that out on the Pacific Ocean, when the 180th degree of latitude is passed, a day is dropped on the western voyage and on the eastern trip a day is added. In any event we are a day nearer Japan, and while some travelers dread the idea of shortening their lives even by a day, I am glad to get nearer to the field which I am so anxious to see—and to see won to the Spouse of Christ!

I picked up a Korean today but did not recognize his nationality until a good-natured Chinaman enlightened me. The Korean hailed from Honolulu and told me his life-story, which can be summarized in these two chapters:

1—Left Korea as a boy fifteen years ago.

2—After many struggles became the respected owner of a moving picture outfit in Honolulu.

The third chapter is opening with the wanderer's return to find what is left of his family; and the fourth will be to establish another "movie parlor" in Shanghai. I like this Korean, and I have an idea from all that I hear of Koreans in general that their country, watered with the blood of martyrs (in whom Maryknoll has been interested from the beginning), must be an inviting field.

After a talk with the Korean, a Japanese student turned up. He had begun his American studies in Leland Stanford University, in California. His family needed him at home and he was returning for that reason. I asked him what occupation he would take up and found him undecided between journalism and business. He had acquired while in California some ideas about the Catholic Church, but they were hazy and weak because he had not come in contact with Catholics. He knew, for example, that near the Leland Stanford University there is a Catholic institution at Menlo Park, but of its purpose (it is the diocesan Seminary for San Francisco) he was quite ignorant.

Another Japanese, who squatted one morning at the foot of my chair, had traveled widely in the United States and had kept eyes and ears open. His hobby was American history and he seemed to have visited about every place mentioned by the chroniclers of those great wars that now read like old-time schoolboy fights. In and around Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, and a score of other places he had reverently walked, and incidentally he had sized up a few Catholic institutions. He had, however, never met a Catholic priest in his fourteen years' residence, and he was evidently interested to get more exact data about American Catholic Church life. He was aware, he said, that the Church embraces people of many nations and that its head is the Pope in Rome.

I have met several of the twenty-five Protestant missionaries, but have not talked at length with them. Two young women were introduced yesterday—both college graduates. One is destined for a normal school under Presbyterian auspices, the other is bound for hospital work in Canton. I presume that both are listed as missionaries, but I am not sure of this. Today (I am writing under date of the first of October), a minister came over to my chair with a truth pamphlet on Savanorola. He had found it at the Paulist Church of San Francisco in the vestibule rack and had become much interested. He had a few questions to ask about some technical terms that were new to him, and was pleased to receive a copy of *The Question Box* by Father Conway, the author of the pamphlet referred to.

When the Wind Blows.

The end of a typhoon struck us today, and it was the long end. *Everything* was on end and it seemed as if the Rocky Mountains were moving by us. The dining-room was almost empty and sounds of gayety were confined to the privileged few who are always on hand to enjoy the discomfiture of their fellow travelers. The boat creaked and rolled until well towards morning, when the sea became calm enough for our daily Mass, which so far, I am happy to say, we have not missed.

Tuesday, October 2, was to mark our landing at Yokohama, but that typhoon-end lashed us so hard that we only limped along

yesterday, and we shall not get into Yokohama until late this evening. But already we are in sight of Japan, and as I make these few notes I can see the Land of the Rising Sun. The sun happens, however, just now to be setting, and it sinks gracefully over the Island Empire, whose interesting people we shall soon see in their own unique environment.

For lack of something better to do I took again to the rail and watched the moon during the space of a half-hour.

It hung barely visible, back of a small group of inky clouds, with the sky perfectly clear in every other quarter. Occasionally, as the cloud thinned, it would show the strength of its light.

Did it symbolize the difficulty which the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ finds in penetrating the soul of this ambitious little empire?

I wondered how long the clouds would remain and how long it would be until the Soul of Japan should scatter the mists like ashes.

As I stood there I thought again of the once closed ports that were opened almost in my own generation; of the discovery of the old Christians by Father Pettijean; of the late Bishop Chatron, who had once related to me the story of his ministration to the imprisoned faithful; and I felt a momentary sadness as I realized that my old friend, "the vagabond bishop," as he used to quaintly describe himself, was no longer of earth.

CHAPTER III

THE ISLAND EMPIRE

October 3, 1917.

AT ABOUT 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, we passed through the breakwater and steamed slowly up to our dock. A haze was over Yokohama, and the first glimpse of a Japanese city was not inspiring. It looked too modern at that distance to be very interesting, except for the consciousness that we were actually about to enter Japan.

We had said Masses at an early hour on the boat. Father Chabloz, loyal Jesuit that he is, offered the Mass of St. Francis Xavier; and I, as a professedly world-wide Catholic, offered that of the Propagation of the Faith; but each of us took a commemoration from the Mass of the other, and both recalled with a thrill of pride the marvelous things accomplished by the Apostle of the Indies in the land on which we were so soon to set foot.

As we neared the wharf the line of people broke into units and we began to realize that we were really at the gateway of Japan. The loose garments of the bare-legged dock hands were embroidered to their very edge. The little Japanese women, demure and graceful, seemed to have their black hair oiled for the occasion. Old men and old women were there, and children, all scanning earnestly the steamer rail to discover their loved ones.

Friends.

And then I found myself looking for a friendly face. Would there be one at that yet early hour? I said to a fellow-voyager beside me, "If you see any long-whiskered man in that line let me know."

I had hardly spoken when I discovered the familiar figure of a French priest, the long black coat covering his cassock, the low broad hat, and a wealth of beard that flowed to his cincture. With one hand shading his eyes from the sun's rays and the other holding what looked like an old-fashioned carpet bag, he was sweeping our line with penetrating glances. I did

YOKOHAMA — ITS HARBOR AND A MAIN STREET

not know him, but I felt that he was there for my companion or myself, and I waved until our eyes met, when his great hat was lifted and swung in greeting to us.

Then about forty feet away I noticed two more bearded priests, both in frock-coats, and again there was mutual recognition though all of us were strangers. I had half-expected Father Spenner, a Marianist of Yokohama, and my companion had been instructed to look for one of his Jesuit confrères from Tokyo. We came to the conclusion that the two in frock-coats were they, and our surmise proved to be correct.

But the French priest—who was he? Every moment we were getting nearer, and now as I looked again along the wharf line, I saw the flash of a ring—and then a photograph on file at Maryknoll came to my memory. "*The Archbishop of Tokyo!*" I murmured, and—I nearly fell overboard.

It was he, and with all the pride of a youngster showing off his big brother I announced the fact. The news traveled and ship-friends who came up to say good-bye regarded me suspiciously or with unusual respect—I don't know which.

We were soon on the dock, and, though not smothered in whiskers, we received a cordial welcome to the Land of the Rising Sun (which expression always reminds me of the old stove-polish, a miserable comparison, I admit).

I managed to lose some of these jottings while my bags were being examined and after the important little officers and finished their inspection we mounted rickshaws and were pulled away by hardy little yellow men, each the master of his own conveyance.

All that I recall, as I passed out of the modern portion of Yokohama into its streets alive with little people in fantastic garb, is giving myself an occasional pinch and wondering if I was not assisting at some moving picture show or attending a child's party.

We went directly to the base of a flight of stone steps that rise almost perpendicularly to what is called The Bluff—a name that suggests and proves to be slight exaggeration here. My companion had run off with the other Jesuit to some more Jesuits, and we three—Archbishop Rey, Father Spenner and myself—

mounted, more or less like Alpine climbers, until we caught our breath on the top step and passed into an alley that bears a dignified name and is referred to as a street.

A few turns brought us to the church, and we entered to salute the Tabernacled Christ before going into the house. The church was to me very attractive, as the first built in Japan after the opening of the Empire to western civilization. It suggests too much architecture such as could be found in my own country, but it is cozy and devotional.

The house is prettily set, well back from the street, with a garden in front. The typhoon had littered our path with débris and the priests' garden had not escaped, but evidently its normal condition was excellent. Two ancients from the Paris Seminary, Fathers Pettier and Evrard, were on hand to meet us, their beards rivaling in magnitude the patriarchal down of *Monseigneur l'Archeveque de Tokyo*, but the meal that followed made me quite forget that mine was the only smooth face in the group.

I decided to remain over at Yokohama so as to get introduced gradually to new surroundings, and the Archbishop left for Tokyo toward the middle of the afternoon. This gave me an opportunity to talk English to myself, to take some photographs of the sacristan's children, and to make a sortie through the town.

I found my way back on foot to the wharf and then summoned a rickshaw. It was a lucky chance, because the driver understood the three words I spoke to him, "Kelly and Walsh." "Kelly and Walsh," not to mystify you, is the name of a book and stationery firm that has stores in several cities of Eastern Asia. I attempted to trace relationship to both members of the firm—so as to secure reductions—but learned that the originals had long since disappeared. It was presumed that they had come to the East from the Island of the West, but no one could tell me if they are over or under the old or the new sod.

As I left the place I breathed a prayer that some day we should have more "Kelly's and Walsh's" in the Orient, and that they would come not to sell books but to break the Bread of Life.

Yokohama has nearly four hundred thousand people. Two

Catholic churches suffice, one for Europeans, the other for the Japanese. I was told that there are about four hundred foreigners in Yokohama, one half of whom are Portuguese from Macao, the remainder being made up of various nationalities, French, English, American, Armenian, and so forth. The Japanese Catholics at Yokohama number nearly eight hundred, but they are frequently shifting.

I mounted to the Bluff again with an armful of purchases, and as I turned half-way up, I caught a glimpse of Fuji, the so-called "sacred" mountain of Japan. It was fifty miles away, but it looked quite clear under the rays of the setting sun.

The Church in Yokohama.

The next morning I offered Mass for the first time on the soil of Japan, and it was my privilege to do so for a Christian Chinese couple whose wedding anniversary was being celebrated that day. How good those faces looked, all in the little group—father, mother, two daughters and a son! The light of Christ illumined them, and I confess to a thrill as I realized the possibilities which this single experience suggested.

Shortly after Mass, in company with Father Evrard I visited the Sisters of St. Maur at their convent. One of their number, a lay Sister, I had met in the United States, and she is there at this writing, while her nephew is a student at our preparatory school, the Vénard.

I learned that there is a little Irish nun at this convent and I knew that she would be glad to spin a few yards of English for my benefit—and her own. The Superioress, a French nun, welcomed us and soon produced the daughter of Erin, who, though disappointed to learn that I am not Irish of the Irish, was evidently delighted to meet an English-speaking priest who bore her family name and whose ancestors had come from the same part of the old country as herself.

To my surprise, I discovered that out of the fourteen European Sisters in this house not *one* but *five* are Irish, and it is needless to say that I met them all. There are also in this convent seven Japanese nuns. The number of pupils runs into several hundred, and of these one hundred and forty are Europeans

of various nationalities, the remainder being Japanese—Catholics, non-Catholics, Protestants, Schismatics, and the good Lord knows what else.

I lunched with the Marianist Brothers that noon and looked into their school, which is becoming popular like that in Honolulu already described. All their teachers are religious Brothers except Father Spenner. He is much interested in the early history of Christianity in Japan and is tracing the footsteps of the Tokyo martyrs. He spoke most interestingly of a sect called by a name resembling the word *Christian*, a kind of secret society that is supposed to be a remnant of the early converts.

On to Tokyo.

That afternoon I made my way to the electric car line that runs to Tokyo, and after presenting two good-sized coppers to the red-hatted, bare-legged youngster who managed my bag I sat down to make observations. The odd cries of a newsboy were distracting for a moment, but my attention was soon riveted to the incoming passengers.

They certainly are quite at home, these Japanese, in their own country. One who took the corner opposite me kicked off his sandals, lifted his brown legs onto the seat, and prepared for a snooze, seemingly a common pastime here. Another, arrayed above the hips in Scotch tweed, proceeded to unlace and lace his stockings, which were composed of a long ribbon such as military men use for leggings. A mother near-by slung the baby around from her back and tidied it up under the observant eyes of the silent onlookers. At every station a host of school children alighted and flopped along the pavement in their wooden shoes, making a noise like a lot of caulkers on a big ship.

My station came at last and following instructions I summoned a red-hat as if I understood Japanese, murmured "Rickshaw," and in a moment found myself in the presence of a rickshaw director, a smiling individual who looked at my laundry check directions, said some magic word to one of his men, and painted on a slip of paper for me the figures 30—which meant that I should pay the little "horse-man" thirty sen—about fifteen cents—for a drive that seemed to me a mile.

HIS EXCELLENCY, ARCHBISHOP PETRELLI, ON HIS VISIT TO JAPAN AS PAPAL ENVOY

THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART AT YOKOHAMA
An English sermon is often preached here for foreign residents, among whom are some Americans

We dodged in and out, took short cuts, nearly killed a dog, brushed the dust off an old woman's umbrella, until I thought that I should get a tip in place of the driver, and at last landed—at the Protestant Episcopal church! I knew that I was at the wrong place and would not dismount. Then there was a consultation with a local rickshaw man, and a few moments later I was landed, feet down, at the archiepiscopal palace (save the mark)!

A poorly dressed Japanese servant made the usual attempt to break his back, and I followed him up a flight of stairs that reminded me of old days on sick call duty in the tenement district of a certain large city parish.

I was ushered into a room spacious enough but with bare walls and furnishings that recalled a storehouse. The Archbishop appeared in a few moments and made excuses, on the plea that the place was not worth repairing and that he was waiting for better days to provide something more respectable for his successor. I was edified rather than discomfited and my impression deepened as I remarked the spirit of poverty throughout this residence.

At dinner that evening I found two old friends, Fathers Steichen and Roussel, both of whom had passed through the United States, also a young missioner whom I had met when he was a student at Paris. A Japanese priest, too, was there and it seemed good to see him. Father Steichen is the Director of the Seminary, a young institution. He has an excellent command of English and has observed much. He publishes two magazines, both in Japanese, one for adults, the other for children and less educated Christians. I have profited much from my conversation with him.

The Cathedral compound is in the heart of the former European concessions and is quite surrounded by American and other foreign institutions. It includes, besides the church and house, the Seminary and servants' quarters.

My room opens out on a balcony which looks down on the courtyard and my windows were carefully closed for the night just before we separated for sleep. As an ardent believer in the value of fresh air I carefully opened them, and after a "bit

of work" under the light of a solitary candle I said my prayers like a good Christian in that pagan land and turned in.

The Archbishop had remarked with some concern that the top of my candle had been used to fill the teeth of some rodents, and this observation recurred to me as I threw off three or four blankets toward the foot of the bed, but nothing happened to disturb my sleep—nothing at least from without. Otherwise I admit sleeping very little that night. My head was full of the present and of the future. I would make a poor historian, I fear, because I don't like to look back.

Some First Impressions.

My Mass was to be at six-thirty, and I missed more than anything else at Yokohama that supposedly necessary toilet article, a shaving mirror. I actually believe that many of our missioners have not seen their faces for years, and that if they could now have that experience each would ask himself, "Is that your face?"

Now I don't mean to say that a looking-glass is indispensable, but I find that it is very convenient when, in the process of shaving, one wishes to explore his countenance. Once in a priest's house in the archdiocese of Boston, finding no mirror, I used the brass ball of a bed post. When staying for a week at a seminary in Italy I found that I could follow a line by the use of the dormer window, and at Yokohama I recalled that simple device and used it again, but here I was phased. The dormer window was here, but to get it at a proper angle meant to shave in public, so I contented myself with feeling my way. At this writing I do not yet know the result.

As I passed out into the courtyard towards the Cathedral, a small building of brick lined with stone, an old man was entering the church. He mounted the vestibule step, kicked off his noisy sandals, placed them carefully in a pigeon-holed box that contained others, and in his stockinged feet went inside.

I followed him. The centre of the church was occupied with long strips of matting, fully two inches thick, and scattered here and there were the squatting figures of Japanese—men, women and children, devoutly waiting for the Archbishop's Mass. In

benches at the Epistle side the seminarians were kneeling in a body with their Director, and two Japanese students of theology, clad in cassock and surplice, were in the sanctuary assisting the Archbishop to vest.

As I went along the side aisle to the sacristy I noticed an unusually impressive group—a Japanese mother, still young, and her three little ones, the smallest directly in front of her, the others squatted on either side, and all four intent on their devotions.

After Mass I found waiting in the courtyard a Japanese woman, Miss Ria Nobechi. She had just returned from America, where she had made headquarters at Maryknoll and given talks in various schools and elsewhere. She had resumed her work of teaching and on this occasion presented one of her godchildren, whom I invited to join the Teresians, only to learn that she was a Benedict(ine)—not a religious—with three babes. She will send one of the babes later.

That morning, October the fifth, the Archbishop took me to the Jesuit establishment and to the school conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. I found my shipmate enjoying his stay and arranged to return in the evening to meet all the Fathers.

We then went towards the convent, scraped the mud from our shoes, stepped gingerly on to the highly polished floor, and were soon in train for a rapid inspection under the guidance of the Superioress and Miss Nobechi who teaches here.

I cannot yet fathom these convent schools in Japan, for the simple reason that I fail to realize the large proportion of pagans in them. Over the ocean we priests are usually brought into class-rooms, welcomed by every teacher, and often urged to say a few words to the pupils. Here, however, in schools under Catholic auspices, we are reminded that most of the pupils are pagan, and that some of the teachers are likewise afflicted. There is no disposition to urge "a few words, Father," or even an entrance into the class-room, and I found myself leaving with a somewhat disappointed feeling.

At Yokohama I fear that I must have offended. In some unaccountable way I managed to face a class-room of adults and I took advantage of the opportunity to tell them about

the strength of Catholicity in America, and to explain how we are trying to be consistently Catholic as well as patriotic. By the time I reached Tokyo I looked for no further opportunity. Espionage is in fashion today and it seems to permeate the atmosphere of this country—so much so that at times one hesitates to take a long breath lest he should start up some automatic police alarm.

For a long time I have heard that the Catholic faith makes little progress among the Japanese, and I am beginning to realize this—though not without a glimmer of hope for the future.

Tokyo itself is a city of more than two million inhabitants and in the entire diocese there are nearly sixteen millions of people, all told. Of these ten thousand are Catholics, or one in every six hundred.

Assisting the Archbishop, at this writing, in the regular work of the diocese are eighteen priests (three Japanese), and several of these are far along in years. Ten young priests are registered as "at the front in France." As a rule the parishes are in charge of the diocesan priests, but at Yokohama, where the two venerable alumni of the Paris Seminary reside, some of the work is done by the Marianist Father alluded to above.

At Tokyo there are six parishes with schools attached, and here several institutions are making visible progress. Among these are the school above mentioned, conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur, and the Jesuit establishment.

The Jesuit College.

Anxious to get a better insight into the Jesuit work, I went back, as promised, for dinner and was very kindly received.

The main building, which is new, is constructed in red Japanese brick. The style of architecture is European—or at least not Japanese. The property covers about five acres and is of considerable value. There are eight priests under Father Hoffmann, the Rector, and no fewer than seven nationalities are represented, including German, American, Swiss, French, and Japanese. Ninety students follow courses here, and of these some ten or twelve are Catholics. The curriculum has some resemblance to a college course in the United States and the principal subjects taught

ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE

SOME OF THE FATHERS

FACULTY-HOUSE ON THE JESUIT COLLEGE GROUNDS

are philosophy, literature, science, and commerce. The priests are all constantly occupied and they are aided by thirteen Japanese instructors, one of whom, a naval officer, teaches finance. In our accepted sense of the term the Jesuit establishment can hardly be called a university but it follows the custom adopted here.

The university is known as The Imperial University, a Government institution from which it is the ambition of every aspiring youth to graduate. The waiting list, I am told, is usually ten times the number of students accepted. Those who cannot wait to enter, or who are turned down, find openings in private schools, the largest of these being the *Keio*, a secular institute. The Jesuits have provided another opening for disappointed students, and although at first they found themselves instructing such as were not altogether promising, the standard has gradually risen and they are convinced that the result of their work will before long manifest to the Japanese the value of their special training. The initial expense of this undertaking was naturally borne by the Society of Jesus, but the establishment will gradually become self-supporting and it is partly so now. Two of the Fathers teach outside, one of them at the Imperial University, and this service brings some additional revenue.

I left the Jesuits, convinced that they will effect much good and impressed with their condition which, for lack of information published in the United States, I had been led to believe not altogether hopeful.

The rain was falling when I started back, and as the Cathedral was some distance away and not easy for a stranger to find, a rickshaw was summoned, with the top up and sides closed. I backed in awkwardly and wondered what more portly men do on such occasions; but I managed to get seated, whereupon my little "horse" threw a lap-robe over my knees, tucked it in, buckled down the front curtain before I could say good-bye to my friends, and trotted off in the darkness of the night along the silent streets.

I had a strange sensation. That evening one of those good Jesuits had told a story of some traveler who picked up a piece of

lead pipe from under his feet in a rickshaw just in time to defend himself from attack in a dark alley to which he had been purposely brought. The story came back to me now, and at the same time I felt that I should smother for lack of air, and I wondered which would be the less painful experience, getting smothered or beaten to death.

I could not open the curtain but I managed to pull it back a few inches, and through a small window I could see the little man's mushroom hat bobbing as he ran. This satisfied me so much that I quite forgot about the foot of pipe for which in imagination I had been already searching. We reached the Cathedral safely and an extra five cents sent my "horse" off without a neigh.

The Sacred Heart Convent.

Two other self-supporting houses I saw after this—one the Academy of the Sacred Heart, the other the Morning Star School.

My companion on this excursion was a Japanese priest, who is the official pastor of the Cathedral parish. I tried on him in turn what slender stock of languages I could summon, but he smiled at every attempt. He was useful, however, because we had to make half-a-dozen transfers before returning and his Japanese hit the mark every time.

The day was again rainy and the narrow streets were alive with great bobbing sunshades. Everybody seemed to have one, and I was a curiosity with only a raincoat and a felt hat. I noticed on this occasion for the first time the straw capes which hang from the shoulders of workingmen like thatch on a wigwam. Occasionally we met men harnessed, and pulling great loads of merchandise, but some of these were more particular than the rickshaw men and carried a sunshade as they walked.

Wet soles must be rare among most of the Japanese. They flop along with each foot strapped to a rectangular piece of half-inch board, under which are fastened two smaller pieces that keep the bearer elevated a couple of inches at least above the sidewalk, so that his feet are clear of dampness or mud. Catarrhal affections are nevertheless evident in this country, so much

so that one of my fellow-voyagers who often crosses the Pacific expressed his determination, when rich, to establish a fund for the provision of handkerchiefs to the children of Japan. Consumption, too, is very common, probably because the houses are huddled and the people have not yet been trained to the value of fresh air. On the other hand, when one looks into the construction of houses he realizes that air, even if it be not full of sweet odors, can hardly be kept out.

The Academy of the Sacred Heart was a revelation. It has an extensive and excellent property on the outskirts of the city, about one hour's electric car ride from the Cathedral. It was pouring rain when we reached the convent, and as I saw the Japanese portress, and looked in on the immaculate floor, I felt like a tramp, but we went in just the same—as a tramp would have done. The Reverend Mother was on retreat but we were soon under the kindly guidance of her assistant and of Mother Heydon, a sister of the foundress of this house.

The place is already quite as extensive as some of the largest among the Sacred Heart convents in the United States, and a spacious chapel is under construction. There are twenty-three choir nuns here, and ten lay Sisters. The language school has one hundred and twenty Christians, representing many races, but most of the pupils though not Japanese were born in Japan. (I found Hartford, Connecticut, represented there.) The little ones, especially the Japanese Christian children, were nothing short of "fetching," and seemed inclined, once they started, to shake a stranger's hand all day.

We passed into the Japanese section where one hundred and eighty daughters of well-known pagan parents are taught. Here I found, besides the Sisters, Japanese lay teachers, men and women, and an opportunity was given to enter the class-rooms. Catholic emblems are not wanted in this section.

I have never seen in young people such concentration as can be noted in the Japanese students, boys or girls. A group of visitors may approach the open door of a class-room and hardly a head will turn to see who is there. The seriousness of the pupils in this respect is an object lesson, although it indicates a certain trait that has its disadvantages. Such deep absorp-

tion often prevents an appreciation of surrounding influences and makes the judgment lack balance.

The Sacred Heart Nuns deserve great credit for the absolute confidence in God that has made possible their development in Tokyo, and for their splendid efforts. They have already attained success and have won the confidence of many high-minded and influential Japanese.

We hurried down the hill in a pouring rain, passing a real automobile, a Ford, and several rickshaws that were going after some day pupils. I was tempted to commandeer the Ford for the sake of old times, but my Japanese companion would have been shocked at so bold a move so we flopped on, dodging piles of the débris with which every portion of this city is littered since the typhoon.

Centenary of the Marianists.

Sunday, October 7, presented an unusual opportunity. It was the centenary of the foundation of the Marianist Brothers and a day of rejoicing in the Catholic Church of Tokyo. The Archbishop was due to pontificate in the College chapel, and the community Mass was mine to offer for the faithful of the diocese.

To me, a stranger, it was most interesting and edifying, this public Mass in the pretty little Gothic Cathedral. A foreigner—an American, I understood—in the first pew was the only racial exception, and the mats were lined with the squatting figures of Japanese, men on the Epistle side and women on the Gospel side. An old catechist led the prayers, which continued, with slight interruptions, throughout the Mass.

At the elevation of the Host and of the chalice the usual profound silence was followed by reverent ejaculations from all. A goodly proportion of those present received Communion, and after Mass a short exhortation was given in Japanese by the pastor. There was no rush for the exit and no hurry to get away after the services.

At eight o'clock we left for the Marianist celebration. It was cloudy again, threatening rain, and as the occasion was a great one a stately Ford had been hired for seventy-five cents, to bring the Archbishop and two of us priests to the Brothers'

BROTHERS OF MARY OF TOKYO, WITH ARCHBISHOP REY AND OTHER GUESTS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CENTENARY OF THEIR FOUNDATION

residence. The Archbishop, who usually dresses rather shabbily, had his best hat dusted for the event, and we *sortied* majestically through the wide-opened gates of the compound, out into the alleys, and later into and through the widened streets of this populous city.

The Brothers of Mary were most cordial, and before Mass I had a view of the city from their roof, where I met a former graduate of the Morning Star School, a Japanese gentleman whose name is well known and who is a credit to his Alma Mater as to the Church of Tokyo.

The signal for Mass brought us to the chapel, which is not at all proportioned to the personnel of a school with more than a thousand pupils but which is adequate for the number of Christians there. The *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was sung as the Archbishop went to his throne, and the chant of the Mass was well rendered, the Solesmes edition being used. The Brothers did most of the chanting, but some of the younger boys also sang, and their high voices, though somewhat hesitating and a little piping, were restrained and, to my ear, pleasing.

We went into the yard at the close of Mass and I looked through the buildings. They are extensive, but appeared a little the worse for wear. They tell the story of hard, painstaking and successful work accomplished by these loyal sons of Father Chaminade, who have made a visibly strong impression on the city of Tokyo as elsewhere in this Island Empire.

At eleven o'clock we assembled again for the panegyric and Benediction. Father Steichen, of the Cathedral, was the preacher and he was evidently effective. He spoke very fluently in Japanese, of which language I am told he is a master.

Then came the dinner, interrupted every few moments with poetry, song, oratory, chronicle, or occasional "banzais." At the end, the Marianist Provincial, Father Heinrich, thanked everybody in sight, including the man who came from America to represent that country on this occasion (Brothers of Mary at Dayton and elsewhere in the United States will please take notice!), and in spite of dampness and clouds a photograph was taken, after which we returned to the Archbishop's.

This was Sunday, and it felt like the Lord's Day until we came out again into the city and I realized that I was not in a Christian land. There are two days of rest here each month, besides the occasional state holidays, but Sunday means nothing to the pagan world.

CHAPTER IV

NORTHWARD TO NIKKO AND SENDAI

I LEFT the Archbishop's house for Nikko on Monday afternoon, October 8. It was raining again, and the little horseman had a long run—over two miles—for his money, thirty cents. He dumped me out finally and followed me into the station to see that I was safe. Instinctively I made for the newsstand but there was nothing in sight except Japanese ideographs, and joining the procession of clack-clacks I found my way to the train and settled down in a corner of the car for a four-hour run.

Under advice I am traveling in the second class. The cars are narrow, arranged with long benches on either side facing each other, as in some American electric cars. Everybody who entered, man, woman, or child, was at home immediately, kicking his or her shoes off, mounting to the seat, and squatting cross-legged or back on the heels. A little mother opposite and I were the only exceptions. She was too busy to take the comfortable position. Her two children were all over the car a dozen times every ten minutes, but they never mounted the seat without removing their shoes.

Shortly after we started two worthies at one end of the car faced each other on the seat, enjoyed a meal of rice with chopsticks, and after a few puffs of smoke curled up, each in his own three feet of space, and went to sleep.

A well-dressed, clean-cut youth across the way from me buried himself in what looked to be a "funny" paper, smoked a cigarette at intervals of ten minutes, and stuck to his heels until he reached his station. His departure left vacant a coveted corner, which was immediately seized by a young countryman who, with his aged father, had been earnestly scrutinizing the rice fields. The young man spread a blanket for his parent, blew up a rubber pillow, and tucked in the older man as carefully as would a mother her babe.

There were two army officers on the car, and after a while a third entered. As every army officer is supposed to do, this one

took himself seriously and came in with much dignity, looking neither to the right nor to the left. After he had sat down he spied the other officers and, rising as if he had been stung, he saluted majestically. Then there was an exchange of cards (always bring at least five hundred visiting cards when you come to the Far East), after which each sat stiffly in his own place, probably wishing that he was at home on the old job so that he, too, could kick off his shoes and enjoy life.

The backs gradually bent, however, under the strain, and a little later all three army officers were asleep, our dignified friend with one handkerchief behind his head and another covering his face. As I look at these sleeping Japanese, and study their faces, I am constantly reminded of the American Indians. The resemblance is especially striking when the coarse, straight black hair falls over the shoulders of children.

Towards Nikko I struck up an acquaintance with two youths. It was getting dark and, fearing to pass the station, I took out my watch and asked, in signs, what time we should arrive at Nikko.

There was excitement for several minutes, and then, after a silent calculation that took at least three minutes more, one of the young men—they proved to be school teachers—said in a triumphant tone, "One OWER!"

Then both sided up to me for some brilliant conversation. After the usual exchange of cards we settled down to business and I began: *"Tokyo big city—two millions?"*

Smiles came back—and nothing more. I wrote it out—printed it legibly if I do say so, and I know that my friends will not believe this. Immediately the answer came: *"Yes, father, mother, one sister, two brothers, yes."*

I expressed great satisfaction, and we continued until my friends came to their station, when both attempted the back-breaking exercise and I, somewhat distracted, offered my hand, which was seized by one. The other then came over, put out his hand and said—*"How do you do? I hope good of your kindness."*

And of course I answered, with the emphasis of the latest New York slang, *"Good-night!"*

PAGAN PRIESTS AT NIKKO

"Under an avenue of noble trees into the heart of heathendom." (*p. 49.*)

I got into pantomime with three other men after that, and as one of them belonged to Nikko we became fast friends. I learned that I could reach my night-rest by an electric car, and we found the vehicle waiting. How a really fat and tall man could enter that car I do not know, but I managed to get in, although my mediocre legs seemed to reach almost across the aisle. The little car was soon crowded with men, women, and bundles, and I really thought that the conductor could not collect his fares, but he did so.

"Who has not seen Nikko cannot say beautiful."
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

There is no Catholic priest in Nikko and no Catholic church at this famous shrine, to which Buddhist and Shinto pilgrims flock daily by the hundreds and thousands to propitiate their hideous gods or to pray to the spirits of their ancestors. There is here, however, an Episcopal church which has a resident clergyman part of the year and is served at other times by visitors.

I stayed over at a small European hotel that reminded me of a New England summer resort, heard English spoken with American and English accents, met the Secretary of the Portuguese Embassy, who had brought his family to Nikko for its mountain air, and turned in for an early rising.

The temples open every morning at eight o'clock, and it seemed a pity to have no opportunity for Mass and yet to be on my way to a first glimpse of paganism in the making. The hotel kindly provided me with a guide, and we started off in a slight drizzle, under an avenue of noble trees, into the heart of heathendom. I have seen these temples pictured on screens and postcards, on the walls of houses and in the pages of books, and I was prepared for disappointment, but as a matter of fact I found the reality, from a material point of view, more beautiful than I had anticipated.

We paid for the ticket of admittance, which included visits to the temple and to the museum, and were soon in the presence of marvelous lacquer work, intricate carvings, great lengths of soft gold, hideous idols, stolid Buddhas, and green-robed Shinto priests. Shoes were taken off at least five times during that

visit, but fortunately my guide had brought along some thick woolen slippers so that I could walk with less agony and with my holey socks covered.

I noticed the pilgrims. Each group as it approached was met by a priest, dressed in a kind of chasuble over what might be taken, at a distance, to be an alb, and each wearing a black cap, hardly less odd in shape than our birettas. As the pilgrims entered the temple they were told to line up and were given a signal (by the clapping of hands) to squat. Then the priest read in a monotonous voice several prayers, while his hearers bowed in adoration of the spirits of their ancestors. All was over in a few minutes and each pilgrim, in turn, folded a coin in a piece of paper and laid it on the table.

A visit to the holy of holies would mean the release of five yen (two dollars and a half); but I had seen riches enough, and the evidences of superstition, combined with a depressing sensation caused by the sight of monstrous and ugly idols, hurried me on.

Crossing the court of one temple, we passed a small shrine on the floor of which sat a Shinto priestess clad in white. Her face was wrinkled and solemn, and my presence made no visible impression on her. But as we stood there a small company of pilgrims stopped, and the old dame gracefully arose, opened her fan, and made some slow gyrations that drew from the respectful spectators a wealth of small coins which they threw at the feet of their priestess.

We continued our inspection, mounted stone steps under another avenue of fine evergreens, and made towards the tomb of a shogun. Returning, I noticed the priestess in a corner and had a strong suspicion that she was counting the "haul." Later in the day I saw another priestess, apparently younger, walking through the main street of Nikko, ringing a bell and followed by a crowd.

What impresses, or rather depresses me, as I look into the religious customs here is the utter absence of *love* for God. The idea of worship is always associated with fear, fear of impending calamities, of loss of life, or property, or opportunities for advancement. God as a kind Father is not considered; and yet I have

"We paid for the ticket of admittance and were soon in the presence of marvelous lacquer work, intricate carvings, great lengths of soft gold, hideous idols, stolid Buddhas, and green-robed Shinto priests." (*p. 49.*)

"The Sacred Bridge, a structure covered with red lacquer, over which no one but the Emperor may pass." (*p. 51.*)

heard Christians at home—such as they were—ask themselves if we should disturb pagans in their religion. The atmosphere of a pagan temple, if it could be transferred as readily as a moving picture film, would help to make such Christians realize their own advantages, and would perhaps stimulate them to spread the blessings of Christ to others.

I left Nikko shortly after noon, passing on the way the *Sacred Bridge*, a structure covered with red lacquer, over which no one but the Emperor may pass.

The Emperor! I have not said much of him, nor in fact have I heard much about him since my arrival. His father was thought for a while to be a god and some people have an impression that the son would not object to being idolized, too. The better educated classes would hardly take this idea seriously, but patriotism is a passion in Japan and about every Japanese would fall into line and adore the Emperor, at least as good politicians, if it were thought wise to do so. At the same time, the aspiring Japanese does not like to be ridiculed and the good opinion of the Western World is not to be despised.

I wondered who swept the bridge—which looks a little the worse for wear—and jaunted along to the railway station, where a swarm of pilgrim schoolboys from the country feasted their eyes on me and followed me about as if I were the Emperor himself. With some difficulty I bought a ticket for Sendai, and went into the waiting room, only to find every window lined with inquisitive schoolboys.

Just as I was beginning to feel queer a Japanese pilgrim with his wrinkled wife came up smiling, and pronounced two words, "*Tenyo Maru*," which I recognized. The good couple had seen me on board the steamer *Tenyo Maru*. They belonged in Osaka and had come to Nikko to worship their ancestors before going home. Our conversation was brief, but it made a decided impression on the vigilant students and raised the old couple several notches in the estimation of the herd of pilgrims on the platform.

Between Nikko and a junction I met an Episcopalian minister from New Jersey, who put direct questions to me and received direct answers. He was really glad to talk with an American.

He had just left his wife and children at Nikko so as to give them a change of air. I learned from him that the period of stay in Japan for Episcopalian ministers is five years, at the end of which period each man has his furlough. He may then resume his foreign mission or not, as he chooses. The Episcopalians of America unite in council with the Church-of-England ministers here in Japan, the oldest in the ministry presiding.

We separated at the junction and I continued to Sendai, meeting on the train a Japanese naval officer who had studied at Annapolis. Like all Japanese, he wished to know how long I was staying and where I was going. When he learned the purpose of my mission he expressed the hope that we would send some American priests to Japan, as also his regret that some of the American sects had exported an inferior grade of workers.

The ride to Sendai seemed long, after dusk. I did not know what to do with my feet although a pair of slippers had been placed near them by the conductor. Finally I went into the dining compartment and called for what looked like a harmless dish. It came, and as I untied the chopsticks I realized that I was "up against it." Did I flinch? Yes, I made signs of distress and caught a fork, but that did not change the taste of the concoction which, after I had nibbled at it for a respectable length of time, I waved back to the kitchenette.

We arrived at Sendai on time, shortly after nine o'clock, and I actually fell into the arms of Bishop Berlioz, who was accompanied by his Vicar-General, Father Jacquet, and a wee Japanese priest with a straggling beard. Maryknoll seemed near.

With Bishop Berlioz.

Sendai—Get the name. This is a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and since my arrival two days ago I have not seen an American or a European, an electric car or an automobile. We are in old Japan and things are quiet here.

There are Americans in the town, however, even if I have not seen them. The property owned and controlled by various Protestant societies is large enough for a good university with athletic fields and dormitories, and I am assured that if I did some fishing I could find here a score and more of my compatriots.

The Catholic churches are three—a small Cathedral in the north end, a cozy little church in the west end, and at the south the beginning of a third Mission. The diocese extends far to the north and has twenty-two priests, with ten back in France toiling as soldiers. The Bishop is trying to manage the west end parish, where he plans to begin a Seminary and where even now he has one very promising student. Father Jacquet, assisted by the Japanese priest who came to the station, acts as Vicar-General and presides at the Cathedral.

Father Jacquet left the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary in 1881 and I learn from the Bishop that he has never returned to Europe in these thirty-six years. He is a quiet, dignified man, has spent his patrimony on this Mission, and is respected by all classes in Sendai. Three days a week he teaches French at the University, and his services are often sought by those high in authority, but his zeal for souls never flags.

The Cathedral compound, like that of Tokyo, has been planned and built directly under the supervision of our priests.

Bishop Berlioz occupies, in normal times, a house which is used for the priests' retreats and other purposes and where all of the Cathedral staff dine throughout the year. Father Jacquet and the Japanese priest live in a separate establishment, and both houses are stamped with the mark of poverty.

The Bishop had to walk back to his parish—about two miles—that night after seeing me settled, and this left me in his own *palace* (!) alone. He had brought me to his room, where I got something of a start on discovering that he slept habitually on a mat, but I was assured of my own rest when I found a real bed in the chamber adjoining.

This was not the only article in that sumptuous apartment, which had also a straw mat, a table, and a chest of drawers. Besides, there was hidden in a corner cabinet a tea-kettle full of real water, a tin basin, and some pink soap, with a fresh towel that looked as if it would dry an ordinary face. There were three or four good prints on the rather dingy walls, and above the door the photograph of some departed bishop lying in state. Window and blinds were apparently closed for the season but the balcony door was open and I had fresh air all night.

The Cathedral of Sendai has no benches. As I entered the next morning at six-thirty, I found a dozen people squatted on the mats and the little Japanese priest making his thanksgiving.

The vestments and sacred vessels were in perfect condition and a spirit of reverence permeated the church. After Mass I was shown an attractive statue of the Sacred Heart which "the good Père Dunn* of New York gave me," as Bishop Berlioz afterwards explained, and a monstrance which came "from a lady" through the same much esteemed source.

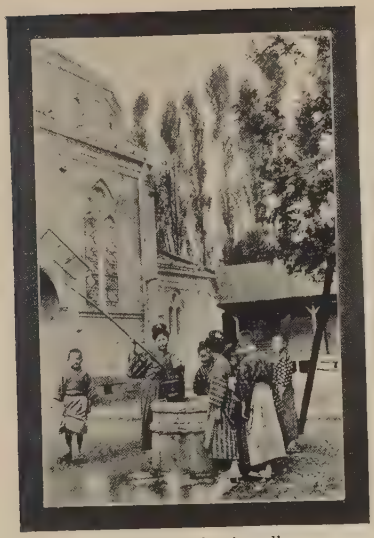
When the Bishop arrived that first morning we three went over to the convent school conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. There are five Sisters here, including a Japanese, and the school is making steady progress. The pupils number several hundred. Most of these are pagans and they are taught principally by lay teachers under government supervision, but the Sisters come in frequent contact with all the pupils and exercise a strong and often lasting influence. This school is simply constructed, in Japanese style, and is well kept. It is practically self-supporting, or will be so shortly.

There is no Catholic hospital at Sendai but the Sisters of St. Maur have a little house near their convent, opening into a public street and provided with the essentials requisite for a dispensary. As we entered, two Japanese girls, suffering from an eye disease that is very common here, were on the mat, waiting for the doctor who visits the little place every day. The coals were burning in the brazier so that the doctor could on arrival prepare for his work by a few puffs of tobacco and a cup of tea. Everything was in its place and so cozy that I felt almost like getting sick.

A Pagan Festival.

That day a young priest came for dinner—young in the sense that he was under forty, while the average priest to be found today in Japan is an old man. He had been *reformed*, which means that he was not found strong enough to go to the war.

* The Very Rev. Monsignor Dunn, Chancellor and Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society.



At the Bishop's well

A holiday in Sendai

A Japanese government official worshipping his ancestors in the presence of Shinto priests

With the Bishop and this priest (Father Montagu) I walked over to the Bishop's parish that afternoon and we found the city in gala attire. Flags were flying, lanterns were hung, and tinsel strings fluttered in the breeze. There were torii of evergreen serving as triumphal arches; everybody had on his best clogs; and the babes bobbing on the backs of their mothers looked like gorgeous butterflies. We joined the crowd and were soon one of the chief attractions.

After a while we came to the Amusement Park, where we stood for some moments, observing and observed. There was much action and little noise. The beating of a drum revealed an ancient dance in progress, masked performers taking turns for the benefit of the gaping multitude.

More interesting than this, however, was the temporary establishment of two shrines, set up as if they were lemonade booths—one for Buddhist worshippers, the other for those who favored the Shinto rites. Two Shinto priests sat facing each other, and every few moments some one from the crowd would approach, toss a coin on the table, and adore the spirits of his ancestors. The Buddhist bonzes were likewise busy.

I left the Bishop and Father Montagu, to try my luck with a photograph, and had I stayed a little longer I might have hurt the patronage of the shrines. I managed to snap the kodak and get through the circle that surrounded me, after which we continued our promenade out along by the "River of Martyrs," where Christian blood once flowed, until we came to an alley that brought us to the Mission temporarily occupied by the Bishop.

The Diocesan Seminary.

This spot has a large place in the Bishop's heart and is often the subject of his day dreams, for he has planned to establish here what he hopes will be the future strength of his diocese, a Seminary for the training of native priests, to multiply largely the few excellent examples which he at present has. The Seminary chapel is ready, because the little Mission church will do. Two other buildings, wooden, of course, are on the ground, one a typical Japanese house where the Bishop occupies several

mats, the other a two-story dwelling serving even now as a dormitory.

When we entered there were several laborers engaged in excavating, so as to prevent further damage from storms and to have a much needed road. The entire contract was for something like twenty-five dollars, and when I saw a woman toiling with the others I wondered if it was the contractor's wife. The poor thing was dressed like a man and paired off with a man to carry on her shoulders the end of a pole with its heavy weight of dirt. She did not, however, seem to look for pity. Her bronzed face, wrinkled and otherwise time-worn, was quite expressionless and when the moment came, as it did frequently, for a smoke, she joined the men, took her few puffs with evident relish, and was ready for the next load.

A happy group of children—all Catholics except one—met us at the church door, and a little later, after their catechism lesson, were lined up for a special ceremony in which the stranger was to play the part of Lord Bountiful.

The ceremony—the distribution of crackers, fancy and otherwise—took place, it is needless to say, outside the church. Each child, even the baby on its sister's back, received with both hands the cracker, and the individual distribution went on until the plate was empty. The young seminarian was Master of Ceremonies.

It will be a great blessing to the diocese of Hakodate when native priests become more numerous, but a present difficulty is not only the lack of means but the lack of satisfactory subjects.

At this writing there are in the diocese three Japanese priests. The one who resides at the Cathedral has matured in his priestly life. He is zealous, well-informed, a credit to the Church, and a comfort to his Bishop.* The other two are brothers, the elder ordained about six years ago, the other very recently. Both are alumni of the Propaganda in Rome and give excellent promise. The elder I saw in the Eternal City when he was preparing to leave for Japan and we—Father Price and myself —for America. It was a disappointment not to meet him

* This priest has since died.

again in his own country, but his Mission is a good twenty-four hours from Sendai, unless I were to take a small boat, which might prove a much longer trip, the Bishop warned me. The younger I may meet when returning to Tokyo.

Bishop Berlioz has now in Rome another student, the son of a good man who serves as a general manager of the little establishment. When the father learned of my interest he produced a photograph of his boy, taken in the Propaganda cassock.

The Bishop will need some English books for his Seminary library—reference books particularly; and here, as well as at the Seminary in Tokyo, a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia would receive an especially warm welcome. A few years ago Dr. James J. Walsh of New York provided Maryknoll with several duplicate copies of his excellent books—enough to supply quite a few missioners. Some of these books came to Japan—and have already accomplished much good. We at home, who are sometimes burdened with duplicates, do not realize what a godsend our surplus volumes would be to the missions.

We returned to the Cathedral by a short cut, crossing the river over a rickety bridge about three feet wide, without rails, and with a toll charge of a cent for two. It was the Bishop's treat.

A Suburban Mission.

We planned to see, the next day, one of the marvels of Japan, the islands of Matsushima, about half an hour's railway ride to the north; but the weather kept us indoors until late in the afternoon, when we called on Father Montagu in his new Mission.

Father Montagu began his little Mission with nothing and nobody except himself. The Bishop managed to get him a small piece of ground, on which he constructed a Japanese house with its kitchenette, chamber, and reception room. That was a few short years ago, and even now an addition of one to his flock is an event. He has been in the highways and by-ways of his neighborhood, has encouraged the children to use the Mission compound for their play-ground, has held himself ready at any moment to receive visits from adult pagans, and today his first house is occupied by a domestic and his family,

while a new house of two stories provides in the upper portion, by shifting partitions, a chapel large enough for the congregation and, below, living rooms for the priest himself.

I had been much pleased the day before with the Bishop's little Japanese home, but Father Montagu's was the last word in neatness. There was no question about taking off our shoes; we did it instinctively, as this dignified clean-cut young priest waited for us in his slippers. The side of the house, open to the compound, revealed as we approached a simple beauty that sprang from the spirit of poverty and good taste combined, and the home of Jesus on the second floor with its altar of wood—a "Père Dunn" gift, as I recall—was a model of its kind.

The children whom Father Montagu had baptized were amusing themselves, running up and down a horizontal pole suspended a foot or so above the ground, and they knew that a feast of crackers was in sight. These children come every afternoon for their catechism lesson, which we had interrupted.

A young man entered the compound shortly after our arrival and the priest gently dismissed him, explaining to me that the visitor was getting interested and had come to make inquiries about the Catholic faith. I asked what hope there was for a stronger development of the little parish and the answer came, "Good, if I can get a catechist."

When I asked if none could be procured the priest smiled and looked at the Bishop, his banker. Bishop Berlioz explained that it costs much more now than formerly to support a catechist and that it would require twenty-five yen (twelve dollars and a half) a month. I made a suggestion but I do not know at this writing whether it will be effective or not.

I was glad to have seen this little Christian settlement, and I have no doubt that the inspection was of more value to me than would have been the excursion which we lost.

Some Japanese Activities.

Had I the time I should have been tempted to make another two-hundred-mile jump to Hakodate, if for no other purpose than to see the work of the Trappists, and also of the Trappistines. Bishop Berlioz seems especially proud of the establishment,

which has succeeded in a short period far beyond his expectations. Its vocations among native men and women have been comparatively numerous and it is today self-supporting.

When I arrived at Yokohama I found on the table two famous Trappistine products from Hakodate, butter and cheese—*famous* as such things go. The "Grand" hotels and even some members of the imperial family—or of some other kingly stock—sing the praises of the Trappistine dairy, and what more can be asked?

Returning from Father Montagu's home, the Bishop introduced me to two of his "best families." Each kept a store: one a cracker and cookie factory, the other a Wanamaker establishment on a small scale. From the baker's family had come the two young Japanese priests mentioned above. The experience of these visits was pleasant and I left with a feeling, confirmed by the Bishop's tribute, that there were people truly sincere, honest, intelligent, and full of faith.

I took occasion of my visit to the department store to make a few necessary purchases, which included a five-cent mirror as I had not seen my face for a week. That evening a messenger from the store brought for the visitor a special gift, two pairs of excellent socks, which will make me feel quite respectable when I have to appear shoeless in public again.

When we arrived at the Bishop's house we learned that one of the former daimios had passed us in a rickshaw and had dismounted to salute Father Jacquet, who seems to be popular with all classes. When he goes out into the narrow streets the children double up and say, "*Jacky-San*," which suggests something like "Lord Jacquet."

Friday morning gave us clear weather for a change, but we had only the morning left, so I suggested that this would be a convenient time for a pending operation and the Bishop accompanied me to a barber who cuts the precious hairs of American and English residents. The operation usually means in Japan a long holiday for the subject, but the Bishop *japped* that I had only twenty minutes to spare and the whole family got busy.

The cutting was followed by graceful and rapid strokes of the brush, the artist striking an attitude occasionally and listening as if to assure himself that my head was really empty. Just as

all kinds of lotions came into view, I borrowed the brush, patted the pate, bowed to the Bishop, paid my ten cents and said "*Sayonara*," which means "*Good-bye.*"

Speaking of hair-cuts, we passed several bonzes (Buddhist priests) that day. These gentlemen have their heads shaven and carry beads in their hands. Some of the bonzes are mendicant and go about two by two seeking alms. There is a large school at Sendai for the training of youths destined to be bonzes.

I was pleased to learn from Bishop Berlioz that quite a few Japanese bonzes had embraced the Faith and had made excellent converts. Among them were some whose sacrifice was considerable. Habitually these men are zealous in making known the fact that they have passed from the superstitions of Buddhism into the clear light of Jesus Christ.

We filled out the morning with a visit to the Exposition of Home Industries, and soon after lunch it was time to leave for Fukushima, where I should meet Father Deffrennes, one of Maryknoll's correspondents.

The priests came to the station and Bishop Berlioz accompanied me on the train as far as a place called Ogawara, where we expected to find the younger of the two Japanese priest-brothers. He was not there, but I afterwards learned from the Bishop that an expected funeral service had occasioned this disappointment and that the Bishop himself took part in the function, which lasted for several hours.

CHAPTER V

A TOUR THROUGH THE DIOCESES

LATE that afternoon we reached Fukushima. Father Deffrennes was at the station with a bicycle built for one, and as his church is outside the town I backed into a rickshaw, and in about fifteen minutes found myself on a commanding height overlooking not only the town but a very attractive country beyond.

This church, another New York contribution, is built of wood and is not so large as it appears from a distance. It is approached by a long flight of solid steps that look like the entrance to a temple and must impress the heathen worshippers who pass it to make their supplications at a great shrine not many hundred feet in the rear.

The catechism class was awaiting Father Deffrennes' return and I had to pose as an intelligent examiner. There were five boys and five girls, all of whom passed so far as my marks went, and I gave to each a faded cracker. During the examination those children who had not been heard recited their lessons aloud by themselves and the sound was not soothing. This catechism lesson is given daily, and on Sunday at the close of Mass everybody—man, woman, or child—in the congregation is subject to a catechism call.

The little Mission counts only forty-seven Christians, of whom twenty are the parents and twenty-seven the children. Away from the town in scattered settlements there are a few more. "Not much of a parish," you say.

No—and yet in such a parish a priest here finds his day filled with labor and his hours passing rapidly. Fortunately these men do not count results by figures. They are preparing a barren soil, fertilizing it with their prayers, their sacrifices, and their good works, and every soul gained is to them something more precious than all the gold on this earth.

An Evening with a Missioner.

It grew dark soon after the children left and Father Deffrennes lighted his one lamp. The house is an up-and-down affair built

on the steep hillside, so that from the third story one can walk out directly to the church. It was poorly furnished, and the only suggestions of indulgence were a harmonium and a pipe. Father Deffrennes enjoys both as means of relaxation.

The Angelus bell summoned us to prayer and dinner, and by the aid of the lamp and a steep stairway we reached the dining-room, a dingy one. An elderly Japanese woman whose smile was exceeded only by her curiosity waited on us. It is needless to say that she was also the cook, which made the situation more acute.

Each of us had set before him a tray with five small covered dishes—and a pair of chopsticks. I gasped. It was up to me, however, and I chop-stuck it out, but when it came to a dish of raw fish, after I had eaten samples of two other kinds of sea-food (this was Friday), I remonstrated. At the close of the chop-stick exercise the trays were removed and fruit was served with a real knife. Father Deffrennes takes his meals in Japanese fashion at least once a week.

When the missioner's pipe was filled we sauntered out, down into the narrow streets to visit a Christian family. It was once a very common form of propaganda, Father Deffrennes told me, to hold conferences in individual houses, as people were curious to hear about the Christian religion, and he had spent many an evening in this way. He added, however, that our separated brethren had talked so much on the street corners that conferences had become less popular.

Several Protestant sects occupy this town of Fukushima. All are within the precincts of the town and are well backed by the home treasuries. I could not but compare the apparently lonesome life of my companion with that of the average Protestant missionary, but I am certain that if the comparison ever occurred to him he would not be disturbed ever so little.

As we reached the centre of the town I heard the music of a band. The sound came from a circus, and it seemed like a dream when I recognized *The Last Rose of Summer*, but if the composer of that classical song could have heard it under the same circumstances he would surely have died earlier.

The visitor

The well

The cook

AT FUKUSHIMA

We turned into an alley, passed several stores until we reached a tailoring establishment, and were about to settle down to a chat, when a customer arrived and we sauntered along to the home of the town photographer, whose father was the first Christian in Fukushima. It was here that I had the honor of meeting Maria Hishikura, the photographer's little daughter, who would not deign to speak to me but who may yet be a Teresian of Maryknoll. On that occasion we were served with some not unpalatable brown paste, cut in squares and easily carried to its destination by two chopsticks.

As we passed the circus on our way home the band was playing "*A Bicycle Built for Two*," and little babies were bobbing on the backs of their elders in and out of the entrance.

By pushing screens that night I opened the side of the house and slept in a room furnished—with air and not much else.

Our Masses were served the next morning by the cook's own and only boy, whose bare feet were not too clean. After making an attempt under clouds to get a few photographic souvenirs of Fukushima and its attractive surroundings I backed again into the *ricky*, while Father Deffrennes took his bicycle, and we made for the Tokyo train which, like most of the Japanese trains, was on time.

A Veteran of the Missions.

I was due to say the late Mass (nine-thirty) and preach at Father Tulpin's church, which is attended by the Europeans and Americans resident in the capital.

Father Tulpin has been forty-two years in Japan. When, shortly after my arrival, I asked if he had returned to France at any time, he looked at me for a moment in surprise and said, "Why? When I left the Paris Seminary it was for life." This venerable missioner came to Japan with the late Archbishop Osouf of Tokyo and founded all of the first missions in the north long before railroads were thought of for that section. He is portly, with the long, white beard characteristic of the old French missioners, and wears a scull cap of faded velvet with a tassel swinging towards the back of his neck.

I found him receiving his parishioners in a room that looked out upon a pretty little garden. A few touches would make some of these mission rectories charming, but it is by scraping and saving the nickels allowed for personal use that many have been able to provide for what they rightly considered more necessary. Father Tulpin's reception room is, however, quite presentable, and many distinguished persons who never see his black oil-cloth table-cover find their way there. I heard the names and titles of several, including Japanese Catholics high in the imperial service and European officials of note, but I failed to impress them on my memory.

The church, a new one, is very attractive outside and very neat within. The sacristy is well appointed, the sacristan and sanctuary boys all that could be desired, and the congregation, made up of Europeans and Japanese, devout as well as considerable.

After Mass I paid a visit to the Catechism Hall, but was called away by Father Tulpin for a very important function, my first baptism in the foreign missions. The subject was *Elizabeth Fujii Sumiko*, whose address I note for future reference in correspondence with the Teresians is:

Ebara gori Shinmachi
Fujii Noritami,
Tokyo, Japan.

Everybody concerned was pleased with the ceremony—except the child, who appeared indifferent, but her appreciation is expected to mature in time.

Father Tulpin is hopeful for the future of Catholicity in Japan, the country to which he has given his heart and everything else. He has one special ambition and that is to see started before he dies a home for old people. He says that if he could get together five or six thousand dollars he could realize his desire, but—*que voulez vous?* As he told me this, his hands opened and a sigh escaped him, and if I had had some millionaire's check book before me at the time—with the necessary signature, of course—Father Tulpin could have chanted his *Nunc Dimittis* then and there.

1. Maria Hishikura, the photographer's daughter
2. The sacristan's children at Yokohama. 3. Maryknoll's first-baptized in the Far-East

SOME OF THE TREASURES OF JAPAN

Catholic Young Men's Association.

Three young Japanese students called at two o'clock to take me again to the Marianist Brothers, where I was booked for an address to the Catholic Young Men's Association, founded by Mr. Yamamoto, a well-known layman of the Cathedral parish.

One of the three spoke English fairly well and the others were good listeners. We changed cars several times on the way and never failed to provide an exhibition for those who were near enough to take our measure.

At the school the Marianist Brothers, as usual, extended a cordial welcome. On our way to the hall leaflets were handed to us with the Society's Rules, printed in Japanese. I have not yet seen the translation of the rules but I was glad of the opportunity to tell these young men, who understood English substantially, something of the Catholic Church in America and of the Maryknoll hopefuls.

The Marianist Provincial, Father Heinrich, and several others of the community, including Father Heck, professor of French history at the Imperial University, were present. Father MacNeil, S. J., also an American, came over from the Jesuit University that afternoon, and we had a short reunion following the conference.

Afterwards Father Heck, Mr. Yamamoto, Mr. Ito, and I walked to the well-appointed parish church in charge of Father Cherel, whose uncle is a priest in the United States. In the neighboring convent I discovered an Irish nun, Sister Elizabeth Cormack, who, although her name was shorn of the prefix that suggested nobility, could hardly stop talking about Ireland except to tell me how much she liked *The Field Afar* and everything about Maryknoll. I told her five times that I was not born in Ireland, but she never once heard me and to this moment she believes that I am a son rather than a grandchild of Erin.

I have often thought of these isolated Irish nuns who live in foreign lands with sisters whose native tongue is not theirs. How wonderful is the faith that binds and the Christ-love that sustains these consecrated women!

On our way to the Cathedral, Mr. Yamamoto took Father Heck and myself to his own house for a cup of tea and a glimpse of Japanese home life, which I enjoyed.

I was due at the Cathedral to meet some priests of the diocese who were coming for their annual retreat, and when the evening meal was over I said good-bye to Tokyo, to its Archbishop, and to my other kind friends of the Paris Society.

To Nagasaki.

My destination was Kyoto. After a stop-over of a day at Yokohama, I found a place in the train and settled down on the long bench for a twelve-hour ride, while the car filled until there was room for no more.

Opposite me was a prim-looking Chinese girl whose father had deposited her carefully on the train at Yokohama and who, so far as I could observe, never budged for twelve long hours. I wondered if she was an example of Chinese patience. She certainly seemed to be an unspoiled child although she wore gold rings on six fingers and a wrist watch besides.

The conductor, accompanied by a train boy, entered soon after our start. I mention this because I wish to say that these individuals are, without exception, the most polite of their tribe that I ever met. The Japanese conductor almost cracks his backbone as he inspects each ticket and returns it to its owner. He makes one feel as if one were a benefactor of the railroad company (an imperial affair in this land), rather than an intruder.

The country was green and fresh. Every foot of it seemed to be under cultivation and the Japanese cottages, with their thatched roofs neatly trimmed and ridged with grass, looked homey. Here and there along the route I could distinguish a waterfall or streams turning great wheels for little industries, and as we neared the so-called "sacred" mountain of Fuji, I caught some idea of the surrounding landscape even though this rocky "divinity" did not condescend to show his head through the mists.

Some of the sleeping passengers awoke about this time and shifted their positions to get the mountain view, but it was quite useless and they consoled themselves at the next stop by storing

away the contents of twin white boxes, one of which was full of rice, the other of fishes with odds and ends. A man and his amiable looking wife who squatted on the bench next to the Chinese girl enjoyed, between naps, the contents of a good half-dozen of these boxes during the trip.

She was a real housekeeper and he was a petted husband. She made the purchases through the open window and he furnished the coin. She opened the boxes and he had the first innings with the chopsticks. Once or twice the boxes disclosed undissected raw fish, which she cut with a little knife that usually rested in the depths of her sleeve. He, silent and solemn, but always receptive, ate the precious morsels from the box cover which she had deftly used as a carving board. She managed to get the chopsticks after he had finished with his tea—a usual part of the purchase—and as he was careful not to drink it all there was enough tea left for the cleansing of the sticks, which meant the fag-end of a meal for her poor self.

Things seem small in this country and in reality are often so. One notices the stature of the people, their feet and features, their piping voices, their wee ways. Chairs used in public places would fit into a nursery at home, and an average sized man like myself sometimes feels big; but I had a surprise when, at one station, a form that filled the doorway and had to duck to get in turned out to be a Japanese giant. His nationality was evident and his mantle confirmed it. He carried a very thick cane and when he left at the next station everybody looked relieved. He was, however, a curiosity, and exclamations of wonderment were many.

The earth gets smaller every day and even in this remote land one stumbles on friends oftener than in New York I really believe. On the Pacific liner I found friends and the friends of friends. At Yokohama and Tokyo others turned up, and on this run to Kyoto I found, after a while, that I was not altogether among strangers. While taking a few turns in some remote station platform, a member of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Tokyo presented himself and later aided me at Kyoto. On that train, too, were two friends, a recently married couple.

At the Old Capital.

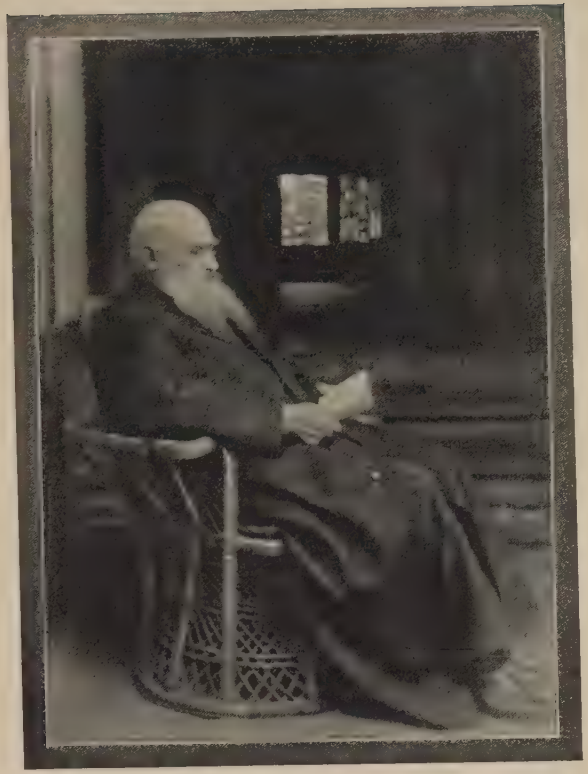
Kyoto, the old capital of Japan, was reached about eight o'clock and my young Japanese friend saw me tucked into a rickshaw and assured that I would be taken directly to the *Tenshudo*, as the Catholic church is known in Japan—*Tenshudo* meaning literally *Temple of the Lord of Heaven.*

Father Aurientis was not expecting me that evening and was somewhat surprised when the rickshaw dumped me onto his threshold, but he made a quick recovery and welcomed me to his home, which, though poorly furnished and rather dingy, is a very interesting one. I should like to have seen more of it and of its sole occupant.

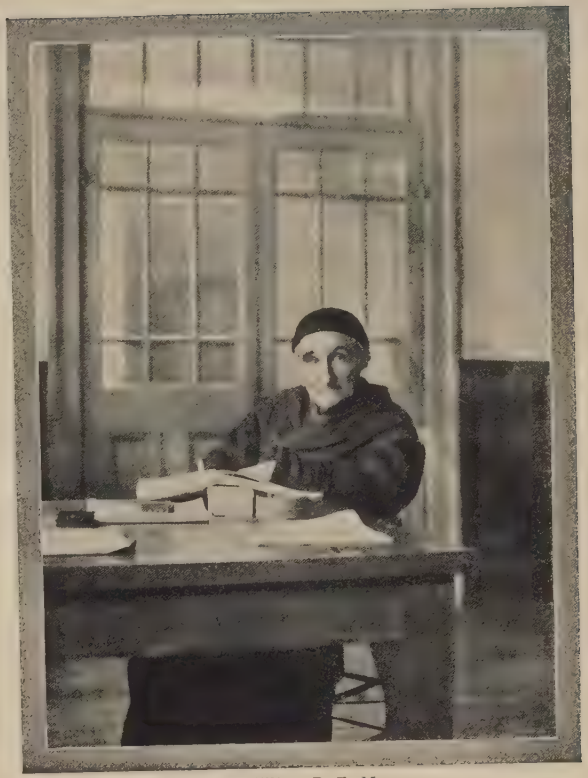
The waiting-room is also the study and office of this venerable priest, the Vicar-General of Osaka, who has been forty-one years in Japan without once returning to his native land. Here Father Aurientis receives all kinds of visitors, including some of the high and mighty, because, you should know, the Vicar-General of Osaka is also a professor at the Imperial University of Tokyo, an occupation which has helped his Mission in more ways than one. He knows some English, too, which he learned by teaching it, not, however, at the Imperial University, where he is engaged as professor of French literature.

His early experiences were extremely interesting and I urged him to make them known. It is a pity that no summarized chronicle has been kept of the splendid efforts made by Catholic missioners in Japan since it opened its doors to the West. Father Aurientis told, for example, how after being refused shelter in one place he managed to start a post by rolling a cigarette. Perhaps the Devil's Advocate would like to get hold of this statement, but some of the modern martyrs took more than one whiff of smoke while they lived and I know some living saints who take an occasional one.

When bed-time came I was shown to a large room that opened out on a corridor lined with windows. Two sides of the room were walled with sliding doors of glass, and as there were no shades I felt as if I were going to sleep in a conservatory. An electric light made me conscious of the fact that my room was open to the world, and I imagined that I could already be



Fr. Aurientis, P. F. M.



Fr. Villion, P. F. M.

VETERANS IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR MASTER

seen by a thousand eyes, because the church stands in the midst of narrow streets like alleys, crowded with dwellings, but my host reassured me.

I learned that I was in the house of an ancient daimyo. His seal was evident here and there in the woodwork trimmings, and his garden, of which I caught a glimpse in the mist next morning, was delightful, with its miniature bridges, its odd trees, its lanterns, and crooked walks. There is certainly a surprise at every turn in the Far East.

The Yokohama-Kyoto ride had been rather tiresome, and after my head and the bag of sand that served me as a pillow came into agreement, I slept well at Kyoto.

Father Aurientis took me, next morning, to the convent, to a small establishment where cloisonné (a Japanese enamel) is quite perfectly produced, and to one of the great temples of Kyoto; after which we both took a train for Osaka where we arrived in time for the evening meal.

Where Bishop Chatron Lived.

A feeling akin to loneliness came over me as we left the railway station and drove through the streets of Osaka. This was the city where Bishop Chatron lived—the "little Bishop" as we knew him in the States, who wrote frequently to his friends, always in a quaint style, and whom we, who were in a position to do so, were always glad to help. He died a few months ago, after an operation that resulted in blood poisoning.

Osaka is full of canals and is known as the Venice of Japan, but I must warn any sentimental readers not to envy those who pass their lives looking out upon these waters.

We twisted and turned on the narrow streets and over the bridges. I could hear Father Aurientis chaffing his driver, who, as it was explained to me, complained of his passenger's weight—about two hundred and twenty pounds—while my good-natured host claimed that the weight was all in the rickshaw itself. These rickshaw men have an advantage over horses in the matter of complaints.

One more bridge, and *voila*—the Cathedral of Osaka, along the bank of the canal and facing another alley. The pastor, a

Japanese priest, was there to meet us although he had not received our message. He is small and thin, with a beard that is correspondingly meagre and gray, but he has a good head, a large heart and a ready smile, and I enjoyed him.

The house felt, as it looked, bare and dusty. The guest chamber was the *pièce de resistance*—and I did not resist. It had been occupied by many prelates, including Monsignor Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate, who was present for Bishop Chatron's obsequies, and it was good enough for me. It opened out on to the canal and had an electric light bulb arranged to slide on a string. It had a bed, a chair, a desk and some books. What more could any man want?

I enjoyed much my rest that night, but before taking it we made a survey of the late Bishop's apartments. He had two rooms, both looking out on the canal, and both were lined with tools of every description. Let the truth be told then, that this little Bishop whose letters to America kept his priests from starving, was a tinker—a first-class tinker, and if it had not been for a shabby desk and a poor wooden bed in one corner of the inner rooms, the episcopal apartments at Osaka could readily have been taken for a machine shop.

At dinner that evening I met the assistant, also a Japanese priest; and two Japanese boys, sons of the *domestic*, waited on us, evidently curious to know where one like myself fitted.

Osaka is a large city (1,396,000 inhabitants) and has doubtless much in it that would interest a stranger, but we had on our program only two places to see and these were Bishop Chatron's grave and the Morning Star School conducted by the Brothers of Mary.

Time was at a premium and the distances long, so we decided to make the excursion in an automobile. It was a great event for everybody in the neighborhood of the church when the stately Ford-limousine drew up and we three—Osaka's V. G., the parish priest, who fortunately was small, and the American—entered. How the Ford ever got through those crowded alleys is still a mystery to me, but finally we came to the more sparsely settled district, passing, near the cemetery, a picturesque funeral procession that bore some pagan's corpse.

Bishop Chatron is buried in the European cemetery, a plot of ground set aside exclusively for foreigners, where lots may be purchased, but only for those who have been living here. A simple stone has been placed over the grave of Bishop Chatron, with an inscription engraved in seven Japanese characters, which, translated, read:

Osaka
Bishop
Religion
Julius
Chatron
Lord
Tomb

Another Flourishing School.

From the cemetery we went to the Marianist Brothers' school, stopping on the way to pick up a young priest who seemed delicate and was about to go to the Fathers at Hakodate for a rest. The Brothers' school is well situated, although practically surrounded with temples and the residences of bonzes. With the Ford we managed to get quite near, but there is no complete approach for a four-wheeled vehicle.

Japanese and English are the languages of the house and Father Nicholas Walter, a born American, knows both very well, though he says that Japanese is harder to learn than any five languages put together. An American layman, speaking of the Japanese themselves, said to me the other day: "When I had been here two years I felt that I understood the Japanese, but now the longer I stay the harder it is for me to make them out." Perhaps it is so with the language. In any event I was glad to have a talk with Father Walter and to be confident that each of us understood the other even to the shadings.

On this occasion the boys gave an exhibition drill under the supervision of two retired army officers whose commands were uttered in shrill tones that were quite effective. After they had retired to the class-rooms Father Walter conducted a class in history which I was interested to attend.

A Field Afar Subscriber in Kobe.

Kobe is a short run, only a few hours, from Osaka. I ran my chances of finding Father Fage in the city, because he is the Procurator of the diocese, as well as pastor of the European and American Catholics resident there. The rickshaw man who pulled me to the *Tenshudo* could actually have dumped me into the arms of my host, for I met him on the sidewalk outside. He was concerned because I had not warned him—not that his larder was empty, but because an unsophisticated American traveler had arrived alone.

As I was tired of sitting we paid the horseman his fifteen cents, put my belongings in the house, and started for a walk. Father Fage was on his way to visit a sick person, and I had intended to accompany him, but we had hardly turned the corner when an elderly gentleman joined us. Father Fage, who knows English and preaches every Sunday to his English-speaking congregation, presented his friend and, as I recognized the name, the newcomer with a sweep of his finger threw a gray-whiskered curtain aside and disclosed—*the Maryknoll Pin!*

I shook hands twice with this *Field Afar* subscriber and accepted his invitation to turn into the next street so as to inspect his household. It was an interesting experience. This man was born in New York, but had spent much of his life in the Orient. He married a Japanese in China and his home, small but attractive, and evidently Catholic, is typically Japanese.

At the door he introduced his wife, who was taking care of their grandchild—and before stepping on the well-kept floor he found for me a pair of knitted slippers that fitted over my shoes. As he kicked off his own shoes he apologized for the trouble he was giving me and laid it all to Japanese custom, which, on the whole, he admitted he had learned to like. He showed me the house and his treasures—photographs of his family and of old friends—told me his life-story, and gave good testimony of the faith that was persevering to the end—the great gift.

On his return home Father Fage found me in possession of the rectory, and I enjoyed much my stay at Kobe. While there

we visited the Japanese Church, a good-sized edifice, quite new, in charge of one of Father Fage's confrères, Father Perrin.

As Procurator, Father Fage has to buy all kinds of supplies for missioners in the interior, and as some of these good men are temperamentally opposed to making purchases even of small things, his position is at times difficult. Bishop Chatron held this post for several years and went from Kobe to Osaka.

There is at Kobe a school for European and American girls, conducted by French nuns (Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus), who, a few years ago, purchased a very attractive residence quite in the heart of the city.

I saw Kobe and its harbor in a mist, but sufficiently well to realize that with its back-ground of hills it must be a rather pleasant haven for foreigners whose business keeps them in Japan. I left friends there—newly married—and they were just settling down in a European house with many possibilities.

A Friend in Need.

From Kobe to Nagasaki was to be the next jump, and a rather long one—a night and a day. We attempted to negotiate for a berth in the sleeping car, in which transaction Father Fage and the station agent had long mysterious conversations in Japanese. These conversations were conducted twice in the course of the day. A telegram had to be sent to Tokyo, I was told, and later we learned that no telegram had been received in reply, but assurance was given that I would get a berth. At the close of each interview the very serious period ended with a smile from the railroad official, which was explained when Father Fage said that he warned the man to look out for a broken head in case I did not get accommodation.

As a matter of fact, when the train came in from Tokyo nothing had been reserved. Father Fage left Father Perrin and myself and made a dive for the ticket agent, but before he returned the train started and I could only wave an adieu to my friends. I had two satchels and myself, without a corner for any one of us, and I was wondering what would happen, when I found myself near another smooth-faced Caucassian who had been observing us three priests on the station platform at Kobe.

"Tough luck," I said to him and his eyes brightened.

"Why," and he spoke with a Dublin brogue that fell on my good ear like the purling of a brook, "you don't belong here, Father?"

I disclosed my ancestry and from that moment had only to hear him "Japanese" every official in sight until he had them all on the run and our berths settled, after which we sat down to a talk that may yet mean much to both of us and to many others. My new-found friend had been for years in China and holds a responsible position in Shanghai, where I expect to find him at the railway station on my arrival.

Nearing Nagasaki.

At Shimonoseki, which we reached the next morning, we had to ferry across the bay to Moji for the Nagasaki train and just here I must pay a tribute to the railway and porter service in Japan. Our experience of the previous night was a rare one, my companion asserted. At all events, after our arrival at Shimonoseki the Irishman had called a porter and given him an order, and immediately tags were put on my two grips. "Now," he said, "don't think any more about those bags. You will find them over in Moji." I took his word for it—and the bags turned up at the proper moment, just in front of my railway car.

A Belgian couple—Shanghai acquaintances of my friend—were on the steamer, and a policeman dressed in civilian attire asked me several questions but never once inquired about my health.

On the run from Moji to Nagasaki I had as companions the Belgian couple. There were also on this train three American officers from the Philippines, and we were about the only foreign representatives until a somewhat elderly and angular American woman entered, providing entertainment for all in her vicinity.

Her belongings occupied so much space that the Japanese man who had up to that time been enjoying life in the next seat moved to another car. Arrayed in a gray sweater and a conventional American hat, she was quick in movement and apparently a quite decided person. I could almost hear her speaking to the Sunday-School children at home and to her

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI IN OSAKA, JAPAN
The late Bishop Chatron is kneeling at the left of the sanctuary

many friends, unfolding with velocity and in well-turned, clear-cut sentences her "wonderful" experiences in the Far East.

She settled right down the moment the train started, laid aside her hat, pushed her suitcase under the seat, produced a roll of Japanese paper, and with her fountain pen protected by a piece of paper began the next chapter of her book—"Japan, or Why I was Born."

After ten minutes there was another rustle and she read "The Outlook" for a short period. Then—she quietly slipped off her shoes, folded her feet on the seat like a Japanese, and appeared to sleep. This period—quite brief—was followed by a longer one during which her back was turned to us, and I lost track of the performance until we reached Nagasaki, where she was welcomed by two younger women. All three, I was told, were American missionaries—members of a veritable army in Japan.

In the meantime I had found much food for thought as we skirted the picturesque bay of Omura and I realized that we were not far from the islands where Catholic faith had endured without priest or altar for two hundred and fifty years. I had been told to look for consoling progress in the diocese of Nagasaki and I knew that I should not be disappointed.

Where Japanese Martyrs Lived and Died.

Bishop Combaz was at the station, and alone. He insisted on taking one of the bags, and we hastened to an electric car which brought us within a ten minute hill-walk of the Cathedral compound, which lies just in the rear of the principal hotel and is reached by a long flight of steps.

Photographs of this church, nestling on the Nagasaki hill, I had seen for years. I knew that it had been dedicated to twenty-six martyrs, who had been put to death on the shore below. I recalled, too, that it had been built by Father, later Bishop, Pettijean, who had made the discovery of the Christians, and I was glad indeed to feel that it was my privilege to remain in so sacred a spot.

The Bishop's house at Nagasaki could not be simpler in construction, but it is admirably located and from the balcony,

on which all the bedrooms open, there is a fine view of the harbor. This is the harbor where thousands of Japanese Christians were sewed in bags, weighted with stones, and drowned for the faith of Christ. How often Father Pettijean must have thought of these good souls during those first years of his stay in Japan when, day after day, he would ask himself if it were possible that after such proof of love there were no Christians left in the islands.

As I turned to look at the church which stood above us, a group of children entered for their evening prayer. Most of them were descendants of the ancient Christians, the Bishop told me, and it was good to see them. At the same time I heard the regular beat of a small drum that sounded quite near, and in answer to my inquiry I learned that it came from a Buddhist temple just below us. Other children were there—children who do not know that God is a God of love. The contrast was striking and at the moment disconcerting.

We had yet an hour before the October devotions, and I excused myself to go down on the street near the canal, where I had observed a number of American sailors with whom I was anxious to talk.

There were two Catholics among them, one from Connecticut, the other from Indiana. Both were glad to meet a priest, and both were tired of foreign travel. These two were on guard in the city, detailed to watch the conduct of their fellow-sailors and to bring back to the ship any who were not behaving themselves. The ship was due to sail the next morning, Sunday, and I could not make arrangements, as I had hoped to do, for them to attend Mass. They had not suspected that a Catholic church was so near.

The rosary was being recited by the seminarians in the church when I returned. The students were in the benches, and directly behind, squatted on the floor, were several parishioners, devout men and women. Father Thiery, who is also Procurator here, presided at the organ and the tones of the Benediction hymns were familiar. The church was dimly lighted, but an ardent faith burned brightly and one could feel its warmth.

The Mission property at Nagasaki mounts on the hill until its land practically overtops the church and the Bishop's residence. Back of the church and above is the house of the pastor, a Japanese priest, and behind the Bishop's residence is the Seminary.

The professors of the Seminary, including two Japanese priests, take their meals with the Bishop's household. These mission dining rooms are large, as a rule, built to accommodate the priests on retreat and at other occasional gatherings. They are floored with wide boards that always look dusty, and on their walls are usually hung the photographs of past bishops. The table is generous in size, and covered with oil-cloth, but the meals are substantial and, as a rule, the French cuisine is followed so far as this can be done by Japanese domestics whose only instructors are the priests themselves.

The dinner, usually at seven or seven-thirty, is never hastened and serves as a recreation period, at the close of which all retire. Every missioner is an early riser and Masses begin at or before six o'clock.

Sunday followed the day of my arrival in Nagasaki, and an unusual opportunity was given to assist at the ordination of native deacons, which took place during the late Mass at nine o'clock. It must be remembered that in Japan, as in other pagan countries, Sunday means a day of work, not only for the priest but for the people, and the luxury of eleven o'clock Masses is not known here.

I found it extremely interesting that morning to watch the people mount the long flight of stone steps, bow reverently to the Crucifix that stands halfway up guarding the tombs of two missioners, slip off their shoes, and enter the church—but when it came time for me to get in I could hardly find either a spot uncovered with shoes on the outside, or a place within where their owners knelt.

The ordination was without special incident, except for some hymns sung by the seminarians, but it was followed reverently by all. There were three non-Japanese in the congregation, one of whom, an American woman, was formerly interested in foreign missions while a resident in Salem, Massa-

chusetts. She is married and her husband's business keeps her here, where she has found not a single Catholic friend except among the Fathers.

With the Descendants of the Early Christians.

Sunday afternoon, with one of the missioners and a visiting priest from Siberia, whose only hope of being understood was Latin accompanied with gestures, I visited Urakami, just outside of Nagasaki, where there is a parish of more than six thousand Japanese Catholics.

The church is new and massive, and though bare and unadorned within, it gives an impression of cathedral grandeur. We found the pastor, Father Raguet, most gracious. He has been in the Mission since 1879, arriving eleven years after Father Salmon, whom I had met at the Bishop's house. Father Raguet has translated into Japanese the New Testament and our Protestant friends have made good use of his work, giving him, however, proper credit.

At his request I conducted the October devotions. There were probably six or seven hundred people—men, women, and children—and the rosary was recited by the people themselves. It somewhat resembles a chant and takes longer than our own. At Urakami there seemed to be also a chanted explanation of each mystery.

A funeral service immediately followed Benediction, and this was conducted by one of the Japanese curates. We stayed in the church until after the Dies Irae and the prayers had been recited, when the body was taken out by two bearers rather unceremoniously on a stretcher. Funerals must be frequent here, as the parish is large. The Siberian pastor was somewhat shocked not to hear excessive lamentations, nor to see tearful countenances, but no light was thrown on this circumstance.

Before leaving Urakami Father Raguet showed us two medallions, such as had been in use among the ancient Christians. They were in bronze, well-cut, and I hope to get copies of them. There is a museum of these Christian antiquities in Tokyo but I learn that there must be here and there in storehouses many

other objects that have not yet been brought to light since the persecution closed.

Japanese Novices and Seminarists.

We walked over to the novitiate of the Marianists that afternoon and found more than sixty Japanese youths in training for the life of teaching-Brothers. The house is well placed, with an excellent view, and is quite retired. I found friends there among the Brothers, and the next day I visited their school which, though comparatively new, has some four hundred and fifty students.

This visit to the school in Nagasaki finished a series of visits to the establishments of Brothers of Mary—visits that began at Dayton, Ohio, and included Honolulu, Yokohama, Tokyo and Osaka. The work of these Brothers in Japan is worthy of special note, because it is a marked success under unusually difficult circumstances. It is true that most of their students are pagans, and that the Government does not allow the teaching of religion during school hours, but the Brothers of Mary have now the confidence of an ever-increasing number of Japanese parents and are highly respected by the educational and other civil authorities. They are helping to break down prejudices and are preparing the ground for conversions, some of which have already been made.

I hope that their houses in the United States will send to them American subjects. This would add considerably to their strength, because English professors are much desired, and I am confident that it would react upon the Society as on the Church in the United States.

There are no fewer than twenty-nine Japanese priests in the Nagasaki diocese. They are all descendants of the early Christians, and they have "saved the day" for that part of Japan, filling up the gaps formed by the departure of European priests for the scene of war. It is a real encouragement to witness the work of these priests, and to be assured as I have been, most positively, that they are in every respect satisfactory.

More than this—their number can be easily doubled and trebled. The call has only to be sent along the line and it is

possible at this moment to select fit material for the formation of one hundred priests whose ministry in these days would effect much for the future of the Church in Japan. The one thing that stands in the way is the "root of all evil" (a misnomer), which, at fifty dollars a year for each student, would provide for the education and sustenance of these boys.

There are plenty of good Catholics who would gladly back a promising student for the priesthood, but our friends in Nagasaki have yet to discover them. I am here with no gifts to dole out to the poor missioners, and with many Maryknoll needs in prospect, but if I had a spare seven hundred and fifty dollars I would leave it here for a Nagasaki Burse—and should feel that there would always be a good priest—Japanese, at that—saying some prayers for my soul, perhaps until the Judgment Day.

The Seminary at Nagasaki is typically Japanese except for the dormitory. There, the usual sleeping-mats have been replaced with raised boxes into which mattresses have been fitted. The study-hall and class-rooms are provided with low tables at which the students squat. The morning toilet is made in all kinds of weather out in the yard.

The students were interested to hear of Maryknoll and of the progress of Catholicity in the United States. There were in all twenty-six, under the direction of Father Gracy, who is assisted by a European and a Japanese priest.

Nagasaki was most restful and I felt quite at home there, a sensation that was emphasized occasionally by hearing along the line such tunes as "Marching Thro' Georgia" and "Coming Thro' the Rye," played in fairly good time by Japanese musicians. I should have liked to have remained to visit some of the islands, but I am not supposed to be making this trip for my health, so I packed the two bags Tuesday morning, went through the usual farewell ceremony, tried in vain to prevent the little Bishop from putting himself out of the house to see me off, and took the train back to Shimonoseki.

Travel Accommodations.

There was one other non-Japanese on this trip, and I took his measure as a United States subject from Vermont or southern

Indiana. We spoke after a while, and to my surprise I found a Russian. He turned out to be a good companion, and like myself was going to Korea, where, as Vice-Consul in Seoul, he had become acquainted with Bishop Mutel.

It was dusk and raining again when we drew into Moji, and here I experienced some more Japanese efficiency. The Russian looked at my ticket—a small square inch of paste-board with the customary laundry check reminder that meant nothing to me—and said, as the Irishman had said a few days before, "You will find your bags on the other side."

Now I knew that the ticket entitled me to a passage across the ferry and to an all-night steamer trip from Japan to Korea. I also knew that if I could manage not to lose that bit of card-board I was safe for a berth on the sea-going boat, but no particular berth had been assigned and I was guessing.

That was at about six p. m. My companion and I left our bags at the railway car with the tags attached, crossed the ferry, took our dinner at the station hotel, where we had the dining room to ourselves, submitted to another police inspection, hung around on a rainy night until about nine o'clock, and then ploughed through mist along some wharves to our steamer, a large well-appointed vessel.

We were received like old friends by the cabin "boys" and escorted to our respective staterooms, where each of us found all his belongings awaiting him. My "boy" discovered me ten minutes later on the deck and insisted that I take a cup of tea. In the morning, after a rough night, he brought some coffee to the cabin and later was quite distressed because I would take no breakfast.

CHAPTER VI

IN KOREA

October 24, 1917.

OREA—we were getting into Fusan. It was my first glimpse of what had been known as the "Hermit Kingdom," and as I looked beyond the great detached rocks that rise above the water at the entrance to the harbor and saw its barren hills, I thought of the martyrs—Just de Bretenières and Henri Dorie, whose homes I had visited in France and whose relatives I had met. I thought, too, of the bishops and others, priests and natives, who had in these modern days shed their blood for Christ upon this soil, and I could not help contrasting my entrance in comfort with their untold sufferings.

Fishermen in sampans were toiling for their morning catch, and as we moved towards the wharf I was anxious to get a photograph, but Japanese laws are very strict on this diversion in certain places during these war-times and I did not care to lose either time or money.

It was strange to see the white-dressed Korean men, but the contrast with black made it easier for me to discover two bearded priests on the wharf. One, in a gray helmet, turned out to be Father Ferrand who, while a missioner in Japan, had visited the United States. The other, Father Peschel, was a young missioner who had come into town on his bicycle from a neighboring village.

We had just enough time before the train should pull out for Taikou to visit Father Ferrand's mission which, he proudly asserts, was built with American money.

Korea had an Emperor and he is yet alive, as also is his son; but, unfortunately for both, the good people of Korea seem destined to be governed, at least occasionally, by some outsider, and Japan is now the ruling power with a good chance of making herself at home for many a long year.

The Japanese people have been flocking to this country and among them are Catholics. It is for this reason that Father

THE SEMINARY AND BISHOP'S HOUSE AT TAIKOU

"The more I saw of this mission, the more I marveled at what our missioners accomplish." (*p. 84.*)

LEISURELY PATRONS OF THE HEN MARKET

"White-dressed men and women at every turn, hats that look like wired fly-catchers — stately personages straight as arrows." (*p. 83.*)

Ferrand came from Japan. His mission covers the diocese of Taikou with a centre at Fusan.

His church is quite small and he lives above in a few poorly-furnished rooms. The place reminded me of some of the small Syrian establishments which exist in our large cities, but Father Ferrand appears quite content and hopeful. His catechist, a saintly man, and his "boy" returned to the station with us and Father Ferrand accompanied me to Taikou, a train-ride of about three hours.

The country between Fusan and Taikou is not so attractive as Japan, because the hills are quite bare, but the valleys are well cultivated and along the line some of the villages looked charming. I remarked one place as we passed. The houses, low and thatched, were well separated, and from the train certainly appeared respectable, but when later I saw for myself what uncomfortable possibilities they possessed I could easily understand why Father Ferrand smiled. He had slept in that village—at least he had made the attempt to sleep there—and in other places like it. This is one of the regular experiences of foreign mission life, the details of which are not, as a rule, readable. Even the Bishop must take his turn at trying to find repose in some Korean house, when he is on a Confirmation tour, and for that ceremony he often finds that he must either keep off his mitre under these low roofs, or administer the sacrament out of doors.

Taikou.

At Taikou, Father Mousset met us and we clambered into rickshaws for a ride that opened my eyes to things Korean too numerous to mention. White-dressed men and women at every turn, hats that looked like wired fly catchers, top-knots of black hair, stately personages, straight as arrows, carrying long pipes that looked like the canes of English "Tommies," children arrayed as their elders—boys in white and little girls in pinks or greens—these and a score of novelties kept me busy until we passed through the market place onto a plain, where the path was rough and narrow and where the rickshaw man had to do some figuring.

Then on a rise of ground in the distance I saw two groups of substantial buildings, each group well separated from the other. To my surprise I learned that the more imposing group belonged to the Catholic Mission of Taikou, which is only six years old. The other group, which I did not get near enough to inspect, is a Protestant stronghold.

Bishop Demange is still young, well under fifty. He met us at the door of his residence and I soon found myself in interesting surroundings. The atmosphere was more episcopal than I had sensed up to this time, probably because the house is spacious and newly built and because the room into which I was ushered had red paint on its walls and some stuffed furniture formally disposed. A stranger passing the establishment could easily imagine that it was the last word in modern conveniences, but he would make a mistake.

He would have found neatness, but he would have waited in vain for running water, for electric or gas light, for a spring-bed with its comfortable mattress, and for his morning bath. Had he arrived in winter he would have whistled all day for steam or hot-water heat. These are comforts which I have not yet experienced so as to be impressed by them in any one of our missions, least of all in Tokyo, where for several nights I wrote on my yellow block under candle light at the archiepiscopal residence.

The more I saw of this Mission at Taikou the more I marveled at what our missioners accomplish with a minimum of funds by strict economy and the use of their brains. Here was a house that, for substantial qualities and form, would compare with many episcopal residences built in the United States. A few hundred feet away was a structure quite as good, occupied by Sisters and some abandoned orphans. Below the terraces was a Seminary, designed to accommodate a hundred and forty students and already sufficient for more than sixty, with a chapel ready to hold the entire number. A substantial wall for handball and a graded playground seemed to complete the picture that opened out from my window, but later I found also a well-planned cemetery, strongly enclosed with brick, the same material that had entered into the construction of all the buildings.

As we started out for a walk I asked the Bishop how he had managed to erect these buildings. As usual, a missioner was the architect. The bricks were made on the grounds and most of the land was the gift of a well-to-do Korean Catholic. Other material and labor was paid for to a small extent by the people, but principally by friends of the Bishop or of his Mission.

As we reached the Seminary the boys were finishing a short afternoon recreation, but we saw them all in the class-rooms, earnest young Koreans, with good, honest faces that made one feel that the spread of the Church in Korea would be much greater because of their faith and their zeal. Vocations abound here as in Nagasaki and nothing pleases the Bishop better than the assurance that he can find means to call another Korean boy to prepare for the priesthood.

I snapped a group of white-robes just outside of the Mission entrance, as they were 'batting the rice,' and then we proceeded to give an exhibition to the town, the Bishop in full regalia, with a cigar and cane added to his outfit, and myself in civilian garb, as the French priests describe their cassockless brethren, with a kodak loaded for attack.

We sauntered. Everybody seemed to be doing the same, except at the market where they were sitting on their heels and chatting in groups. Occasionally we met a Catholic—and his salutation was magnificent. His hat, a precious thing, stayed on, but his restrained bow, solemn and reverent, was quite convincing. The people, men and women, looked us all over, and the children followed us.

"Two great men," they were saying (the Bishop can testify to this), and I could feel the wind blowing up the front of my rain-coat across the chest. It was a fine show, for both sides, but I really think that I got more out of it than the other side did.

We walked around the town until we reached the Cathedral, a solid building, large enough to seat five or six hundred white people or a thousand Koreans. Father Robert, the pastor, was absent, and we did not enter his house, a Korean structure which looked particularly inviting.

Four *lords* who happened to be chatting as we went into the churchyard made obeisance to the "two great ones" and bowed

us out ceremoniously. No words were spoken on either side, perhaps because, as the copy-book used to say, "actions speak louder than words."

It was my privilege to offer the community Mass next morning. The chapel is arranged with benches on either side facing each other. The students, among whom was one very near the priesthood, leave their shoes outside habitually and enter the chapel in their thick white cotton socks. They are most reverent and during Mass recite prayers aloud, alternating in a peculiar chant.

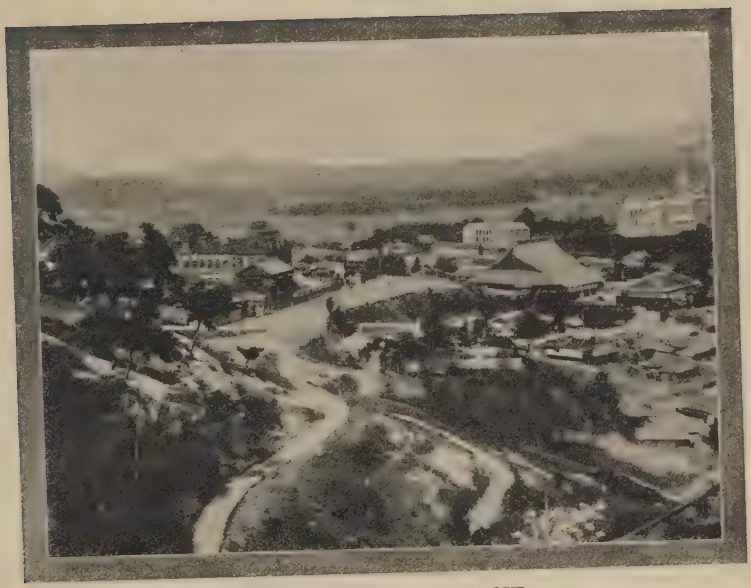
That morning the Bishop took me to the convent where we found a group of abandoned orphans, some of whom were working on embroidery, for which regular purchasers could, I believe, easily be found among the dry-goods houses in the States. The nuns, including three French women and eight or ten Koreans, are devoted to their charges, and the Superioress, who was formerly in the Philippines, showed the mother's heart as she embraced a weak little one whose face plainly told that she would soon be with God. Fortunate child, to have fallen into such tender hands! I recalled the expression so often used by our mission Sisters when they refer to dying infants as "thieves of Paradise."

After an early lunch I started for Seoul. While waiting at the Taikou station, and while elderly noble "lords" exchanged curious looks with us, Father Mousset approached a young man who was wearing a double-header and "by his leave" lifted the top hat so that I might examine at close range this creation in horse-hair. I made an appreciative speech which was not translated by Father Mousset, and the young man seemed quite honored as he replaced the fly-catcher.

At Home in Seoul.

I had been in correspondence with Bishop Mutel for a dozen years and was familiar with his photograph, so that it was not difficult to recognize him as he stood on the station platform at Seoul.

Every inch and at every moment a Bishop, is the Vicar-Apostolic of Seoul, but he is evidently unconscious of the impression that his beautiful life—an open book—is making



THE CATHEDRAL AT SEOUL

"Under its sacristy is a veritable cave of martyrs." (*p. 91.*)

A TYPICAL KOREAN HUT

"The houses, low and thatched, were well separated, and from the train appeared respectable, but later I saw what uncomfortable possibilities they possessed." (*p. 83.*)

on all who come in contact with him. Large in view and big of heart, Bishop Mutel is a Catholic through and through, and his simple, gracious manner made it impossible to resist the temptation of staying at his house until after All Saints'.

That was Thursday at nine p. m., and when the rickshaw men dumped us out at the Cathedral gate, Father Larribeau, an agile little Procurator, was there to receive us. The residence is a large brick building, with a balcony at one end overlooking the city. The Cathedral itself towers on a height in the rear.

The house within is physically cheerless, with its floors of wide boards filled with the dust of years, its bare walls, its poor oil lamps, and the general lack of small comforts; but the spirit that pervades it, I soon learned, is so warm, so pure, so unconsciously spiritual, that I realized more fully than ever how small an influence material comforts exert in the life of a Catholic missioner.

We sipped some tea and I was shown my room, the one freshly-painted apartment in the house and the one most open to a welcome sun. (We are near November and the climate here is much like that of Maryknoll.)

I slept that night as if I had reached the Nirvana stage, and as I stepped out on the balcony before going over to the Cathedral the sun was lighting the surrounding hills and falling on the roofs, quaint and modern by turns, of this considerable city.

The priests were all out, saying Mass, when I left the house, but I found my way to the Cathedral on the height above, and entered. It was at the Canon of the Mass, and around the altar the supreme hush had fallen, but from the centre of the church came the hum of many voices—the buzz of prayer from some three score of Koreans, men and women, who were seated on the floor. All were dressed in white and the men, as a rule, wore their head-pieces. The women looked like a flock of white nuns veiled for their devotions.

I lingered that morning after the thanksgiving prayers and sauntered down through the church. Its gray brick, uncovered with plaster, revealed its strength, and mounted into high and graceful vaults. No fresco "artist" had stenciled these walls, and with the exception of a few benches for Europeans, the

pulpit (a model of wood-carving), and a baptismal font, there were no church furnishings.

As I came back from the end of the aisle I found that the men, who occupy exclusively the Epistle side, had left the church, and that the women were preparing to go, all except a little group of about eight who together were making the Way of the Cross before returning to their houses. It was interesting to watch their sortie, and I was reminded of scenes in Europe where good Catholics feel so much at home in their churches that they sometimes shock the unthinking traveler. These Korean women, I understood later, had been in the church from one to two hours. They now began to "fix up" as if they were leaving a sewing-circle or some friend's house. Veils were folded, dresses mysteriously arranged, mats gathered and stowed away, I don't know where, and all the time a low chatting was going on which finished with the fixings and was followed by a little Holy Water and a large genuflection.

How Mission Churches are Built.

In the course of the day I plied the Bishop with questions about the church, how it was built, by what architect, for how much money, from what source. I learned among other things that a priest prepared the plans, that he died before the building was begun, and that one of his confrères carried the structure to its successful completion. Some American priest traveling through Seoul wrote afterwards to ask the Bishop for blue prints, or a copy of the plans, and the Bishop was forced to answer that they never had any such things—only small memoranda and drawings made on the spot as needed. The work of priest-architects in the Far East would, I believe, be worthy of a printed volume.

The Mission grounds, now valuable property, were purchased with foresight when land was cheap, and the church was started by the generous gift of a French lady, supplemented by smaller sums from other Europeans, with sacrifice offerings from the Koreans themselves.

It is a mistake to think, as I know that some Catholic travelers have thought, that these substantial churches of the Far East

are constructed from the funds of the Propagation of the Faith Society. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has all that it can do to distribute a few dollars a month to Catholic missioners in various portions of the world, for their personal upkeep. Building in the foreign missions depends, as a rule, upon the charity of interested individuals, inspired by the initiative of bishops or priests, backed doubtless by the grace that comes from prayer. Occasionally a mission has funds on which to draw, or a society upon which to fall back, but this condition is far from being the rule, and even where it exists the funds are very limited.

Catholic Activities.

My first day in Seoul was profitably spent at the Mission itself, which contains fully a dozen buildings.

The Cathedral pastor has his own establishment, a one-story building, where he is accessible to his devoted parishioners. There is another house, Japanese in style, for the priest who has charge of the Japanese in Seoul. This is arranged with an ell that gives accommodation for a catechism and recreation room. There is also an asylum for abandoned children, who are trained by the Sisters of St. Paul and whose handiwork in white serviettes, table-cloths, and so forth, is what the average American woman would call "wonderful" and "lovely." And there are small schools for boys and girls.

The grounds are well laid out in terraces planted with trees and vegetables. They are extensive, and from any point the view is excellent. Lack of resources and the need of a priest to supervise prevent the Mission from making the land more productive.

At Chemulpo, about an hour's ride on the train, I might have taken a boat and tried my luck on the waters of the Yellow Sea, but the day we went there was disagreeable and we could not even see much of the parish itself, which is in charge of Father Deneux, whom I had known by correspondence.

The church is solid looking, and the schools well attended. Father Deneux lives alone in a small house that reminded me of a country pastor's residence in France. His domestic is a

Korean "lord," whose cooking is supplemented by some occasional dishes sent over from the convent kitchen.

I am beginning to sense the difference between the Korean and the European cooking, but the subject is too intricate for this log. It may be illuminating, however, to remark that when means allow it the Korean kitchen in our mission establishments is removed from the main structure.

Sunday at Seoul was a restful day. The early Masses were well attended by a devout congregation, most of whom received Holy Communion. Before the late Mass, which began at nine-thirty, I went out to observe, and found as usual that there were other observers on the scene.

A steady file of white-robed "lords" assisted in their high hats, and there were white-robed women with smooth black hair pasted down on small heads, white-robed boys and little girls in pink and green, all bound for the upper church, while Japanese men, women, and boys, with Japanese babies on the backs of their mothers, sisters, or brothers, were going into the crypt below the sacristy. There were some Europeans, too, including a few Canadians, all of whom I met later; and when the Bishop came along, at the ringing of the last bell, we all entered the church, the Bishop going immediately without ceremony to his throne, the few priests to their benches.

The Bishop's throne is somewhat unusual. It consists of a wide arm-chair and a wide kneeler, both on a platform about a foot high. The chair, of Gothic design, is without a canopy, and it faces the altar.

The children, with all the nuns, French and Korean, entered the church in procession and gathered near a small organ that gave a somewhat meagre accompaniment to very creditable singing. The Korean voices seem to be fuller than those of the Japanese, but this does not say much. The children kept excellent time, however, and up to the tone. The *Credo* was to me especially significant and as the young voices chanted the familiar words, *Et unam Sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam*, I was thankful for the opportunity to see the partial realization of that desire of the heart of Christ that we of all nations may be one as He and His heavenly Father are One.

Where Martyrs Sleep.

At what cost, I thought, has this much been accomplished? And the answer lay in the tombs of martyrs, whose precious relics were in the crypt below that sanctuary.

At what cost? A further answer could be readily found in the life of the Bishop who sat alone across the sanctuary and who has seen forty years of service.

What will be the cost of further development? I asked myself, and I recalled the Bishop's sermon that morning.

It was preached before the earlier Mass, and I did not understand a word of it because it was in Korean, but I knew that it was on the Gospel of the day—the tribute to Caesar—and that the subject must have been a difficult and delicate one, because the Korean is not a Japanese and yet Japan is his master. What of the future here? Only God knows, but the Church makes progress through pain.

The Korean Catholics are worthy. More than this, they are habitually prepared for sacrifices and they have already made many. As for the Catholic missioner, his record for sacrifices so far is without blemish, and a portion at least of the heathen world begins to realize this.

One does not have to go far from the Cathedral of Seoul to read a record of heroic sacrifice for Christ. Under its sacristy is a veritable cave of martyrs whose precious remains have been carefully deposited there. We dare to hope that for generations, until the end of time, the faithful of Korea will recall with gratitude as they enter their beautiful church the presence of these martyrs whose blood brought forth the flower of faith upon this barren soil.

The first martyrs of 1839 are there, Bishop Imbert, Father Maubant and Father Chastan, all of whom have been declared venerable. And of the second persecution, in 1866, the bodies of *twelve* victims are in this crypt—two Bishops, the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Berneux, and his coadjutor, Bishop Daveluy; six priests, all from the Paris Seminary; and four Korean laymen.

Among the priests of the second persecution is the body of Henri Dorie, whose brother I once visited in France. I recall, too, occupying the rooms of Father Beaulieu and Father

Aumaitre at the Seminary in Paris, when on a visit to that nursery of martyrs. Just de Bretenières's body was here until 1911, when at the urgent request of his brother, Father Christian, it was transferred to France. The niche is vacant.

The Korean altar boys at Seoul dress in bright red cassocks, with long well-kept muslin surplices and their usual white stockings. They leave their shoes outside but they bring into the church reverent manners and intelligent service. I met some of them after Mass when I had an opportunity to give a lesson in English to a group of youngsters, four of whom had babies on their backs.

As the Father Procurator came out of the church he saw a poor Korean woman with a little child. They were two of his former parishioners, from a small village some miles away, and the young priest's face brightened as he said, "Some old friends are coming."

I watched the encounter. Twenty feet away the mother stopped, bowing low, and a moment later the child—she could not have been more than four or five years old—stepped forward in her long pink skirt, doubled-up until her head almost touched the ground, and then stood erect, modest yet unabashed.

I left the group to have their chat over "old times."

Seoul has a Seminary and Monastery.

Seoul had too homey an atmosphere to run away from, and I was easily persuaded to stay until after Thursday, All Saints' Day. This gave me an opportunity to visit the Seminary and the Benedictine Fathers, both of which establishments lie on the outskirts of the city at two opposite points. The delay also kept me in Seoul for a national holiday.

The Seminary was another revelation of possibilities in the development of a native clergy. It is well located, with a look-out over the water, quite spacious grounds, and four buildings poorly furnished but substantially built. All the buildings are low and of the regulation gray brick, which seems to be very common in the East.

The Superior, a European, is assisted by native priests. The chapel is a separate structure, neat and commodious. A special

"There is also an asylum for abandoned children who are trained by the Sisters of St. Paul." (*p. 89.*)

"Evidently unconscious of the impression that his beautiful life is making on all." (*p. 86.*)

BISHOP MUTEL OF SEOUL WITH SOME OF HIS LITTLE FOLKS

interest for the students lies in the fact that under one corner are the remains of Father Andrew Kim, a valiant young native priest who was martyred for the Faith. The commemorative tablet is very simple, bearing the Chi Rho over a palm-branch, and, below, the martyr's name with the years of his life (1821-1846).

There are one hundred and two students in the Seminary. As there is a shortage of professors new applicants are received at present only once in three years. Those in orders wear a kind of cassock, shorter than that used by our priests, and several had beards or moustaches, or a suggestion of such more or less useful acquisitions. Serious and well-mannered, these students give promise of great assistance to their Bishop, and I felt again that if I could meet some one with money who wished to make a good investment for the souls of his fellow-men and for his own I would recommend him to establish one or more scholarships at Seoul.

The inside walls of the Seminary are bare of prints and I learned that this is due to the cost of frames. In the dormitories I noticed on the back of each bed a tin basin. The morning ablutions, however, take place outside in all kinds of weather.

The cook has little thinking to do. All meals taste alike to the Korean, at least to the seminarians of that country, and breakfast is like lunch while lunch so closely resembles dinner that a student might easily be deceived about the time of day. The substance of the meal is rice, which is mixed with beans so as not to encourage the disease known as beri-beri—a beri-beri bad complaint.

The odor of the Korean kitchen must certainly be cultivated to be enjoyed, but the soup is hot stuff and the students evidently relish all that is given to them. What little remains finds its way into a pail that decorates the centre of the table. There is no need of waiters. This is the land of the simple life, where camp conditions are chronic.

The *Martyrology* was read in Latin during dinner and all through this exercise the straight Korean back manifested itself.

The boys were on the terrace playground as we left the Seminary, and Bishop Mutel, pointing over their heads to a

stretch of land towards the bay, indicated the spot where the martyrs of 1866 won their crown. The Seminary chapel, at the request of its donor, faces the site.

The Benedictine Fathers established at Seoul are an offshoot of the European monastery at Beuron, well-known for its activities in ecclesiastical music and art. Organized especially for foreign missions, these Benedictines wear the red sash of Propaganda. In a comparatively short time they have accomplished much in the missions confided to their care.

All of them are Germans, however, and here as elsewhere the war has quite upset their plans, but their installation is clear evidence of their ability to "make good" if they shall be free to do so. As it is, they are trying to keep busy, always conscious of their precarious situation. In the meantime, they have about a score of students to whom they are teaching the manual arts and their handicraft is sought especially by Europeans and Americans, who have discovered the perfection of their work.

The Bishop accompanied me to the monastery, and I was edified by all that I saw and heard. The refectory prayers were most devotional and I should like to have listened to these eight or nine monks rendering the Solesmes chant to which even here in Korea they give particular attention.

Social Events.

Not the least interesting experience which I had while in Korea was a "Garden Party" at the Governor-General's estate on the afternoon of the national holiday.

A few days before Bishop Mutel had brought me to a small charity affair at the British Consulate, where they sipped tea at small tables made for small talk and where we found ourselves in the company of two Anglican divines, an American missionary nurse, an American doctor (Presbyterian), and the widow of an English Consul. That little dip into the society of exiles prepared me in some measure for the "Garden Party"—but there was a world of difference between the two events and the Garden Party easily overshadowed the "green" tea.

Invitation was by ticket and I had none, but on the morning of the holiday Bishop Mutel made his visit of felicitation to the

Governor-General and incidentally fixed matters so that I could get into that official's estate without being arrested.

Well, it was worth while but I cannot describe it. Everybody was due at about two-thirty, and after a look at the outside of the Governor's palace the visitors slowly proceeded through a vast estate, over a path that went up and down, giving always a picturesque view with occasional glimpses of the entire city. Before starting each guest was presented with a chrysanthemum souvenir and a plan of the entire promenade. On this plan were indicated the stations at which some specialty in food or drink was prepared or some entertainment given. There were twenty-two stations.

As the guests lingered or advanced we had an opportunity to come into contact with many. Bishop Mutel is beloved by all and presented me to various people, including the Governor-General, several Consuls, the Anglican Bishop, a Standard Oil man, and a couple of Protestant missionaries. (Perhaps the order of precedence is not correct here.)

The Curé of the Cathedral and the Superior of the Seminary were with us and everybody appeared at the finale, a buffet lunch for the members of the royal family, officials and officers of the Shinnin and Chokunin (don't ask me) ranks, members of the consular corps, and ladies, at four o'clock, and for gentlemen (this is where we entered) at four-ten.

As we walked back through the narrow streets, wearing yellow chrysanthemums, I felt as if I had received the *Order of the Rising Sun.* The air in the city was full of banzais that night but I imagine that the ancients among the Koreans were not over-enthusiastic.

All Saints' and All Souls'.

We had solemn Benediction All Saints' Day and the church was quite well filled. The men in attendance were, of course, few, as they were at work in the city or out in the fields. As I went into the Cathedral for the service I saw in one of the pews a young Anglican minister whom I had met at the British Consul's— I wondered afterward if his ears, accustomed probably to more perfect chant than that rendered by the Korean children,

interfered with his devotion. He had an opportunity also to hear the Korean catechist chant a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament that rather startled me until I learned what it was. Perhaps, however, that simple service made a stronger appeal to his soul than if the chant had been perfect and the prayer intelligible.

The orphan children looked like a bunch of crysanthemums as they stood around the little organ and sang the hymns. Later I saw them outside, going back to the convent, in their long vermilion skirts and brown waists, with their black hair braided and shining.

The Angelus bell has a deep rich tone that sounded very solemn on the eve of All Souls'. The Bishop told me that pagans have been particularly struck by its call to prayer for the departed.

On All Souls' Day itself it was yet dark as I went out for Mass at six o'clock, and the air was cold as it might have been going over to St. Teresa's, but the Korean garb, white and flowing, brought the realization that I was far from the Hudson hills. Confessions were heard as on every morning and were numerous. The old women, I may remark, take the same attitudes while waiting in line as ours do in the United States. There was a goodly attendance of men, women, and children, with many Communions—several hundred, apparently. After Mass those who had received Holy Communion lingered for prayers, which they seemed to hum in little groups.

That day I took my departure regretfully from Seoul. Bishop Mutel, with four of his priests—one a Korean—came to the station, and the Bishop accompanied me for a few miles on the train. I asked him when he would come to America, and with a characteristic expression he shook his head and answered that he did not expect to make another long journey until the last one—and he pointed in the direction of the cemetery.

The Bishop of Seoul certainly radiates his spirit and all his priests seem to have caught it. The position of a Bishop is a difficult one in many respects and his presence usually affects his priests with a conscious realization of a chasm more or less wide and more or less deep. With the Bishop of Seoul—and I

AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF THE BENEDICTINE FATHERS IN SEOUL

have noted it elsewhere on the missions—there is no chasm, nothing but a slight elevation, very near, that inspires confidence, sharpening rather than dulling the wits below.

I can only hope that when American missioners get to the field their spirit will be as much as possible like that which it has been my privilege to experience so far in the Orient.

I was bound for Mukden, Manchuria—a ride of a day and a night. The trip had nothing eventful although it was particularly interesting as covering a possible field for Maryknollers.

On the train was a New Yorker, Russian-born and bound for his native country, a hard proposition at this writing. He was homesick for the Bronx.

I did have one thrill on that ride. As our train swung to the west from Anju I saw the sun setting over the Bay of Korea, and for a moment I thought that I was taking the Maryknoll express for Ossining on a glorious November afternoon. The reaction was not too pleasant, and I was tempted to dream again, when the train stopped and a Korean "noble" pushed his face towards my window as much as to say, "Don't forget that you are with us still."

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH MANCHURIA TO TIENTSIN

November 4, 1917.

E crossed the Yalu river Saturday night and entered China at An-tung, Manchuria. Before turning into a comfortable sleeping-car apartment I paced the platform for a while to note the change from Korea.

A Japanese boy whom I could not shake off dragged me into his mother's shop, designated as a waiting-room, where I had to buy some post-cards—poor ones at that. The mother was asleep but woke to give me change and went off again to slumber with her head on a marble slab. Outside I thought for a moment that I saw a group of seminarians. They were all young men, clean-shaven, wearing glasses, and apparently in cassocks, but when I came near I saw that they were in the long black winter coat of the average Chinese young man. They looked clean and intelligent and had come down, perhaps from some school, to say good-bye to a friend.

Sunday morning I woke as we were getting towards Mukden, and found my Bronx friend more cheerful.

It was six-thirty as the train stopped, and a few moments later I found myself in a crowd of Chinese, headed for the main street in Mukden. It was cold and in my haste to warm up I almost knocked over two Chinese girls who were running in a zigzag line on their compressed feet. These stumps were harrowing to look upon and the only advantage that I can see in them is that there seem to be no toes on which graceless walkers can step.

With the Bishop of Mukden.

Bishop Choulet had kindly sent one of his domestics to the station, and we recognized each other with no means of introduction except a card in his hand and a couple of grunts. A Chinese driver buttoned his heavy cotton-lined coat about his neck, ushered us into an open carriage built for one and a half, and we started for the Cathedral, about three miles away over a rather open country.

I protected my knees with a traveling bag and slapped my hands occasionally till we reached the church, an imposing Gothic structure of gray brick and stone, large enough for a thousand sittings. The entire Mission compound is surrounded by a brick wall and is entered by a gateway leading to the front door of the Cathedral. I was conducted to my room, a large one, white-washed, with the usual absence of pictures and rugs. The rough board floor was, however, painted red and a stove about ten feet high, hidden in brick with white cement, looked and felt comfortable. In the sacristy and the church itself, where there is habitually no heat, I caught a slight impression of what it must mean to say and hear Mass on bitter cold days through a long Manchurian winter. How little we stay-at-home Christians realize our comforts, that always seem to be demanding more!

Bishop Choulet, another alumnus of the Paris Seminary, greeted me after his Mass and, as usual, I was made to feel at home immediately. I had to look for the Bishop's ring to identify him but I soon found that he was the only European priest in Mukden. Those of his missioners who are not in the war are scattered over the vicariate and the Bishop has in his household three Chinese priests, whom I met at the table—one rather delicate, about fifty-two years old, the other two ordained more recently. Bishop Choulet has been in Manchuria since 1880. He recently met a great loss in the death of his coadjutor, Bishop Sage, who was only recently consecrated and on whom the older Bishop had begun to lean. I asked if he had applied for another coadjutor, and his gesture plainly told the impossibility under present circumstances of expecting such help.

A Chinese City.

I spent Saturday and Sunday at Mukden. It is a typical Chinese city, ancient and dusty, with nothing especially attractive, but it marked my first dip into Chinese life and I found it very interesting.

The head-dress of the Manchurian women, even the poor, makes them look quite stately, and many of the men continue to wear their queues. Long coats are in evidence everywhere,

and winter is in the air, with furs dangling in the shops, ears covered, and clothing stuffed.

The Bishop told me about the Cathedral as we started for our walk. The former church was burnt to the ground by the Boxers, and with it perished Bishop Choulet's immediate predecessor, two priests (one a Chinese), two French nuns, and about three hundred Chinese Christians. The Government later paid to the Catholic Mission an indemnity, which was used in part for the construction of the new Cathedral, another tribute to the skill, patience and economies of the Paris Seminary priests. Its two towers can be seen for miles. Its clerestory is supported by stone pillars. As at Seoul, the strength of construction is revealed within. The apse contains, besides the main altar, several side-altars and confessionals. A priest planned and supervised this building in all its details. There is no frescoing—I have seen little of such decoration in any church here—but the sacristy and vestment cases seem to be well-equipped for the services of the Church, and the altar linen is always in excellent condition.

As we passed beyond the church gate the Bishop pointed to a Chinese monument directly opposite, which was erected at the Government's expense in reparation for the massacred Christians.

We soon turned into the narrow streets, dodged two-wheeled carts of various types, shooed mangy dogs out of our path, exhibiting ourselves as the only white men in sight; and after I had purchased a Chinese skull cap for fifteen cents (the man asked twenty for it) took a tramcar for the American Consulate.

The tramcar had accommodations for at least fifteen people besides the driver and conductor. It was "trammed" by two little donkeys, who had a trick of balking at the switches so as to miss them. This frequently compelled a group of bystanders to push the car back while the donkeys rested.

The American Consulate looks like a heathen temple, which in fact it was before it fell into the hands of our good old Uncle Sam.

I paid my respects and we returned to the Cathedral, visiting later the nuns in the adjoining enclosure—three French women

MUKDEN

"A typical Chinese city, ancient and dusty." (*p. 99.*)

THE CATHEDRAL OF MUKDEN

"Its two towers can be seen for miles." (*p. 100.*)

who are training Chinese virgins for missionary work in the vicariate. Vocations are quite plentiful and the assistance given by these excellent Chinese women in the various missions is precious. They wear a blue dress and when seen individually are hardly distinguishable as engaged in the service of the Church.

Sunday at Mukden.

The Angelus bell rings in Mukden at five o'clock. A little early, you say. Yes, but these poor Chinese must go to work and they like their Church too well to miss Mass. My Mass was at six-thirty and several hundred persons, men and women, were at their devotions when I entered the church. Many of these received Holy Communion and their thanksgiving prayers were recited aloud by all in a peculiar, syncopated tone that to me at least was not displeasing. The women all wore black veils over their high head-gear and the men's heads were covered.

The second and last Mass was at eight-thirty, and as I watched the Chinese entering the church a group of Europeans passed through the courtyard. Shortly afterwards a Red Cross nurse appeared at the door of the sacristy (where I had gone hoping to find a stove) and asked me in good English if I would hear the confession of an English-speaking person who could confess in neither French nor Chinese. We searched for the Bishop and found him at the end of the church, seated in his own confessional. When he learned that I had gone through in Japan certain very strict formalities required in the Far East, he at once gave the necessary faculties.

During Mass I was an interested spectator and worshipper at the end of the church, and all that I saw was edifying, my one regret being that I could not understand the sermon preached by a young Chinese priest.

At the close of Mass, as I was shivering in the courtyard trying to get a snapshot of the sortie, the Europeans made themselves known. Most of them were connected with the Chinese Postal Service. The nurse, who turned out to be a Japanese, gave me her card. She is a Miss Ursule U. Yuasa, head nurse of the Red Cross Japanese Hospital, and is from Tokyo. She knows Miss Nobechi and is a very good Catholic.

A member of the European party is Mr. K—, from Meath—if I am right—Ireland, who later in the day called at the Bishop's residence to tell me some of his experiences. He is an accountant for the Chinese Postal authorities and has lived in various parts of China during a period of fourteen years. His parents, brothers, and sisters are still in Ireland and he is anxious to see his home again, but he likes his life in China and appears content to resume it even if he does take a furlough one of these after-war days. I asked him how he managed to pass the time and learned that the small foreign settlement here keeps up a constant round of simple recreations according to the season—tennis, golf, daily "at homes," and so forth and so forth. He has a little Chinese house to himself with a couple of servants, and the wolf never camps on his front door step. (Speaking of wolves, did I mention the fact that in Korea and Manchuria tigers and wolves are not unknown?)

Mr. K— paid a glowing tribute to the sacrifices of French missioners, whom he has met along the coast-line and in the remotest districts of this great country. I found that he was well acquainted too, with the other Irishman, Mr. C—, whom I met in Nagasaki and expect to see again in Shanghai.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given on Sundays at eleven-thirty. The hour is unusual but it affords an opportunity for the Christians who live at a distance to attend. They usually go out into the village after Mass, returning for Benediction and then going to their homes, after fasting the entire morning if they have received Holy Communion. The seminarians assist at Benediction, most of them in the gallery where their Superior, a French priest, presides at the organ. The Benediction hymns are well rendered.

Before going out to the church for this service I heard the strains of martial music, and as the sound became louder I went into the courtyard just in time to see a company of blue-uniformed cadets form in line, break into twos, and enter the Cathedral. The band was certainly audible and the young soldiers, who turned out to be students from the Cathedral school, acquitted themselves quite creditably. That afternoon we saw these boys at recreation in their school grounds. They

had laid aside their uniforms and were evidently more at home in their Chinese skirts. They come from outside the city as a rule, and live at the school, which is supervised by a Chinese priest and two lay-professors. Some of them get positions as clerks, others return to the farms, few being in a position to take up higher studies.

At the Orphanage.

On our way to this school we visited the orphanage, my first experience of the kind in China. The building, like all the others connected with the Catholic Mission in Mukden, is substantial and in excellent condition, but the Sisters—three Europeans, who have had no recruits since the war, and several Chinese virgins—are at their wits' end to provide for their charges.

It was Sunday and the children were all in neat condition, with working materials out of sight. I should have preferred to see them on a week-day. There were three divisions, each in its own room that served as workroom, playroom, and dormitory. Nothing could be less attractive to an American than these rooms. The walls were white and bare with the exception of a little framed oleograph of the Crucifixion, and on either side was a series of stalls raised above the floor about two feet and lined with straw mats. These were the beds and the children enjoy them, especially in winter, because a fire, built at one end, sends its heat underneath so that the little ones—the big ones, also—practically sleep on top of an oven. We had found the same arrangement at the Seminary and at the boys' school. This heating system is also in use at the novitiate of the Chinese virgins, and, for that matter, quite commonly in this distressful country.

The oldest children were nearing twenty years. For two of them who stood in the line for our observation husbands had recently been found and they were to be married that week. As the brides-elect were pointed out, however, the Bishop recalled that in the case of one a close blood relationship had been discovered. A dispensation was possible but not necessary, because another husband could be secured for the rejected lady and another girl selected for the male relative in question. The

Sisters were surprised to learn of the relationship and for a moment seemed disturbed because the not-to-be-married-to-each-other couple had already been made acquainted and explanations would be in order. However, the Sister in charge agreed that the matter was very simple. During the discussion of the case the children all stood reverently listening, but fortunately the language spoken was not theirs. The Bishop passed from one to the other, allowing each to kiss his ring, and all courtesied as we left the room.

The picture that stands out most strongly in my memory, however, is that of ten little ones about one or two years old on one bed, with an infant born only a few days keeping them company. Practically all of these had been abandoned by their parents, and on some of the little faces scabs still rested in spite of motherly care. They were so serious, these wee ones, as they stood in line on top of their oven-bed. And then I learned that these ten were privileged. They had been taken and others refused, because there was not enough food for all. The Sister in charge read my thoughts and assured me that they never refused a sick child, nor one who was in danger of being killed as useless. The struggles of some poor human beings to keep life in their bodies make a man almost ashamed to take a square meal. The crumbs that we American Catholics leave, and the unnecessary things that we eat, would easily feed all the abandoned babies in China.

Siberian Breezes.

The thermometer was well below the freezing point on Monday morning, and I found myself rubbing my fingers in the church, but the faithful Christians were at their devotions and the Chinese priest, invalid as he is, was engaged in his meditation as I entered at six-fifteen.

Later I was glad to get close to a little stove in the dining-room, where the Bishop soon joined me. He told me then that in a week or ten days he would start on the Confirmation tour which his late coadjutor was to have made. He would be gone until Christmas and would travel most of the time in a two-wheeled open wagon. I shivered at the thought and asked him why he

FRENCH NUNS AT MUKDEN WHO TRAIN CHINESE VIRGINS FOR MISSION WORK

THE CLOISTER IN THE GRAY-BRICK COMPOUND OF MUKDEN

did not make this tour in the early autumn or late spring, rather than the severe winter months. He smiled at my simplicity and gave his reasons. The people are in the fields during the milder months; and men, women, and children all toil. The missioner must accommodate himself to the people, selecting a time when work is dull. Again, there are no roads in the country and when the ground is frozen he can make better time journeying over the fields.

But why did he use an open wagon? Because the fresh, cold air kept him from getting "sea-sick." And did he always manage to sleep at a missioner's house? By no means. He very often spends the night in a Chinese inn—which in these small villages is probably unspeakable, although the Bishop did not say so. He admitted, however, that he could not, as a rule, say Mass in one of these places. But he told me to recall that by railroad he can now reach, or get in reasonable distance of, quite a few missions, and that when he arrived in Manchuria in 1880 there were no railways here at all.

A magnificent equipage came for me at nine-fifteen. It was lined with gold on the outside and closed with glass and leather. It had a driver and a footman, and looked like a carriage which had waited outside the Cathedral door Sunday afternoon when the French Consul was visiting the Bishop. I entered in state, after shaking hands with my friends, and at the successful close of a two mile drive was deposited at the railway station. The rig cost thirty cents, but it was worth it because my clothing was light and the weather unkind.

On a Chinese Railway.

Mr. K— was at the train with Mr. P—, who is the pioneer Postal Service man in Manchuria and was in Mukden when the Boxers burned the church. He told me that the Christians held out for three days before the Boxers gained an entrance, and that in some churches the Christians were successful in beating off the attacks.

The train to Tientsin is quite comfortable, and as there are very few long distance travelers at this season there was plenty of room. During the journey I met only two other passengers, a

Korean young man and his wife. This Korean studied in Washington and speaks English very well. He knows Bishop Mutel of Seoul and his first inquiry—it is the ordinary one from a non-Japanese in Korea or Japan—was, "What do you think of the Japanese?"

Floods have been playing havoc with this line, and when in Yokohama I was told that a through passage was uncertain. We pushed on, however, hoping to arrive in Tientsin the next morning.

At Chin-chin-fu, a walled city about a hundred and thirty-five miles south of Mukden, I met on the platform a Scotchman who is employed here by the railway company. He told me that there are several other Britishers along the line, as considerable English money is invested in this Chinese Government railway. He was acquainted with the local French priest who has gone back to France for enlistment in the army.

The houses in the villages along the line seem to be of mud. Each house has its yard and fence. At one point I saw an army of coolies repairing damage done by the floods. They were balancing twin baskets of dirt on their shoulders. I noticed here on the station platform hundreds of pieces of straw-matting coarsely braided, and further south I saw along the railway bank hundreds of improvised huts for which the straw-matting was used as a protection.

Towards Tientsin, about nine o'clock that evening I was getting sleepy, and as I had paid for some kind of rest I started out to make inquiries from the car-boy, a fat Chinese dressed in soiled white garments.

"Ah!—ugh!—ah!—ah!—" and he pointed in the direction of the engine.

"All right, old man, good night!" I said to him, and he appeared much pleased at his success.

In half an hour the mystery was solved. When we reached a place called Chin-wang-tao a bundle of bedding was thrown on the train. This, spread over three seats, gave quite sufficient accommodation and I turned in, thankful not to be out in the cold under a straw mat.

THE OBSERVER AMONG THE SEMINARIANS OF MUKDEN

LEAVING BISHOP CHOULET'S HOUSE

"A magnificent equipage came for me — The rig cost thirty cents." (*p. 105.*)

At six o'clock we were getting near Tientsin. The fields on both sides of the track were under water and houses on slight elevations were quite surrounded. Although we were a day and a night south of Mukden I noticed ice on the streams and the brown earth looked hard.

I have been interested in the guards at railway stations. Wherever we stopped there was a line-up of soldiers, from six to a dozen, standing at "present arms."

On inquiry I learned that they are special police, selected from the families of ex-bandits to watch the first and second class compartments so that nothing shall be stolen. A major and captain were pointed out to me at one stop as once notorious bandits. *Eccolo!* Tientsin—What next?

A Flooded City.

I had often read of floods in China but I did not expect to run into one. As a matter of fact, although conditions are yet bad, the worst is over. This section of China is a great plain and the mountains that bound it on the west have been bared of trees, so that when rain falls on them it comes down the steeps in a rush, finds its way into rivers and fills them until they overflow, covering fields and driving thousands upon thousands out of their homes.

Fortunately in this recent flood the rivers rose very gradually and people had a chance to find some sort of shelter. If, as is usual in America, the house had a second story, retreat would not be so difficult, but the Chinese house is a low one-storied structure and if a family cannot roost under the ceiling it must find accommodation elsewhere.

Tientsin itself has suffered much. It is a large city with nearly eight hundred thousand Chinese and more than five thousand foreigners—one-tenth of whom are Americans—who were also inconvenienced, because a flood is no respecter of persons unless they live on a hill and hills are scarce around here. Photographs picture more clearly than words the conditions in this place, although they do not make one realize it as if he were looking at the ruins.

Much of the city was flooded when I arrived at six-thirty, on Tuesday morning, November 5, but I did not realize it for a few hours. Around the station and in the heart of the concessions the water had receded and I found the usual group of rickshaw men waiting for a fare. I selected one a little less dirty than the rest and presented a Chinese address of the Cathedral. There was some excitement over this, because there was little else going on, and at least seven horse-men got into an argument concerning my destination.

The cold was penetrating, however, and I gave a few grunts which brought a speedy decision from one who seemed to be respected by the others and who said very distinctly, "*French Church.*" I had often been told that this is the name by which the Catholic Church is designated in the Far East and I was satisfied that I would soon land safely.

My driver buttoned his ragged cotton-lined coat around his shoulders and trotted off. After twenty minutes he stopped at the door of the English (Protestant) Church. Then there was trouble, but we found a policeman who started us over again, and in fifteen minutes more I was dumped, not into the Cathedral courtyard, but into that of St. Louis Church, which, fortunately for me, is a Catholic church. By this time my hands were numb and I was shivering, while my driver was perspiring freely. If perspiration takes poison out of the system then rickshaw drivers ought to be a healthy troop, but I am told that their lives are short.

I found in the church a young man from New York whom I met later.

The sun was kind that morning, and I thawed out after Mass.

After showing me his books and giving some suggestions on mission literature, Father Hubrecht arranged to send my bags to the Cathedral and to take me to various places in his own neighborhood. This included the Procures of the Lazarist Fathers and the Jesuits. Both establishments are quite large for their purpose and the ground attached is extensive. We visited, also, the American Consulate, where I found the Vice-Consul, a Catholic from St. Louis, glad to see an American priest. He has been here only six weeks.

Around the corner we called on a Mr. Jefferson, with whom I had had some correspondence. Mr. Jefferson is not a descendant of the great American. He is a Chinese gentleman from Canton, educated in the Hawaiian Islands, but his real name sounds enough like Jefferson to allow him the use in English of that patronymic. He is the editor of *The China Sun*, a small paper with large ideas and with a particularly clever appeal to Chinese learners of English as well as to English students of Chinese. At the end of every sentence or long phrase in English, the Chinese translation is given in ideographs. The paper is not professedly Catholic but it is directed by a man whose faith is strong and whose heart is large.

The Cathedral Compound.

We reached the Cathedral at noon. This Mission is only five years old and I was not prepared for the surprise which I received when I saw at the end of a long street the Cathedral itself, a great pile of brick converted into a very respectable Byzantine church, large enough to hold two thousand people—at least, that many Chinese. To the left was the Bishop's residence, a long two-story building enclosed by a gray brick wall. The water from the flood had been pumped over improvised dykes and the ground was muddy, but we reached the house on planks, and as I passed along I saw, high and dry, the scow which the priests had been using to get over to the church and down to the heart of the city.

The priests here are Lazarists (or Vincentians), belonging to the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul. I found them in the chapel, a little group of four with Bishop Dumond and two Chinese priests. Bishop Dumond presided in the refectory, and a student from the Seminary read in Chinese. This exercise was of course unintelligible to me, but not uninteresting. The realization that everybody except myself was listening intelligently, the earnest manner of the student, his sharp voice, strange inflections, and an occasional hesitancy followed by a prolonged vowel—all this, noted for the first time, held me to the end of the meal, the ordeal being considerably lessened by the efficient

work of an attentive waiter backed by something of a cook in the unexplored rear.

The diocesan Seminary at Tientsin is in a substantial building next to the Bishop's house and has about forty students. On the other side of the church is a school for Chinese boys, where lay professors are employed especially to teach the Chinese language. Behind this building is another used by the native Sisters, who number fourteen; and the adjacent hospital has here its separate building for the destitute.

After Mass the next morning Father Fleury, the Procurator, took me to the new church. On the way we stopped at the house of a parishioner, whose furniture was topsy-turvy but who was doing his best to straighten things out. Everybody seems to have suffered, and everybody was patient, but the nights were cold and I wondered what protection a straw-matting exposed to the north wind could give.

I have been interested in the effect of the flood on our Catholic buildings, especially the Cathedral, which had been recently finished. Basements are unknown here and Mrs. Water simply spread her skirts and floated right in, filling the entire edifice to a height of at least two feet. Imagine the heart of the Procurator, who had passed sleepless nights planning, and long hard days supervising, the construction of his basilica! The floor in many places had sunk, loosening the rough tiles, and threatening the great columns that have to support the roof of a church ample enough to accommodate two thousand people. Back of the high altar was a suspicious cave-in that made the heavy altar itself an object of concern. But the priest was glad in the reflection that the columns and the sidewalls were not affected—glad in spite of the fact that it meant more Mexican dollars or Chinese taels, both of which he lacks.

That afternoon the Seminary Superior piloted me over the dykes to the hospital. I really thought that I was on a lake dotted with islands, but I soon discovered that the islands were abandoned houses and that city blocks of land were under the water.

The hospital had been recently built and well equipped, but it revealed the havoc made by the flood. All the paying

A FLOODED STREET IN TIENTSIN

HOW THE HOMELESS WERE HOUSED

patients had been removed and everything was at sixes and sevens, but the nuns were making the most of it. They had been through worse than this before. We found the Superioress, a white-capped, ruddy-faced, rather large French Sister of Charity, bossing a lot of coolies, but she suspended operations to recite aloud the multiplicity of troubles that the flood had brought to the buildings, to the patients, to the doctors, and to everybody concerned. And this was another new building. And they had no money. *La! La! Hélas! Misère!*

Then she woke up to the fact that I am an American, and she asked me then and there for seven thousand dollars! Seven cents was nearer the limit of my possessions, as I had just arrived and had not secured any Chinese money, so I referred her to Sister Joanna, the sole American nun in the establishment, whose brother is the Bishop of Richmond, Virginia. But Sister Joanna, who evidently was never trained to pick pockets, threw up her hands and admitted that in several years spent in China she had gathered from us (that is, from the United States) just ten dollars. The Superioress is, however, building her hopes on America.

An American Nun.

During the Boxer attack about twenty years ago, Sister Joanna was among the nuns whose house was riddled with bullets and pierced with cannon balls. Sister Joanna, herself, I learned, had a very narrow escape on that occasion. She had been told by her Superior to go to bed and rest, after a nerve-racking period, and she obeyed. A few moments later, however, a cannon ball entered above her head and plunged through the opposite wall. Terrified and feeling that every moment would be the last, she decided that her Superior, in sending her to rest, had not intended that she should be killed. So the good nun hurried down to the lower floor, leaving her white-winged cornette on the bed. When later the Sisters returned to this room they found that the cornette had been hit by a cannon ball, which would have finished Sister Joanna had she remained.

Several priests, Brothers, and Sisters were killed in Tientsin by the Boxers and later I visited the Mission where they met

their death. I saw also a little memorial chapel to which the Sisters of Charity come daily to attend a neighboring dispensary and where they may say an occasional prayer in the little cemetery adjoining. Here are tombstones with names engraved —including that of an Irish nun—but the sacred remains were lost in the holocaust.

I met another English-speaking nun at the hospital who, so far as she could recall, had not heard a sermon or an instruction in English for more than thirty years. Sister Joanna herself has been in China over twenty years. Both nuns are happy in their work, and both regret that the English-speaking Sisters of Charity are so meagrely represented here, where there is a growing need for Sisters who can speak English.

Where English is Spoken.

The hospital is practically in the great compound occupied and owned by the Catholic Mission of Tientsin.

Just in front of the compound is the *Ecole Municipal Française*, a school conducted by the Marist Brothers for Chinese boys, Catholic and pagan, who wish to learn French so as to secure positions under French supervision. The Director of the school speaks English and has a class in that language. He is assisted by six teaching Brothers. These Brothers have also a school for European boys; and for both schools English-speaking helpers from America are desired and badly needed.

I stayed at Tientsin longer than I had planned. The Curé of St. Louis Church, which is placed among the legations, was anxious to give to the English-speaking members of his congregation—a considerable proportion in all—a sermon in English, and I promised to return from Tsi-nan so as to meet his wishes. When however, the time came to start for Tsi-nan, a day's run down into the province of Shantung, it was discovered that as railway lines had been broken passage must be made in boats at the breaking point, and that I could not possibly reach Tsi-nan in time to get back to Tientsin on Saturday night. So I stayed on, and found it well worth while.

On the road near the Cathedral, which lies on the edge of the city, there is a school for Chinese girls, in charge of a layman who

is assisted by two Chinese Catholic women. This school, like the others, is built of gray brick and is very presentable. Since its establishment a Protestant denomination has located a similar work on a large scale close by, but the Catholic school seems not to have lost its popularity. The plant is, however, inadequate and the Mission is anxious to organize it on a large scale, with religious in charge. The girls looked very neat in their slit coats, pantaloons, and polished hair. As they were picking up some broken English when we entered the room I helped to put the pieces together. The Master, a good Catholic, and the Directress, a daily communicant, were quite pleased to exhibit some of their fifty words on this occasion.

ENGLISH—The handwriting is on the wall and many whose native tongue is other than mine realize that this, the commercial language of the world, has come into the Far East to stay. Railroad tickets are printed in Chinese and English. Even remote stations along most of the line use both languages on their signs.

Also on the way to the heart of the city are two other large buildings of interest to Catholics, one the college conducted by the Marist Brothers for European boys, the other a school for European girls.

The children in the girl's school are *tutti frutti*—American, Chinese, English, Irish, Italian, and Russian. Many of them were born in China. A pleasant surprise was in store for me here. The institution, in charge of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, is under a Superioress whose name in the world was prefixed with a *Mc*, who was born in Ireland and brought up in New York. Sister Mary Lillian is her name and as she had not seen an American priest since she left home the school suffered for a while. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have been friends of Maryknoll from the beginning, but I did not know that they had even one American Sister in China, and, in fact, Sister Lillian could recall no other.

I found here, also, an English nun who has been in correspondence with Maryknoll and is acquainted with happenings at that

establishment. *The Field Afar* has not been coming here, but the Sisters have on the parlor table bound copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and *Benziger's Magazine*, the only friends visiting them from overseas. I thought of the exchanges that go by the dozen into our waste-baskets every week; and I thought, too, that if all the convent schools in the United States would purchase bound copies of *The Field Afar* for their reception rooms Maryknoll would be more speedily and more widely known.

American Soldiers at Tientsin.

There are twelve hundred American soldiers at Tientsin and they are comfortably housed in buildings erected for their use under a lease, which I understand will not expire for seven or eight years. I met several of our soldiers in the street but no Catholics were among them.

Later in the week, I called at the barracks to have the Chaplain (a Protestant) announce the presence in Tientsin of an American priest, but I found that the Chaplain's house was some distance away. The quarter-master showed us the recreation-hall, where every evening a moving-picture entertainment is given. Soldiers here, as I learned from a conversation with one, a Catholic, whom I met, have both an easy and a hard time; easy because they have little to do, hard because they have few means of recreation. I wondered as I listened that our soldiers here are not enervated or demoralized.

From the barracks we went in search of the Chaplain, whose house we found a cozy European dwelling furnished in good taste. No one was at home except the servant, with whom I left a note requesting the Chaplain to announce that I would be at the rectory of St. Louis Church between three and five on Saturday and would speak on Sunday at the ten o'clock Mass. I heard afterwards that a notice had been placed on the barracks bulletin board, and doubtless the announcement was made as requested, but only one soldier turned up for confession. Several, however, were in the church on Sunday morning. I am quite convinced that the proportion of Catholics in this garrison is small, but it is likely to be larger, and at present there is no one to "gather the forces."

THE COMPOUND OF TIENTSIN, A NEW MISSION IN CHINA

An Opening for Catholic Associations.

The soldiers, however, are not the only English-speaking in Tientsin. There are some hundreds of others, among whom are scores of Catholics, who, when they attend church, must sit through a sermon in French. The Curé of St. Louis hears confessions in English and is sympathetic with those who speak English but he does not attempt to preach in that language.

I ask myself constantly what can be done for Catholic Americans tossed high and dry by the great Pacific along the coast of Eastern Asia. They should be organized, brought into touch with one another, encouraged to keep their Faith, and made acquainted with the excellent work of Catholic missions, about which I find they know next to nothing, usually through no fault of theirs. There should be a room in every large city, at least, of the Far East, to which Catholic residents and Catholic travelers could be directed, where they could find a list of their fellow Catholics, a directory of places to board, and Catholic literature, including reference books and periodicals. Here too, they could, above all, get in touch with the local Church authorities. Such a room would be of great value, for example, to the Catholic soldiers and sailors garrisoned here and there, far from home, lonely, and without any positive outside influence to help them to keep on the narrow path.

Through such an organization Catholic missions might also find American friends, who in turn would help to market such productions of the native Christians as embroidered linens, cloisonné, metal work, rugs, etc. At Tientsin a gentleman showed me some samples of excellent Chinese rugs made by orphan boys under skillful direction and at comparatively low cost. He asked if I could furnish him with the names of a few American carpet-buyers. We should easily find an outlet for all mission industries.

Saturday afternoon I said good-bye to Bishop Dumond and his household and went to St. Louis for any English confessions. That afternoon I had a long talk with an American soldier, and I spent most of the evening with a young American who had been recently baptized by the Curé of St. Louis Church.

My Sunday Mass was in the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and at ten o'clock I spoke in St. Louis Church to a congregation that quite filled the little auditorium. I noticed, as I entered, some Sisters of Charity and some Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and I know that the English-speaking nuns were among them. After Mass I met a few people. Among others who came was a non-Catholic young man from Boston, who was a little homesick. He is a college graduate and occasionally goes to the Catholic church. An Irishman, whose heart is divided between Australia and his native hearth, called that afternoon, and as he has an important position in the railway he made my exit from Tientsin an unusually honorable one. Just as our train was about to pull out this gentleman discovered another Irishman, Mr. Mc—, who was going "home" —to Peking—and who showed me much kindness. All of these English-speaking people were evidently glad to meet a priest who could think and talk in their language.

CHAPTER VIII

WITH THE LAZARISTS IN PEKING AND CHENGTINGFU

THE run to Peking is not a long one, something less than four hours as I recall. We reached the great city about eight o'clock in the evening, and as we were getting towards the station Mr. Mc— presented another railroad official, giving him the title of *Doctor*. This official—a Chinese made in America and a trifle condescending—welcomed me to China when he learned the purpose of my visit. He told me that he was a Protestant himself but he believed that the Catholic Church was just as good as any other, that it did not make any difference, and so forth and so forth. I thought, in fact, that I was talking to some ultra-polite Unitarian in a New England town.

At the Peking station I found the familiar cassock and in a few moments we were moving in Bishop Jarlin's carriage towards the *Peitang*—the Cathedral compound, three miles away. This carriage was the nearest approach to episcopal splendor, and the only kind of an episcopal equipage, that I had yet met. I examined it next day at leisure when the Bishop kindly placed it at my disposal. Its varnish had lost an *r*, its furnishings were faded, and the horse made one feel that its owner must have a large heart and great sympathy for dumb animals.

In the Peitang.

I had been told that at Peking I would see a *belle mission*, but I was hardly prepared for the extensive and varied spiritual enterprises that I found flourishing within the precincts of the *Peitang*.

The Mission property is approached by an avenue of trees, on one side of which is a hospital conducted by Sisters of Charity for poor Chinese; on the other a novitiate of native nuns, the Josephines.

At the gate of the *Peitang*, which is entirely surrounded by a high wall of brick and is closed every night, a policeman stands, and on either side are houses for the domestics. The Cathedral

itself is the first building to be seen on entering. It is the heart of the *Peitang* and I was much more impressed with the original than with any photograph I had ever seen of it. It is flanked by two typical Chinese buildings that look like the entrance to an imperial palace or to a pagoda, but the Cathedral itself is Gothic even to the gargoyles. This church, like all the others I have seen so far, is the work of a priest-architect, the priest in the present case being the late Bishop Favier (1899-1905) who, before giving his life to the Church, had been an architect in France.

Bishop Favier's hand is seen not only in the Cathedral building but in its appointments, in the plan of the entire series of buildings, and in the lay-out of the gardens. The compound is rectangular in shape, and at a rough guess I should say that it is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. The cloisters that run along the houses occupied by the Bishop and priests are fully five hundred feet without a break, and in this section there are three hollow squares planted with low trees and flowers. On the opposite side of the Cathedral are three corresponding buildings occupied by the three several grades of students preparing for the priesthood. Behind all of this is a small park, at the end of which a transverse wall runs the width of the property, making a complete separation for the orphanage, a seemingly endless chain of small buildings. Near the entrance to the Cathedral is also a large printing establishment with its bindery.

Why Some Missions Thrive.

The first question that suggests itself to an American as he looks over the *Peitang* is, "Where did the money come from?" And an answer to that question here, as it affects one of the best-equipped missions, if not the best, in the Catholic world, will help us to understand what to those at home who have been interested has been something of a mystery—the excellent material equipment of many missions in the Far East.

A brief answer would be: *The foresight of Catholic missioners and their economies.* When our missioners began their work they usually bought land in generous quantities for next to

STUDENTS OF THE PEITANG ON THE BISHOP'S FEAST DAY

THE CATHEDRAL AT PEKING

"It is flanked by two typical Chinese buildings that look like the entrance to an imperial palace or to a pagoda, but the Cathedral itself is Gothic even to the gargoyles." (*p. 118.*)

nothing. This land increased greatly in value as the cities multiplied their population. Opportunities came from time to time to make several purchases of this kind even in one city and if the land was not immediately needed it was rented for investments. Land bought by the Church in Peking for ten dollars gold is worth today several thousands of dollars in the same specie.

At Peking some of the Catholic property was taken for the imperial grounds and a generous compensation was given to the Mission, which was further enriched by indemnities following the Boxer movement when churches were destroyed and many lives lost. All of this money has been used most carefully, and the yearly income from investments is making possible the extension of Catholic activities. Without such help the vicariate of Peking would be today as struggling a spectacle as is the ordinary vicariate, unaided by any local funds.

The Simple Life.

The buildings at Peking are as solid as they are extensive, but with the solitary exception of the Bishop's salon, where notables—mandarins and others—must be received, the stamp of poverty is all over the place. These buildings rest on the ground and are only one story high. The floors are of rough brick and the walls, with few exceptions, bare. Furniture is scarce and many rooms have no stoves.

I found the Bishop of Peking a man of large ideas and great zeal for conversions, his one passion being to increase his flock at all costs. He gave me some wise suggestions and expressed the hope that his confrères in the United States would turn their eyes towards China.

The Bishop takes his meals with his priests in a barren-looking refectory. All rise at four a. m. Each takes his bowl of coffee and a piece of bread after Mass. Dinner and supper are served as a rule in silence, and while the food is ample there are no delicacies, no desserts, as Americans understand the term. Only a special vocation and the marvelous grace of God can explain the perseverance of Catholic missioners in the lives which today they are leading. And the *Peitang* at Peking

is a comparatively easy place. There one finds companionship; he hears the pulsing of life in the great city beyond the gates; he can go out occasionally into its streets to visit his confrères; he is in touch with the events of the day. As a rule, however, like his fellow missioners in remote villages, he becomes so absorbed in his work that what would naturally appeal as a recreation loses its savor; and this is true even more of the nuns, whose lives are wrapped up in their tasks—performed with the spirit of faith and charity, in the presence of Jesus Christ, who lives every moment near them.

The White Cornette.

It took an entire afternoon to visit the several works of the Sisters of Charity at the end of that *Peitang* compound, and it would take pages of a book to describe them thoroughly—the abandoned babes in their cribs; the scabby little ones just coming to life; the work-rooms; the catechumenate; the dispensary.

I found an English nun there, still young, who in her zeal to go to the missions had made application direct to her Mother-House in Paris and had been taken. I knew her by correspondence. She was evidently disappointed because I had chosen to come to China at the most favorable season. I should have arranged my visit so as to suffer either intense cold or the awful heat with millions of flies and other troublesome visitors. Then she would have been satisfied—more so, I fear than I, a poor weak mortal who had been congratulating myself, as I rubbed my fingers, that all kinds of insects were frozen for the winter.

How these good Sisters of Charity can keep their white wings immaculate and their dresses free from vermin is unintelligible to me as I look at the people for whom they care. But their spirits are light and their hearts big, and they seem always happy. The Sister-Assistant at the *Peitang* orphanage is certainly above seventy years of age and I hope that I will not offend her by saying that she looks to be over eighty. And yet she is as spry as the beloved Cardinal of Baltimore and when we mounted the one hill on the place, a kind of monument made from the wreck caused by the Boxers, she was at our heels to point out the spot where the old Empress of China stood and gloated over the suc-

cessful shots that massacred in the *Peitang* hundreds of innocent Christians. And I imagine that, as she recalled those awful days, there was no bitterness in her heart; although I did meet in one house a nun who, after facing the trial by fire, felt such supreme satisfaction when some arrested Boxers were passing near her that she gave one of them a cuff on the ear.

The nuns at the *Peitang* are anxious to find a market for the lace work and embroidery done by their little ones. They have also lately developed a carpet industry. This was made possible by the initiative and generosity of a young Chinaman, who has some money and is spending it that he may place the boys' orphanage on a good foundation. I was told that this young man is practically supporting a hundred boys at an expense of about three hundred dollars a month. The rugs made are excellent and buyers are wanted in America.

When we entered the orphanage that afternoon several hundred little ones were playing "ring-a-ring-a-rounder," or something like it, in the courtyard. Sister Agnes (the English nun) admitted that the Sister in charge was keeping up the game so that I could see the children with clean faces, and that under ordinary circumstances they would have been rolling in the dirt because this was the Bishop's feast-day and they were free from classes and workrooms. I took a shot at them with the camera, which always amuses the Chinese children if it does not frighten them, and we passed into the sick-ward.

The Chinese bed is used in this house and little ones were stretched on the matting here and there on the top of the cement oven. As a rule they were lying with their faces to the mat, their foreheads resting either on the mat itself or on their thin arms, for some of them were near the end. Two little ones were standing on the floor with their heads on the bed of cement. The contrast between the laughing children outside and the miserable half-dead little ones was striking, but the Sisters are accustomed to it, and besides, as they realize the poverty and misery of this great country they are disposed to envy these "thieves of Paradise," who after a short period of suffering go straight to God. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring one or more of the abandoned waifs to this home.

As we passed to the kitchen a domestic came along, balancing two baskets of what looked like cabbage. It was the evening meal, to be put into hot water and mixed with some corn flour. This is the usual dish for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and the great question is how to supply enough to these hungry little ones. Some days the mixture must be given very sparingly, because all in this house live from hand to mouth. On the day of my visit the children had received a great treat, since it was the Bishop's feast-day, and they reveled in some clean white rice.

I was almost ashamed to eat that night and I went to bed, I fear, with a qualm of conscience as I thought of crumbs wasted in a lifetime. Economy is in the air at every mission I have visited, as it is everywhere among the Chinese in this great country. If we in America would only give what we drop on the floor, or throw into the waste, we could keep all the infant asylums in China.

My first Mass at the *Peitang* was another revelation.

From the great sacristy, after vesting, I was conducted around the apse, which is lined with small chapels, to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, outside the sanctuary in one of the transepts. It was yet early and the church was dark except for a few lamps here and there, but there was light enough to see that hundreds of people, men and women, were in attendance, and my first impression as I found my way through the kneeling faithful was that some special feast was being celebrated. I learned afterwards that it was the ordinary daily congregation that included several hundred communicants.

Visits.

My first outside visit at Peking was to Mr. Reinsch, the American Ambassador, whom I had met several years before and who was most cordial. His position has been and is a difficult one, but he seems equal to it. I spoke with the gate-guards on leaving. Both were from the South, a section of the States that seems to have contributed nearly all of the American soldiers whom I have met in the Far East.

From the Legation I went across the street to the hospital, where I found the second of the only two American Sisters of

MEMORIAL ARCHES ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL

A HOSPITAL AT PEKING OWNED BY A CHINESE CORPORATION
AND DIRECTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Charity in all of China. This was Sister Catherine Buschman, of Baltimore, and she makes up for five. I had known her for a dozen years but only at a great distance. Sister Pharmacist, into whose apothecary shop I had stumbled, sent for her without delay. In the meantime, I met a Cistercian monk who had come in to patronize this establishment, which with the pay patients keeps the house going. Sister Catherine soon appeared and in a short time gave me much information.

The hospital work of these Sisters is admired by the Chinese as well as by European residents, and while in Peking I was told that they have been invited to take charge of the new Government hospital which is nearing completion. This is a high compliment and I hope that the Sisters can accept. It is doubtful, however, as the supply of nuns from France has stopped and all in China have more than they can do.*

My visit to Peking continued from Sunday night to Thursday morning. While at the *Peitang* I inspected the printing establishment and the bindery—also a store on the grounds for the sale of cloisonné enamel work, which, as it is applied to ecclesiastical furnishings and is done by Christians, should also find patrons in the United States. The printing and bindery are under the direction of a Lazarist Brother.

Before leaving Peking I went out to Chala, to see the novitiate of the Lazarists, also that of the Marist Brothers of whom I have already spoken and who conduct successfully in the city colleges for Europeans and for Chinese.

The Lazarist novices were absent on an excursion but I met the Visitor and the Shanghai Procurator. Near the novitiate is the cemetery where the Lazarists of this vicariate are buried. Over the graves are huge blocks of cement and large tombstones —needlessly large, perhaps—indicating to the Chinese and to all who see them the regard which the followers of St. Vincent have for their apostolic brethren.

As we were going to Chala that day two beggars followed our rickshaws for at least ten minutes. Both were half-naked, one a boy of fourteen, the other a full-grown man, and each had the upper part of his body covered with a potato sack. I

* The Sisters of Charity were later installed at this new hospital which I have learned since is not owned by the government, but by a private Chinese corporation.

doubt if I ever saw any face quite so bad as that of the man, who at one point came close to my rickshaw and leered at me. His hair was long and matted, his face profusely smeared with coal-dust, enough to make a Scranton miner coming out of the breaker look white in comparison. His eyes were villainously black, and Father La Croix, who would not let me give anything to professional beggars, finally threw a coin, explaining afterwards that this one was probably a bandit, one of many who take up this occupation and whom it is not well to refuse at night or in out-of-the-way places during the day.

With Bishop De Vienne to Chengtingfu.

When in Tientsin I had the good fortune to meet Bishop de Vienne of Chengtingfu who asked me to visit him on my way to Hankow. He had come north at the request of officials to arrange about the distribution of the flood relief money, and on his return from Tientsin he stayed at the *Peitang*. I decided to accompany him on Thursday morning to Chengtingfu.

We left in Bishop Jarlin's "kerosene" and plodded to the station where we found Bishop De Vienne's Vicar-General, who had reserved a cabin in the second class. The Bishop spread a shawl that the seat might be cleaner. The Vicar-General stowed away innumerable bags and parcels, then lit his pipe, and we settled down for a five-hour ride, when suddenly an official announced that our car was not going and we must find room ahead.

We gathered the scatterings and set out, laden, through the corridor, but every compartment seemed to be full. Then I suggested to the Bishop that as I had no hotel bills to pay in this big country I would gladly settle for the supplement and we would surely find a compartment in the first-class car just ahead. The Bishop is still young and very active. He looked at me aghast, and said that he had never traveled first-class in China and rarely second, so that he could not think of entering the first-class car.

Then we found a Sister of Charity bound for Paotingfu and somewhat ill at ease in a compartment filled with the baggage of sleepy looking Chinamen, who themselves occupied seats

THE WHITE CORNETTE IS NO STRANGER AT CHENGTINGFU

WHERE THE DANGER OF BEING RUN OVER BY AUTOMOBILES IS MINIMIZED

next the window. The Sister was glad to be introduced into another section where she could have the company of a little Chinese family, and we made short work of all the other fellows' belongings that were on the benches. Finally we settled down again and after a chat turned to that never-failing priest's-companion, the breviary.

All went well for a good half-hour—when something happened and broken bits of glass flew over and at us. Sleep fled from the Chinese and the breviary was rudely interrupted, to be resumed soon after, with an act of thanksgiving. Somebody along the line had thrown at the train a good-sized rock and our compartment was the bull's eye. Bishop de Vienne made a run for the conductor but he was not be found until we arrived at the next station, when the misdeed was reported, with what result I do not know.

At Paotingfu a Lazarist priest appeared in full Chinese dress, very comfortable-looking at that. Those Chinese garments are adapted to heat or cold, according to their lining, and those who can afford it have theirs lined with fur at this season of the year. There is, of course, fur and fur, and the skin which later I saw a poor Franciscan trying to buy was made up of the remnants of several cats. The Lazarist brethren were happy in their little reunion, which took place on the train at Paotingfu just as we three were breaking a loaf of bread brought by the Vicar-General to add to the perfection of the regular bill of fare.

In a Walled City.

We reached Chengtingfu towards four o'clock, and as the train sped away from us I began to realize that I was getting at the heart of China.

Outside the station were several men waiting for passengers, but they were not chauffeurs, nor hack-drivers, nor even rickshaw pullers, yet each was as proud of his equipment as if it had been a New York limousine. The equipment was the two-wheeled, springless, covered cart that is well-known to every bishop and priest traveling in China. I was invited to enter and I managed to back in, although I felt like backing out and walking as I looked at a roadless expanse of humps leading to the walled

city about a mile distant. But, after all, what is a trip to China without at least a few of the ancient inconveniences which give a man an opportunity to draw the long bow when he tells his unsuspecting friends at home of his travels?

Off I journeyed, then, behind a little donkey whose driver, a young well-built Chinaman, let us down gently into the holes by the simple pressure of his hand on the donkey's back. We reached the city wall in twenty minutes but had to follow it another half-mile before we arrived at the gate; and as we entered I woke to a realization that Chengtingfu is really a thousand years old.

There were Chinese innumerable, with noise and mud enough to satisfy them all. We fell into a line of carts, wheeled around the enclosure that looked now like a dungeon with its massive high walls, and passed through a flooded area to the inner gate. Then we bumped along the main street—an unpaved alley about fourteen feet wide—until we could go no further, when I crawled out and we walked away from the squalid houses into open fields that revealed the size of Chengtingfu, with its eight miles of surrounding wall.

Two wee Chinese children whom we passed were frightened to a cry as soon as I tried to get their little faces through my kodak lens, and as I finished the attempt the Bishop pointed to a corner of the city wall with the announcement that we were in sight of the Cathedral. Two towers were there, massive although not beautiful, yet crowning with dignity the large well-proportioned church for which they stood as sentinels.

We were soon on a footpath, and after crossing a few ditches arrived at the wall of the Mission compound. Some children saluted the Bishop gleefully as we came to the gate and he responded cordially, to the evident delight of the little ones. The Cathedral will accommodate more than a thousand persons, and is the work of a Lazarist Brother. It is solid, simply furnished, and, as usual, in the north at this season, cold—but the faith of good priests, of holy virgins, of redeemed orphans, and of a simple people keeps it warm enough to satisfy those who worship within its gray walls.

A bishop's room could hardly be more severe than that at Chengtingfu, and it struck the note of the whole establishment. Bishop de Vienne de Hautefeuille is not much above forty. He is small of stature and thin but his ideas are large and I found at Chengtingfu an organization that completely surprised me. There were some six or seven nationalities represented among the priests, and one could quickly sense an ideal community spirit with the Bishop presiding as a necessary "first among equals."

This was particularly noticeable at recreation, which is taken in a quaint Chinese house used on several occasions by the Emperor of China and deeded to the Mission along with the land as indemnity for the Boxer ravages. Like all the other buildings, this house rests on the ground and is floored with rough stones. Arm-chairs are strung along on either side, and at the end of the two files is the mandarin lounge, where the Bishop places his mandarin guests with himself. This distinguished seat is above the floor, and the mandarin's place is furthest from the door—so that the rest of the company, I presume, may serve as a buffer for the honored man in case he is attacked by brigands. The Bishop evidently considered me as good as the average mandarin and I squatted on the throne as if I belonged there.

Early night prayers follow the recreation period in Lazarist houses, and early retiring, for the simple reason that these good men rise at four o'clock every morning. The Bishop, a most thoughtful soul, was much concerned about my room, into which a smoky stove had been placed, and he was otherwise concerned about my physical well-being, because when I returned from night prayers to my quarters I found a bowl of something yellow that reminded me of an old-fashioned concoction named after Thomas and Jeremias. This was a new Chinese experience for me but I managed to live through it.

There is a great Buddhist temple at Chengtingfu, fully thirteen hundred years old, containing a huge bronze image of Buddha, seventy-three feet high, but I did not see it. Adjoining the Mission wall, however, is another pagoda now used as a barracks, which impressed itself upon me at an unearthly hour the next morning when at least twenty soldiers, ambitious to learn how to sound a bugle call, began a half-hour of

practice. There was no need of an alarm clock that morning, or of a rousing call.

A Model Mission.

A seminarian served my Mass, which followed that of the Bishop in the private chapel of the Fathers, and at about eight-thirty we began the visit of the compound. At first glance I thought that it would be done in about an hour, but it required practically the entire morning because there is hardly a phase of Catholic activity that is not exemplified in that walled corner of the walled city of Chengtingfu. Abandoned waifs, orphans, and outside pupils, old people, the blind, deaf-mutes, imbeciles, catechumens (girls and women), the sick in a hospital or at the dispensary, workrooms where cloth, lace, and embroidery are produced for customers who are readily found—these suggest the activities at Chengtingfu.

The Sisters of Charity are here, all happy in their work and in these restricted surroundings which might pall on the many but which to each and all of these good souls are like a little world. It was indeed interesting. The Sisters, like all of their kind, took advantage of the Bishop's inspection to throw out a very broad hint to him that a certain department was getting over-crowded, that he must build another wing, and so forth. He put them off with a wave of the hand but I know that he will meet their wishes at the earliest opportunity. It reminded me of Maryknoll, with the Teresians calling for some much needed improvement when the treasury is low—its normal height.

The Sisters here knew of Maryknoll through *The Field Afar*, and especially because of the interest taken by a nun* who had been recently transferred to Kiukiang. This nun, who belongs to a well-known English family, had found real happiness at Chengtingfu, nursing the scores of repulsive-looking people, bearing patiently difficult weather conditions and a thousand other trials incidental to mission life.

The Sisters try to keep up their own establishment by gifts from friends and by the sale of embroidery, so as to leave the Bishop free to expand his diocesan works; and they succeed

*Sister Claire Fielding. See note page 143.

A CHINESE DAUGHTER OF ST. VINCENT

BISHOP DE VIENNE OF CHENGTINGFU AND HIS SEMINARISTS

to a considerable extent because their faith in God's Providence is strong and because economy is their constant watch-word. I found at Chengtingfu imbecile children picking over old cotton linings so that the remnants could be mixed with new cotton and become serviceable. Blind women and children were engaged at the spinning wheels, and about the only drones in the hive were some old men who had been picked up from the dumps of Chengtingfu, unable even to beg. I found too, that almost everything that appears on the table is raised in the compound—poultry, vegetables, milk for infants, butter as a rare dish, altar-wine, rice, and potatoes.

I am certain that I have not mentioned all of the varied works under the care of the Sisters of Charity, who number fourteen, including four Chinese nuns. There is also here a novitiate for the *Josephines*, a community of women exclusively Chinese, whose spirit of poverty is deeply marked and whose labors in the outlying districts are very successful. No fewer than a hundred and thirty of these women are already enlisted in the vicariate of Chengtingfu.

It was getting late in the morning when we finished this first inspection and I had no time to meet the *Paulists*, a group of Chinese Brothers, some forty-six in number, who are engaged in various kinds of manual labor. We caught a glimpse, however, of the industrial school for orphan boys, where I noted an altar in construction. I looked into the "School of Languages and European Sciences," which sixty boys attend; and paid a visit to the Seminary, which had twenty young men in philosophy or theology.

When lunch was over I said good-bye to the Fathers and returned with the Bishop across the fields to the heart of the city, where we found carts ready to bring us a couple of miles to the preparatory school and then to the railway station.

I tried to read my breviary as a missioner would have to do at times while on a journey, but I was not very successful and when word came from the Bishop that we should get out and walk I obeyed cheerfully, thinking at the same time of the inconveniences to which he himself, his priests, and the nuns are occasionally subject for days at a time.

To reach the preparatory school we had to cross the railroad track, and just beyond this point the Bishop pointed out a large tract of land covering many acres, for which he paid twenty dollars a few years ago and which has already advanced considerably in value. He has planted trees, for wood is a scarce commodity here, and another generation will benefit by this precious investment of a few dollars.

The boys of the school and their professors—three priests, a Hollander and two Chinese—were all glad to welcome the Bishop home from his trip to Tientsin and they were pleased to see a priest from America. They are a bright-looking set of young aspirants and number a hundred and twelve.

As we were leaving the "little seminary" we saw the village church, which a heavy rain had reduced to ruins, and we looked into the house of a catechist, a rather well-to-do man whose home gave a fair idea of the kind of place where a missionary bishop or priest may find shelter and say Mass when on a tour. It was not dirt-proof.

The report of spiritual fruit in this vicariate is unusually good, the more so as Bishop de Vienne holds out no advantages, such, for example, as sustenance for catechumens during their period of training.

His vicariate contains about 65,000 Christians. Last year there were baptized:

2,220 children of Christians
946 adults
50 adults at the point of death
20,072 pagan infants at the point of death
Communions of devotion during the year were 376,082.

CHAPTER IX

FRANCISCAN HOSPITALITY AT HANKOW

HE train from Peking to Hankow came on time, and I found good accommodation for a night's travel—with what proved to be a full day in addition.

There were only two passengers in the second-class sleeping compartment, and as the other man was Chinese I had all the advantages of a private car with two willing "boys," one of whom had been educated at Peking by the Marist Brothers and could speak French.

I also found that the steward of the dining-car was a Catholic with a fair hold of French. He had noticed me with the Bishop and when I told him not to bring me meat he smiled his recognition and told me all about himself. More than this—when he he presented the bill he did so with hesitation, remarking that it must cost money to travel far and, if I wished, he himself would pay for my meal. I record this as the first experience of the kind that I have had in many years of train travel. I thanked this good Chinaman and told him that an old friend had left me enough to meet all my necessary expenses on this trip. Later he kept me informed of happenings—the passing during the night of car-loads of Northern soldiers for the battle going on in the province of Hupeh, and other minor events, including an engine wreck that kept us stalled in some rice fields for no less than seven hours.

Fortunately I had not telegraphed ahead to the Franciscans at Hankow. I had indeed tried to do so but there was no change at the telegraph office and had I waited I should have lost my train—which was drawing out of the station with all my belongings on it when I returned. It is in such moments that a man remembers the days of his youth, when hopping on moving vehicles was a pastime, and it is also in such moments that age reveals the fact that a man's body is regulated by the action of his heart.

It was near midnight when one of the "boys" led me out on the wrong side of the train at Hankow, made me almost walk

a tight-rope, and landed me, bag and baggage, in a rickshaw from which I was deposited in front of a gloomy-looking building, that turned out to be a very respectable hotel kept by a Catholic lady and owned, I learned later, by one of our Catholic missions in the North.

After six hours rest I squared my account and was hauled to the principal Catholic church, one of three in Hankow proper. I say "Hankow proper" because just across the great river Yangtze is the city of Wuchang and on the other side of a smaller stream lies another city, Hanyang. The Bishop of Hankow stays most of the time across the river at Wuchang, but occasionally he resides in Hankow where the church is of more cathedral proportions.

It was a bright Sunday morning, November 19. The birds were singing, palm trees were in evidence, and many other trees were yet green, while chrysanthemums abloom were plentiful, for we were in concessions where white people cultivate flowers and live in buildings that have height, width, and respectability—at least externally.

I ran into an American priest as I entered the house. He was a Franciscan who had been sent over to help his brethren for a few years by teaching English at a place called Laohokow. He, too, had arrived the night before after a journey of five hundred miles that took about three weeks, most of which time he had spent in a sampan—a small river-boat.

My Mass was arranged for without delay, but just as I was vested a blue-cassocked server deftly put a Chinese "mitre" on my head, which I immediately removed, to the consternation of the boy, who had one of the same kind, though not quite so elaborately embroidered, on his own little Chinese cranium. He made appealing gestures, as if to tell me that I could not say Mass validly without the hat. Just ther a priest came along, who settled the difficulty by assuring me that it was the custom even for visitors, and I bowed to the "mitre."

This hat is worn through Mass, even during the Elevation. I understand that the custom was introduced years ago in deference to mandarins and other notables who were shocked to find Catholic priests so lacking in respect as to conduct their

FROM THE TRAIN WINDOW EN ROUTE TO HANKOW

services bareheaded. In China it seems that the hat's the thing, even in church.

The Christians at Hankow chant their prayers somewhat differently from those in the North and if I had had a graphaphone with some blank records I should have been tempted to try some reproductions.

With an American Missioner.

Before the morning sun had risen high, Father Sylvester Espelage came over from Wuchang and I was particularly glad to see him. Father Espelage is an American Franciscan, one of the few who have left the United States for China. He visited Maryknoll a few years ago and has been for many years a valued friend. I found him apparently robust, and deeply interested in building up a college at Wuchang. Bishops and priests have been invariably kind over here, and I hope never to forget their brotherly attention, but when it comes to helping an American in his attempt to size up a situation or the character of a people another American is illuminating, especially if he happens to have brains and good judgment.

Father Espelage gave me much of his time during my few days' stay at and near Hankow. He had with him an American Brother who helps him as an English instructor at the college, and after a round-table conference, four of us, all natives of the United States, started out for my first dive into Chinese Hankow. I found it different from what I had seen in the North. Its main street, although newly built and broadened after a fire, was extremely narrow but picturesque in hangings and elaborate store fronts. The three Franciscans who were with me wore Chinese dress but this did not prevent the unoccupied thousands from enjoying the sight of "foreign gentlemen," as white people are called by those Chinese who do not prefer the term "foreign devils."

Father Espelage spoke Chinese much better than his companions, even if they were to unite their stock. Besides, he strides like a mighty mandarin and has observed closely, so that he acted as guide and the walk was most profitable. He would stop occasionally, pick over a shopkeeper's exhibit, make

comments on it for my benefit, and leave the Chinaman quite satisfied in the reflection that greatness had thrown its shadow on his wares, although it left no visible coin as a souvenir.

Dinner with the priests of Hankow revealed another Catholic group, including at least four nationalities, Italian predominating. Conversation was carried on in English, French, Italian, Latin and Chinese. Italian and Latin seem to be the ordinary languages of the house and Father Wang, a genial Chinese priest with a keen eye and a merry laugh, could speak both languages very fluently.

Early that afternoon the four star-spangled banners carried themselves down to the Bund—the river bank—and along a promenade that is reserved to white feet, until they reached the ferry. This is of the tug-boat variety, with a bench in front of the pilot house that seems to be also exclusively used by the white family. Father Espelage made friends at once with the Chinese captain and we two found a place in the pilot house itself. The Yangtze-kiang is said to be the finest of the great rivers of the world. It is three thousand two hundred miles long, and divides China into halves, with eight provinces on the north, eight on the south, and Anhwei and Kiang-su lying partly on either side. Hankow is sometimes called the Chicago of China, but it is known among the Chinese as the *"Collecting-place of Nine Provinces."*

We found the river full of steamers and junks, but our little boat was a speedy one and in about twenty minutes we were on the other side at Wuchang and settled in rickshaws for the inspection of a city as unattractive as it is malodorous. My bags went through the customs without the thrust of a hand in their contents, thanks to our "mandarin" guide, and we immediately turned into a maze of alleys, rocking over the rough pavements until we reached an old city wall alongside of which, in a prison since destroyed, had been confined Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre who was martyred in this city with Blessed Clet in 1840.

Father Perboyre was a Lazarist, whose physical sufferings and death resembled in a striking manner those of Our Divine Saviour. I had been interested for many years in his life and

was pleased to find the Franciscans devoted to his memory. A little further along we left the rickshaws and walked down another alley until we came to open land, through which a stream of dirty water sluggishly flows. Here on a slight hillock we found the place where Blessed Perboyre was crucified, a spot still used at times for executions. A few huts are nearby and our group soon drew from them curious Chinese who followed our every movement. On top of the ground were several bulky coffins which, I was assured, contained the bodies for which they were destined. These bodies, steeped in lime, were awaiting some "lucky" day or a small addition to the funds of their relatives before they could be buried. I tried to combine a photograph of some living types with the wooden boxes, but the live ones fled in fear and I caught only a boy, bolder than the others.

Before reaching the Bishop's residence we turned into a Buddhist pagoda. The locality seemed no better than what we had been passing through but we found ourselves in quite an extensive establishment. We were fortunate also to arrive just as the bonzes, a group of fourteen Buddhist monks, were at their exercises.

We found them gathered about an altar before which candles were burning and above which we could see the statue of Buddha, the impassive one, whose many deceased followers would give much to come back to earth and say a few words. The heads of all the monks were shaven and, vested in tunics, they were rattling off Chinese at a very rapid pace to the accompaniment of a tapping instrument that was almost perfectly mechanical.

A few noted our presence, but Father Espelage assumed full proprietorship and conducted us almost under their noses to point out the more striking features of the establishment. When we had seen all that was worth seeing we watched the close of the exercise, the folding of the tunics, and the scattering of the bonzes, one of whom remained to take our measure. This bonze was a young man and had a good simple face. Father Espelage at once put him through a catechism, interpreting other questions which I was anxious to have answered, and the

young bonze then kindly brought us back into the monastery itself, a large room surrounded with sleeping benches. There we learned that some of these monks are single, others are married. Some are poor, others well-to-do. Most of them understand very little of the prayers which they recite daily. As we passed out we looked into a spacious garden which is cultivated by or under their direction.

After a few turns we were at the *Tien-chu-tang*, as the Catholic church is commonly known. Bishop Gennaro was working on the plan of an altar as we entered his room, a dusty-looking apartment in one corner of the large rambling, two-storied house that means home also to Father Espelage and other priests, including the Seminary professors. The Bishop was gracious and simple, and I yielded easily to his suggestion that I stay at Wuchang a day longer than I had planned.

My room was one of several that opened out on a broad veranda which a panorama view of Wuchang made particularly pleasant, and after settling down in it for about six minutes I answered the summons from the "grand mandarin," Father Espelage, to take my first look at his school.

There are quite a few schools in Wuchang, including Boone College (Protestant), a prosperous-looking group of buildings which we visited the next day and which, from a material point of view, make the school over which Father Espelage presides look small and poorly equipped.

Father Espelage has a hundred and twenty pupils and his College, which is making rapid strides, is recognized by the Government and is beginning to attract the attention of pagan parents as well as of those Christians who can afford to educate their boys. But Father Espelage has too much work to do and he should get sufficient men and means from his home country. English-speaking teachers are needed, and Franciscans in the United States are in a position to advance the important College to a high place among the educational centres of the Yangtze valley in China. I am certain that if they can be made to realize this opportunity they will respond. Too many Catholic mission enterprises lack support and development because their needs are not properly impressed on the stay-at-homes.

I was much pleased with this young College at Wuchang and with the spirit that is back of it, but the push that it needs should be given without delay to such a point that it cannot fall backward, as it is liable to do just now were anything to happen to its Director.

The priests whom I found at Bishop Gennaro's table are, like all the missioners whom I have had the privilege to meet along the line, a bright, thoughtful set of men. Most of these were Italians but among them was a dear old Chinese priest, Father Francis Xavier Tch'en, who had made his course in Italy, where later he had been a professor. His face beamed with kindness and intelligence.

Among the Italians were two of distinctly opposite types—one a silent man with a black moustache, who wore a cloth skull cap towards the side of his head and looked at first glance like a Neopolitan bandit; the other, silver-bearded and vivacious, with a face like an oratorio maestro, a man whose presence at recreation was always a stimulant to wit and laughter. Both were earnest and zealous, each in his way.

The old Chinese priest, who had come over to Wuchang from his parish at Hankow, was fond of poetry, which he composed for two occasions during my short stay (to which, however, the poems had no reference), reciting it in Latin, Italian, and Chinese.

Some Varieties of Social Service.

Classes begin in the Wuchang College at seven-thirty a. m. so that at ten on Monday Father Sylvester was ready to act again as guide. We started out by a round-about-way for a new convent where a community of Chinese virgins, who until recently had lived each in her own home, was being formally inaugurated by the Bishop. We first stopped at the orphanage directed by a small group of Canossian nuns, some of whom had gone to the reception. It was a hasty inspection and as we passed through the abandoned infant ward the Sister said that they had found only one babe that day. We looked for it in vain, but an old Chinese nurse smiled and disclosed it under a blanket. I felt as if we had been searching for an egg.

Poor little waif! I wondered if it would live to suffer, or die a "thief of heaven." A wet nurse would take it that day if its condition proved good and the Sisters would pay that nurse fourteen hundred *cash* a month. Now, don't think that our Sisters in China are rich, or that wet-nurses are highly paid here. Fourteen hundred *cash* in normal times means seventy American coppers. Just now its value would be nearer one dollar—less than four cents a day for the feeding, housing and care of an infant.

We passed out through a rising alley, picturesque even in its dirt, and mounted to the height of the city wall so as to get a general view of the three cities. Incidentally, Father Espelage pointed out a spot at the ramparts over which Father Mullin, a Canadian, managed to escape during the latest siege of the city. He was let down by a rope. I was sorry to have missed seeing this other St. Paul, who is one of Maryknoll's friends, but his Mission was too remote to allow either of us to get to the other.

By a labyrinth of alleys we reached the convent, a new structure, well open to air and sun, with a garden for vegetables as well as for recreation. The sedan chair in which the Bishop had been brought was in the courtyard and we were just in time for the after-ceremony dinner, which was so successfully prepared by the good nuns that a hungry dog had to be driven from the table several times. Among other dishes that I recall were some sparrows and preserved eggs, almost jet black.

I met the Chinese Sisters afterwards, and the impression which I carried away was of a very happy community of nuns, who could combine a sense of humor with serious work.

Later Father Espelage brought me into a forum where a young Chinese orator was talking on the various resources of his great country. These orators are many and are in the service of the Government. If all audiences are to be judged by that which we saw it will take a long time to impress the Chinese with new ideas, but the movement is apparently a good one.

China just now is "in a sad way." The revolution of 1911—the year of Maryknoll's birth—brought about the downfall of a house known as the Manchu Dynasty, that had ruled China

for more than two hundred and sixty years, and introduced a Republic. Dr. Sun-Yat-Tsen, who was made provisional President, seems to have had some good ideas but was in too much of a hurry. (By the way, in Honolulu the Brothers of Mary spoke well of the Doctor's son, who was one of their pupils.) Yuan-Shih-kai was selected as the first actual President but before he died, in 1916, he wanted to become Emperor. This attempt brought on all kinds of complications and his passing away cleared the situation. The Vice-President then became the actual head of the Government. But troubles continued. A long dead-lock in the House of Assembly was finally dissolved. New legislators were not selected to satisfy the South and the country fell into civil war, which just now is tending to disrupt it and is certainly preventing development.

I have seen at close range very little Protestant mission enterprise since I came to the Far East, although I know that it is extensive and that no less than twenty millions of dollars are expended yearly to make it a success.

While in Wuchang I looked into Boone College, which is under the American Episcopalians. Father Espelage was with me and the Director brought us through the Divinity School and over the grounds. The atmosphere was that of a well-kept private college in America, with a grouping of excellent buildings —dormitories, recitation-hall, laboratory, library, assembly room, gymnasium, ball-field, flower-bordered paths, and lawns. A large band composed of students was at rehearsal on one of the lawns and I am sure that its proficiency must have brought a shade of green into the eyes of Father Sylvester, who has been at his wits' end to find out how he can scrape up some money to form a similar organization at his College. The students at Boone College pay for tuition and board but scholarships are provided for the poorer ones. I do not recall the roster but am under the impression that it includes more than three hundred.

Another Protestant institution at Wuchang, also under American Episcopalian auspices, is St. Hilda's School for girls, which we visited. This school is an off-shoot of Boone College and occupies one large building with a few smaller houses on the outskirts of the city. It is well-built and attractive, but

quite simple in its furnishings. One of the principal attractions in both of these schools is the opportunity to study under English-speaking teachers.

We were very kindly received in each establishment. At Boone I found that we had American friends in common. At St. Hilda's, one of the recently arrived professors had visited Maryknoll with a Catholic friend.

As we were returning from these two visits I noticed in the corridor of the Bishop's house an insane man whom I had remarked once before about the premises. On inquiry I learned that he was a harmless idiot, allowed to live within the church precincts because here in China there are no asylums for such unfortunates. Occasionally the man imagines that he is the Bishop and he gives pontifical blessings. He does not appear to get on the nerves of those who see him daily, and I cannot but admire the spirit of charity of those who provide with themselves a home for these poor outcasts. Every mission orphanage has its share of idiots, some of them once abandoned waifs who have been brought up and will remain till death under the protection of other Christs and other Marys, who so nobly represent their Master on these remote fields.

The Canossian Sisters.

On Wednesday I went back to Hankow, where my most profitable visit was to the house of the Canossian Daughters of Charity. These Sisters were founded a little more than a hundred years ago by a titled Italian lady of Canossa.

I had seen a few of them in Wuchang, but only for a moment. Their work, like that of the Sisters of Charity in Peking and Chengtingfu, seemed endless in variety and remarkable in achievement. It included an orphanage, a "Holy Infancy," a hospital, schools for the poor, a catechumenate, an English school for well-to-do Chinese girls, a boarding-school for European girls, a European hospital, a Chinese hospital, and a dispensary. Nearly all of these works are on a large scale and the Sisters are struggling hard with their small force to keep them up, although since the beginning of the war they have received no recruits from Italy.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN WUCHANG

Fr. Sylvester Espelage, one of the too-few American Franciscans in China, sits at the right hand of Bishop Gregory

The orphans, in two divisions, counting all told at least a hundred, were very neat. The hospital for Europeans looked inviting enough to make me wish that I could be laid up for a week. The Chinese hospital had several interesting cases, including four soldiers who had been brought in wounded that day from down the line towards Changsha; and at the operating table, where a man's upper arm was cut and exposed, a Chinese attendant, who never made a course in medicine but is "a wonder," was hard at work.

In the European school I found two young Irish girls, sisters, named Dunn, who had been born in China and did not know from what part of Ireland father came, nor did they know if they were related to Maryknoll's "Uncle John." The English school for Chinese girls was more interesting, and when in answer to my inquiry the Superioress called for the Christians to step into the aisle they all did so with alacrity except one, who timidly asked, "May I?" She had not yet been baptized but was under instruction and anxious not to be classed as a pagan. I felt a little embarrassed at the position in which my desire for information had placed the pagan pupils, but they themselves did not seem to mind it.

In both of the English schools the Sisters are handicapped for lack of native born English-speaking teachers and they would gladly welcome even a few years of service from a capable and well-recommended American Catholic woman—an excellent opportunity for some good soul who is not afraid of a long ocean voyage and a far-away home.

It was not until the next day that I saw in active operation a typical mission dispensary. Fully a hundred people—men, women, and children—were at the dispensary door when I went across the street again to the hospital. Inside were six young Chinamen and the "wonder," all in long white tires with sleeves rolled up ready for the fray. At a signal the patients were speedily classified, and treatment according to the nature of the complaint was administered by the Chinese attendants or the Sisters themselves. The medicine bill must run up to a heavy figure in this dispensary, but no one is turned away.

Shortly before my departure that afternoon two Chinese girls came to ask if I would go over to the Canossian Sisters again. I did so, and was rewarded with a collection of excellent photographs and a deeper insight into the fine spirit of the Italian community which should be known in our country.

As the Superioress and her assistant accompanied me to the door we found in the corridor two hampers, over which two elderly Chinese women attendants were watching. The Superioress asked a few questions, and, lifting the cloth from one of the baskets, disclosed three tiny infants, remarking to me as she did so that they had been brought in while we were talking. A fourth was in the second basket, and the Sisters lifted each little bundle of humanity out of its place to get a light on its little face. They were, as usual, all girls. Two were weaklings and two seemed strong. The Sisters were prepared to place out immediately with nursing mothers two, who should first, however, be baptized; and then and there, on her request, I baptized both—one Mary, the other Ann.

Two thousand, two hundred and fifty of these little ones have been left at the door of the Canossian Sisters in Hankow since January 1 of this year. A large number have gone to God, the others are in the care of respectable women, Christians and pagans, who come every month to make their report and to receive their meagre pay—a few cents. When between two and three years old these waifs will join the happy groups of orphans whom I had seen the day before. And the Sisters, who live daily from hand to mouth, with faith in God's bounty and the charity of Jesus Christ in their hearts, accept joyfully the added burdens of each day, glad in the reflection that they themselves are instrumental in the regeneration of so many souls, begotten or abandoned in sin and made fit for Heaven.

That evening I took my boat, the *Tucwo*, for Shanghai. Five of the priests walked down to the Bund with me and as I left them I felt that I was the better for my stay among the Franciscans of Hankow.

A FEW (!) OF THE INMATES AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CANOSSIAN SISTERS IN HANKOW

CHAPTER X

UP THE YANGTZE TO SHANGHAI

THERE were four large steamers leaving that Wednesday night for Shanghai. Mine was an English vessel, spacious and well-arranged. There were only two classes, white and Chinese, and in the white class there were only three passengers, all men, so that I found myself for all practical purposes in a first-class private yacht. The Chinese below were never visible from the upper deck, but when occasionally I passed through their quarters it seemed as if they numbered hundreds. There was also much freight, cotton especially, which in huge bales had been carried into the holds on the backs of a swarm of coolies

The next morning we made a long stop in the province of Kiang-si at Kiukiang, which gave me a much desired opportunity to visit the Cathedral and also to meet two English-speaking Sisters of Charity at the hospital. Bishop Fatiguet, a Lazarist, was away, but his Procurator received me cordially and brought me to the Seminary, where I found among the professors marked and sympathetic interest in America's new venture.

Sister Vincent McCarthy, who is Superior at the hospital, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and has been long years in China. The other English-speaking Sister has been here over twenty years and belongs to one of the best known families of England.* At their request we visited, when going to the Seminary, the orphanage where again I found workrooms, schools, catechumenate, a hospital and a dispensary under the direction of Sisters of Charity, among whom was one who had been a companion of Blessed Gabriel Perboyre's sister, a much-loved foreign mission nun.

Father Zigenhorn, who piloted me in Kiukiang, is a Hollander and dresses like a Chinese. As his dog likes a fight the priest carries a "big stick." We made a short cut by taking a sampan

*Sister Clare Fielding, the sister of Lord Denbigh. Sister Fielding died a few months later while caring for the flood refugees at Chengtingfu, among whom an epidemic had broken out.

across the water in a Venetian section and returned to my steamer in good time, after catching a glimpse on the way of Father Zigenhorn's class of boys who are quite ambitious to learn English.

Wuhu was the next stop. We arrived there at four o'clock Friday morning and anchored out in the stream, but I could not get ashore and had to be satisfied with a rather hazy view of the Jesuit buildings, which seemed to be quite large, on the hill not far from the river bank. Wuhu is in the province of Anhwei which, with Kiang-su, is controlled by the Jesuits.

On one of the mountains above Kiukiang is a well-known resort, Kuling, to which more than twelve hundred white people go yearly to get away from the summer heat. A great section of this summer community is made up of Protestant missioners and their families who, I understand, practically "shut up shop" to get away from the intense heat. This summer exodus of Protestant missioners to Kuling and elsewhere is much commented upon in the Far East, but the average minister must look out for the health of his family and if his flock can be provided for his point of view can be appreciated. The strongest criticism comes from the fact that provision is not always made to replace the absent minister.

I asked an old Sister of Charity why her Order did not provide in the hills a sanatorium for those members of the community who needed toning up, and she looked at me aghast. I insisted, however, that it was the sensible thing to do, and her only reply was, "What would people think of us?" I suggested then that the Sisters should provide in some healthful spot a sanatorium for the laity, reserving a few rooms for the needs of their own invalids, but I fear that I spoke in vain—if, in fact, I did not shock again. I believe that some missionary priests have a house at Kuling, but I did not get full data on this.

My two fellow passengers and the captain on the *Tucwo* were British (two Scotch and one English), and we four made a cozy family.

One of the Scotchmen paid a high tribute to the Sisters' hospital at Hankow, where he had experienced "care that could not have been better." Later in the trip he confided to me some

1. A Buddhist monastery on the Yangtze
2 and 3. At Kiukiang: a — A Chinese nun; b — Fr. Zigenhorn, a Dutch missioner

of his religious difficulties. He had been in the Far East for a score of years and was beginning to think that he should look at life more seriously. The ghost of Mary Baker Eddy and the shades of Sir Oliver Lodge were haunting him, and I tried to help him to see ahead a little more clearly.

The Yangtze River trip was too good to last, and I recall it as a short holiday, quiet and undisturbed.

A Welcome at Shanghai.

We passed along the quays of Shanghai towards noon on Saturday, November 24—a bright morning that revealed the long line of modern buildings which have already marked Shanghai as the New York of China.

As I stood at the rail with my Scotch companion a layman on the wharf was apparently trying to attract his attention, but there was no recognition for some moments, when I discovered that "my humble person," as a Chinaman might say and not think, was the object signalled. It was *C*—, the Irishman who, at Kobe in Japan, had pulled me out of a tight fix. He had come down to give me a "hundred thousand welcomes"; and before I left Shanghai he had practically succeeded.

The Fathers of the Paris Seminary Procure were also represented at the wharf; and without trouble, as usual, I was soon on my way in a Shanghai coach to *Route Père Robert*—a fine new street named after one of Maryknoll's good friends who for many years had been a resident in Shanghai.

I had not met a priest of the Paris Society since leaving Mukden in Manchuria, and although I had received much kindness from the Lazarists and Franciscans, I found myself especially at home in the Paris Society Procure at *Route Père Robert*, where I made headquarters for the next two and a half weeks.

Father Sallou is in charge of the Procure, with Father Gerey as assistant. The house is commodious and the grounds, extensive and attractive, give every opportunity for a quiet retreat. Chrysanthemums were still blooming when I arrived in Shanghai and there were many in the Procure garden. The two priests go daily to their office which is near the boats. There they arrange

for the needs of the several missions entrusted to their Society, administer the Society's funds and investments, and edit a daily paper, *L'Echo de Chine.* They return by electric car at noon for "tiffin," the Shanghai midday meal, for which I was not too late on the day of my arrival.

At the table I found a French soldier, who turned out to be a missioner from Yunnan on garrison duty at Shanghai. The Assistant-Procurator is also obliged to put on his soldier's uniform periodically and present himself at the barracks.

When my friends had returned to their work I settled down to a busy though restful afternoon.

Circling the City.

Sunday morning was delightful and in the bracing air Father Gerey and I started out for my first inspection of Shanghai. It was hard to realize that I was still in China as we entered broad thoroughfares lined with residences such as one might find in any large city of America.

Our first visit was to St. Mary's Hospital, a few minutes away on the *Route Père Robert.* The grounds are large and the buildings, though recent, already numerous and well equipped. Sister Xavier O'Sullivan is here, an Irish nun who has labored many years in China and noted great changes in her day. I did not see her on this occasion, as she had been on duty during the night and was taking a well-earned rest, but Sister Gertrude, also English-speaking, was in active service and glad to meet an American priest.

We found at the hospital a priest from Korea, who had passed through Nagasaki just before my arrival there. He looked very ill and I could not but regret that he had to come so long a distance before getting the care that he needed, but there are few Catholic hospitals in Korea or Japan. A Jesuit priest was convalescing in the adjoining room.

After leaving the hospital we visited the Aurora University. This too, is new, an off-shoot of the Jesuit establishment at Sicawei, and it marks an important step by Catholics in the direction of higher education. The University grounds are ample and the few buildings already erected are of a permanent kind.

KULING

"To which more than twelve hundred white people go yearly to get away from the summer heat." (*p. 144.*)

Courses have been begun and students from several sections of the province occupy the first dormitory. Of these students some are pagan. The Christians have their own separate quarters but mingle with pagan students at recreation. The Aurora is within the limits of the French Concession and the language generally used in the school is French. Several with whom I spoke at Shanghai are of the opinion that the Aurora would develop more rapidly with the English language as a vehicle of teaching.

This language question is difficult. The Chinese have much to learn and are anxious to learn from other nations. Textbooks, however, are not to be found in their own language and technical terms are practically impossible to translate, so that some modern language is necessary in the education of Chinese students. Which should it be? In some subjects English would be most practical, in others some one of the Continental languages. Which of the languages foreign to China is for all practical purposes the best today, and which will be the longer needed before China can stand alone? This is a question which the Catholic missioner should view with absolute impartiality.

The Fathers at the Aurora were most courteous and I was sorry to have seen so little of them, but we were headed for St. Joseph's, where Bishop Paris resides, and the morning was advancing. An electric car brought us to St. Joseph's just as the congregation was leaving the church. I ran into Mr. C— with a group of young men, American, English, and Irish, and the complexion of the entire congregation impressed me with the idea that I was in some English-speaking country. I was told that in Shanghai there are more than fifteen hundred English-speaking Catholics.

Father Kennelly, S. J., of Sicawei, outside of the city, preaches in English at St. Joseph's every other Sunday, but every English-speaking Catholic whom I met deplored the lack of some English-speaking priest or priests to guard more closely and to enter more fully into the life of the English-speaking Catholic body in Shanghai. Strangely enough, Protestants spoke to me on the subject in favor of their Catholic friends and even the American Consul made allusion to this special need.

We did not stay long at St. Joseph's. Bishop Paris was away and the priests were not in evidence. We discovered one, however, and after I had arranged to see the Bishop on Tuesday we returned to the Procure.

A Tea-brew at C—'s.

I had promised Mr. C— to take a cup of tea with him at his bachelor home that afternoon, when I should meet a few of his friends. The brew was to take place at four-thirty, and at four I found a "coach and four" waiting for me. The coach was a coupé, the usual Shanghai equipage that stands in respectability half-way between a rickshaw and a Ford. The four were made up of the driver, the foot-man, one of C—'s "boys," sent expressly to guide the driver, and myself. The white man lives like a prince over here and as I am supposed to be white I get occasional treatment of this kind.

Along the boulevards the sprightly little horse galloped, then down into a business quarter that was in full operation (there is no Sunday here), until after several turns we passed into streets lined with small private dwellings such as one might find in Montreal and in some cities of the United States; and with a sweep of the hand the "boy" landed me at Mr. C—'s—*back door.*

Back-doors are no novelty to me, and I threaded my way through tin-cans and half-a-dozen Chinese domestics into the house, where I surprised a guard at the front door and embarrassed my friend C—, who was surrounded by about two score of men. To each and all of these I was introduced. England, Ireland, Australia, Canada, the United States, in fact about every English-speaking country I knew of, were represented in that little circle, which also included three converts.

I had expected to meet and chat over a cup of tea with three or four, and here was a serious assemblage that soon made me realize they looked upon my arrival as a ray of hope for them. I had to listen to complaints and say some words of encouragement; and I did both, with, I trust, no unfortunate results. A difficulty came, however, when these earnest men proposed a reception. So far as I could figure out I was even

SHANGHAI, THE NEW YORK OF CHINA

1. The Water Front. 2. St. Mary's Hospital 3. The Paris Society Procure

then attending a reception of a fair representation of English-speaking Catholic Shanghai residents, and I doubted the need or the wisdom of anything more formal, but my friend C— and others insisted so strongly that I finally agreed, on condition that the idea and the place would be quite acceptable to Bishop Paris. Later a date was fixed and I promised to be back from Ningpo in time. That little meeting at C—'s house was a revelation of strong faith and good Catholic hearts, that made one feel like sacrificing much to be of any help to them.

Among the Jesuits at Sicawei.

Father Sallou, Procurator at Shanghai for the Paris Foreign Mission Society, is a busy man, with the responsibility of a daily paper on his shoulders. I took some of his precious time the next afternoon, but the morning I spent at Sicawei, a village about twenty minutes' ride in the electric car from the Procure.

At Sicawei is the heart of the Jesuit body in the province of Kiang-nan. The establishment is so considerable that to get a fair appreciation of its several activities one should spend there at least a full day. I could not spare this much time, but I was fortunate enough to have there a friend in Father Kennelly, whom I had met in the United States and whose nephew is actually one of our preparatory students at Scranton. Father K. is a characteristically loyal Jesuit, and as he felt that there is nothing in the world like the Sicawei establishment I should see it all, even if I could remain only for the morning.

So we visited the large new church, whose exterior pleased Father K. and whose interior is really quite fine, generous enough, too, to hold a couple of thousand people. We passed from there to the work of the Sisters of the Holy Souls, which I inspected while Father K. gave a half hour's conference to a group of children. We said a prayer in the Carmelite Convent chapel; looked at a collection of antiques; passed through work-rooms where young men and boys were engaged in carving furniture, moulding brass, printing, book-binding, and various other crafts; entered the sacred precincts of the well-known Observatory; saw the Seminary for native priests; and finally at lunch, met the faculty—more than a score of priests,

French and Chinese mostly, with Father Kennelly as a background of green.

The Jesuits are responsible for the entire vicariate of Kiang-nan, which includes two provinces of China, Kiang-su and Anhwei, with a joint population of fifty million. Catholics, all told, in these provinces number less than two hundred and fifty thousand and Bishop Paris, who is at present alone in the episcopate here, has one hundred and twenty-seven European and sixty-nine Chinese priests, a small number even for the Christians, not to speak of the millions to whom as yet the name of Christ means nothing.

If the strength of Christianity in this section of China could develop in proportion to the growth of European and American interests in Shanghai the next generation would witness marvels. How often I think of Our Lord's words, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." All kinds of American and European enterprises are represented in Shanghai and every boat adds to its foreign population. Would that we could say the same of the Church's interests. Not that much has not already been accomplished, not that much is not being done; but vastly more could be done, and this is the hour, as everybody who is watching China knows full well.

Lo Pa Hong and His Charities.

Monday afternoon Father Sallou took me to several places which interested me, none more so than a Chinese hospital that is quite unique. The establishment of this hospital is due to the initiative of a Catholic Chinese whose name, Lo Pa Hong, is known today to every bishop in China. This Chinaman seems to be a real apostle and his one aim in life, to which everything else must be subordinated, is to save souls. He is still young—about forty-five years of age—with a large family and numerous business connections, including the direction of the Chinese Electric Car and Electric Light companies at Shanghai. He enjoys the respect of all classes of people and his example has done immeasurable good. I am told that he serves Mass and receives Holy Communion every morning, that he makes his meditation daily, recites the office of the Blessed Virgin, and

says frequent rosaries, even while traveling about the city in his automobile. He is extremely active and keeps two motor-cars almost constantly in use.

The hospital to which Father Sallou brought me is only a few years old and has some thirteen hundred patients. These include many of the criminal class, prisoners still in their chains, opium victims, children taken by the police from the streets and out of dangerous influences, the blind and the helpless, for whom nobody cares. These have all been gathered into a hospital which, though not professedly Catholic, is known as *St. Joseph's* and has within its precincts a chapel large enough to hold one thousand persons.

The hospital is directed by the Sisters of Charity and the Superior seems born to her unusual task. She is an Austrian lady who speaks English quite perfectly, and one of her assistants is an Irish nun. Both are interested in Maryknoll and my visit gave me the added pleasure of meeting friends. Sister Wagensperg, the Superior, is like a mother to the unfortunate and they seem to realize it. As we stood in one ward of prisoners I gave a sign to the attendant, who took me over to one of the beds and, throwing back the clothing, disclosed the chained feet of the invalid. It was pathetic, but the poor fellow did not seem to mind. He smiled over at the Sister and as we passed out she told me of another who, after his conversion, expressed a fear that he could not enter Heaven because he would die with his chains on.

For the support of this hospital the Chinese municipality stands about one-third of the monthly expense. The police of the city contribute another third, and Mr. Lo gathers the remainder from his friends, or, as he would say himself, St. Joseph gets it for him.

There was a comfortable-looking private ward for a few well-dressed young opium-smokers, who looked self-controlled and were not embarrassed by our inspection. The apartment was quite in contrast with strong cells, behind whose bars insane men were standing or sitting in the silence of their strange imaginings. Among the invalid prisoners was a good-looking young fellow who spoke French and who had been educated at

a Catholic school. The Sister told us that he belonged to a well-known family and had been arrested when in company with some opium smugglers. All of the others implicated managed to escape except the young man, who claims simply to have been walking near the smugglers, quite unconscious of their occupation. "Was he guilty?" I asked, and the little mother shrugged her shoulders. Her duty was to take care of him, but she evidently had a good opinion of the boy.

In the Irish nun I found another possible relative. She came from a place called Killea, near Cork, and as my ancestors wore down their boots in that section of Ireland I felt quite certain that with a little spare time and a couple of family trees we might find ourselves kith and kin. As we passed along the veranda the Irish nun pointed to a vine that reminded her of the "woodbine at home," such as I knew she will never see again. God bless her, and may He reward her many sacrifices!

At a Chinese Wedding.

We called at another church that afternoon and inspected a club-house occupied by Portuguese Catholic young men. We also looked into a new parish school, and as we came out towards the church I learned that a Chinese wedding was in full swing around the corner. My curiosity asserted itself when the priest told me that the interested couple were Catholics, and at his suggestion we took a few steps down to the festivities. These were being held in two houses facing each other, both the property of the bride's father-in-law. This gentleman was beaming with joy and quickly summoned his newly-married son when we appeared. The bridegroom seemed quite young, certainly under twenty. He had a good face, was dressed in his best silk, and smoked his cigarette as if he were not the hero of the occasion. He talked some English, too, and as he did so his sire looked at him with conscious pride.

Then there was a consultation in Chinese, which I did not catch, and suddenly the youth asked if my noble self would like to accompany his humble self to see his mother's new daughter-in-law. I was prepared, and leaving my two companions with the joyous father I followed the son into the house.

"A Catholic Chinese whose name is known today to every bishop in China." (p. 150.)

IN ST. JOSEPH'S, THE MODEL HOSPITAL FOUNDED BY MR LO

On the wall as we entered was a great picture of the Sacred Heart with candles burning before it. Within reach of all was a table filled with dishes of watermelon seeds and other dainties. Then we seemed to climb a ladder and I was ushered into a small room filled with new furniture, in the midst of which four or five bashful Chinese girls, all arrayed in their Sunday pantaloons, were standing.

I did not see the bride at once. She was in a corner, standing like a statue, her face hardly visible under the pendant ornaments of the marriage head-piece. Her young husband explained my presence and she crossed herself as she expressed her thanks for the good wishes offered and for the requested blessing. May this young couple lead a long and useful life!

Religious Congregations in the City.

The *Route Père Robert* runs into the *Avenue Joffre* and here, not far from the Paris Seminary Procure, is that of the Scheut Fathers, whose centre is at Brussels in Belgium.

The Scheut Fathers have six missions in China under the direction of five bishops, assisted by one hundred and seventy European and forty-five native priests. They have about one hundred and five thousand Christians, many in scattered districts. The Society is ably represented at the Shanghai Procure by Father Hoogers and his assistant, Father Verhaeghe. Father Hoogers is a Hollander and has a brother also on the Chinese mission. Both Procurators were keenly interested in Maryknoll and I met them several times while in Shanghai.

I arrived at St. Joseph's toward eleven o'clock that morning and was soon with Bishop Paris, who gave me a gracious welcome. Evidently he had not followed our work as closely as other bishops and his knowledge of American Catholic life, even so far as it affects his own brethren, is limited. This is due doubtless to his absorption by the care of his immense vicariate and its many works. I stayed with Bishop Paris about an hour.

That afternoon, through the kindness of Mr. C— who supplied an automobile and of Father Sallou who served as guide, I was enabled to see several institutions, including the Marianist Brothers' College, the General Hospital under the direction of

Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and one of the two large schools conducted by the Helpers of the Holy Souls. At the college I found two alert Irish Brothers, and among the "Helpers" were two American nuns, one from Canada, the other from the United States.

Wednesday morning I visited again St. Mary's Hospital and saw Sister Xavier O'Sullivan, whom I had twice missed and whom I now accused of having had an attack of sleeping sickness. Sister O'Sullivan is in reality one of those women whom it is hard to imagine asleep. She is a "live wire" and can say in a short time not only much but much that is good. She knew Maryknoll as if she had lived there and she gave advice like the "big sister" that she is.

Returning to the house, I found a reporter from one of the Shanghai dailies, who wanted to know the why and wherefore of my visit to the Far East. He was a young American, not long away from his Chicago home and not yet Far-Easternized. He told me that Americans are becoming very numerous in Shanghai and that in the extraordinary development of the city they are growing daily a strong influence.

We had tiffin that day with the Scheut Fathers and towards the end of the afternoon I took the steamer *Hsin Peking* for Ningpo.

THE JESUIT CHURCH AT SICAWEI

"The interior is really quite fine, generous enough, too, to hold a thousand persons."
(*p.* 149.)

CHAPTER XI

A DIP INTO THE INTERIOR

THERE was only one other white passenger on the boat to Ningpo, a governess returning to her employers, and as she vanished after the evening meal I had the best part of the steamer to myself.

On the deck below the poor Chinese were stretched in groups along the cold hatches and were already asleep, while I was walking on a red carpet among flower-pots and able to enter at any moment a well-appointed cabin with its comfortable bed. A few cock-roaches appeared to say good-night and to wish pleasant dreams but they kept at a respectful distance and I slept well until towards five o'clock, at which hour we were due in Ningpo.

It was dark when I left my cabin and the boat was nearing the dock. Already a host of coolies had clambered aboard to get their few *sapeques* from travelers as miserable as themselves. The noise and confusion were mounting every moment, when suddenly I espied on the dock a small figure in black cassock and broad-brimmed hat, with whiskers such as no Chinaman ever could or ever will raise. There was a mutual recognition and the next moment the agile little priest, Father Buch, Procurator at Ningpo, was up the gangplank with one of his boys. A few moments later we were walking along the wharves of this populous fishing city to the Cathedral, where Masses were already in progress and where an altar was prepared for the visitor.

At breakfast I met Bishop Reynaud, with whom I had been in correspondence for many years and who gave a kindly welcome. Bishop Reynaud has seen long years of service here and is much esteemed. He is a man of fine physique and, like all the bishops I have met in the Far East, an elder brother to his priests. My program was yet uncertain, because I knew neither distances nor steamboat schedules. I should return, however, to Shanghai for Thursday of the next week. In the meantime I wished to see Sister Xavier in Chusan and Father Fraser in Taichowfu, and both of these places figured about as much in my geography at the time as they do in yours, dear reader, now.

We finally settled that I should stay that day in Ningpo, and leave for the other places on Friday, the day following. I was in the hands of friends and submitted gladly.

With an Irishman at Ningpo.

One of the first priests presented at Ningpo was the Reverend Michael MacKiernan, a rosy-faced, golden-bearded, gentle bit-of-an-Irishman who is a curate over in the Chinese city as distinguished from the foreign establishments along the wharves. He is one of two Irish Lazarist Fathers in the vicariate and I had been hoping to meet both, not always an easy matter in this land of great distances and difficult communications.

Father Buch and Father MacKiernan took me that morning across the bridge of boats into a maze of narrow alleys and so-called streets. They were dark and wet, but occasionally we came into cleaner and wider thoroughfares, and one section that rejoiced in gold-trimmed stores and sumptuous hangings was decidedly attractive. We finally turned into the Catholic compound which, with its church, a large house, and the various institutions under the Sisters of Charity, gave us again a glimpse of God's sunlight and the sense of space with fresh air. The pastor was at home, limping about on a game leg, but he accompanied us everywhere with the same spirit of hospitality that has characterized the Lazarist Fathers all along the line.

An Impressive Grouping.

That afternoon I visited a group of buildings, all comparatively new, that lie conveniently just on the outskirts of Ningpo and yet near the water. Here are the Seminary and a College for boys, together with the several excellent institutions under the care of Sisters of Charity; also a novitiate for Chinese nuns. They form an imposing group and indicate much activity.

Father Defebvre and his assistants are justly proud of the young College and Seminary, already well started, and the only regret that I had in looking into these schools was the lack of English-speaking professors to enable Ningpo youths to get hold of a language that for some years to come, at least, will be a desirable asset for any Chinese student. Ningpo, the reader may be assured, does not lack English in the Protestant schools.

LOOKING TOWARD THE MISSION BUILDINGS AT NINGPO

"Here are the Seminary and a College for boys, together with several excellent institutions under the care of the Sisters of Charity."
(*p. 156.*)

The Sisters of Charity here have the oldest house in China. It was established in 1853 and ten thousand little ones, received since then at its doors, are now with God for eternity. The sister of the martyr, Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, was stationed here for some years, and a Chinese nun whom I met had barely escaped martyrdom, or perhaps I should say had nearly received the martyr's crown, in 1905. She was sent out of danger with a soldier's cap on her head.

The orphanage with its varied works was not unlike those which I have seen in many places. Sister Gilbert who is in charge here is well known to French and English readers of mission appeals. She is a tireless worker and has her hands full, with babes and growing children looking to her for sustenance. The abandoned waifs are left here daily and three-quarters of them die—some within a few hours after arrival. Among those who survive are several blind, who remain as a rule during their lifetime. One scene that left its impress on my memory was a row of these little blind orphans making tape. Expressionless, they were facing a wall and their hands moved slowly with mechanical precision. As we left the baby ward I noticed a Chinese nurse swinging four cradles of delicate infants with one move of the hand. The cradles were hung from a beam.

Always a cheery scene, however, is the visit to the little ones who have learned to talk and are thoroughly alive. They love the priest and welcome his visit, being quite as much at home with him as with the Sisters. "Zo-Zo," they call out, "Zo-Zo—sit down, sit down—stay and play with us." Then when leaving one always hears them say until out of ear-shot, "Go away slowly—come back quickly." Poor little ones! Yet how fortunate to have fallen into merciful hands!

It was dark when I set out to return to the Bishop's residence, and as the road was directly along the harbor front I begged the priests not to give me a companion. They insisted, however, and it was well for me, because a few hundred feet from the Cathedral we were held up by soldiers who turned out to be rebels. They would not listen to argument, but we soon discovered that our objective could be reached by a rear entrance, and following my companion, a Chinese Brother, we dashed into

a series of alleys, all dark, until we bumped against a burly white man who proved to be a North-of-Ireland policeman. He let us by and after stumbling through more dark alleys we reached a grim doorway that opened at the Brother's touch into the walled compound of the Cathedral. Later we learned that the highway had been barricaded and put under guard so that the "poor" soldiers could at leisure take from a bank ten thousand dollars that had been resting quietly in its vaults.

Some Unusual Experiences.

The next morning, with Father Buch as an unexpected but welcome guide, I set out for the Chusan-Taichowfu trip, which proved to be a real dip into the interior.

The wharf was directly in front of the Bishop's residence, and as the time for departure was supposed to be eight a. m. I began to feel nervous when the hands of my watch reached seven-fifty-five and the whistles started blowing. Father Buch reassured me, however, saying that he was going to accompany me on this little excursion (it took almost a week) and that the boat would not sail without us because the wharf belonged to the Mission and the captain was expecting us.

In the meantime Father Buch, who is as lively as a mosquito, was jumping and so were several servants. One brought up a hamper that steamed as if it were the smoke-stack of the boat itself, another appeared with rolls of bedding, and a third came along at the last moment with a bamboo pole, such as coolies use everywhere in carrying all kinds of goods, from babies and hens to bags of rice and travelers' kits.

Then the Bishop turned up with some of the priests, and all sauntered out to the steamer, a small affair about the size of a tug boat, with an upper deck. It was loaded with chattering, screaming Chinese, and hundreds were passing or loitering on the little street across which we had to pass to get to it.

Our carrier, with bedding and hamper balancing one another from the carrying pole on his shoulders, made his way down the gangplank and formed an opening for us. How he got through, up the ladder stairway and down to our cabin, is still a mystery to me. We had said good-bye to the Bishop and it was well,

because the deck was too crowded to get back to the other side and wave adieus. The boat started an hour later.

In the meantime I looked around the cabin and could only think of a solitary confinement cell. This one was of wood, however, and the door had no iron bars. In fact, the lock was broken and whenever we left the place, as we managed to do later, we had to call a "boy" and have him use his wits to protect our belongings. There were three wide shelves, two set low at right angles to each other and a third above one of the pair. This combination gave a dining-room as well as a chamber for extended voyages.

We had to hug the cabin for a while, so we found a couple of camp stools on which we sat while yellow faces crowded about the window and open doorway to size us up. I made up my mind that it would not be a long sentence, and after some difficulty we located and called the "boy," who hammered down the "lid," stood guard and enabled us to elbow our way through the yellow line to the bow of the boat.

During this operation I ran into a couple of young men—Standard Oil employees they proved to be—and murmured to one, "I guess we are up against it." That magic sentence brought a gleam of joy into the youth's countenance and he could not get around too soon to ask me about little old New York and other sections of the States, memories of which evidently rested warmly in his heart. He had been away from home only a year and the "come back" call was working rather hard about the time I met him.

There were three or four chairs on that boat and we few white men seemed to be entitled to them, although a shabby-looking bonze remained attached to one for a while. We sat and stood alternately, trying to dodge the wind when it was cold—(we are in December). At noon we managed to get back to the cabin-de-luxe, where we picnicked from the once steaming hamper. We fared well and the Chinese in the window and at the doorway seemed to enjoy watching us eat.

When a Chinaman meets you in this country his first question is, "Have you eaten?" If answered in the affirmative, he follows this up by another, which might be translated, "Have you

eaten full up?" I felt extremely selfish as I munched in front of these half-starved Celestials, but my companion assured me that they enjoyed watching us manipulate food almost as much as if they themselves were eating.

An English Sister at Chusan.

Early in the afternoon we reached Ting-hai, on the island of Chusan. It has a pretty harbor and the walled town looks attractive with its background of hills. Like crows flying to a carcass, numberless sampans shot out to take off passengers and their baggage. This operation is quite exciting, because it is often accompanied by narrow escapes and always with shouting from hundreds of throats.

But I was more interested in the town itself. On a hill above the water-line of houses was a monastic-looking building, which if seen in Spain would require hardly a guess. But this was no monastery, with Jesus Christ as its constant guest. It was the home of bonzes—pagan priests—and of hideous idols in wood and stone, a pagoda—one of thousands that greet the traveler at every turn in this unchristianized land. As we looked at it Father Buch told me of a similar establishment on an island off the coast of Chusan some miles to the east, where two thousand bonzes live, adoring daily the gods that are made by hands.

It was time to land, and in the crowd at the dock we finally spotted a servant sent from the Mission to carry the precious contents away from our cabin. There are no rickshaws in Chusan, which is not adapted to such means of locomotion. We could be carried in chairs but we decided to stretch our legs, so we walked through the city, across the rice-fields, to the church, where Father Proccacci, who has lately celebrated his fortieth year here, was awaiting us. An auxiliary-Brother from Haimen was with him. This Brother also has been in China over a quarter of a century and speaks Chinese, I am told, so as to deceive even the Celestials.

I had made the journey to Chusan, however, that I might have the privilege of meeting Sister Xavier, a Sister of Charity with whom I had been in correspondence for more than a

A MISSION ON THE ISLAND OF CHUSAN

MOTHERED BY THE WHITE CORNETTES

dozen years and whose work for God I had followed from a distance. She was across the street, and Father Buch soon took me over. We recognized each other readily enough, and after a talk that revealed the depth of this noble woman's interest in Maryknoll I accompanied her through the several rooms which, to the little ones whom she mothers, to the helpless, the deaf mutes, the aged, the blind, and even the idiots, is *home.* Home it is for them and home for her, who, for the love of God and for the unloved of men in a foreign land, gave up much that this world considers worth having.

As we arrived at the building I noticed a stagnant canal, along which was stretched a row of Chinese houses, and I remarked that it must be an unhealthy spot. Sister Xavier then told me how, five years before, cholera had broken out and she knew that it had reached her precious charges through these huts and others then even nearer. "I stood it," she said with tears in her eyes, "until thirty of the children caught the dreadful malady and died the next day. Then we bundled all that were left off to the hillside. They slept anywhere and everywhere in the open until the plague was over."

Since then Sister Xavier has been trying to buy and burn these houses and to fill the canal. So far, however, she has been able to secure only a few with what money she could save. The remainder will cost two thousand dollars, a hopelessly large sum for Chusan. She has faith, however, that little by little the means will come. The cholera recurs about every six years and Sister Xavier is pleading hard with St. Joseph.

Uncertainties of Travel.

Our beds were dumped onto Father Proccacci's straw-mattings that night and we slept well. My Mass was at five-thirty in the convent, and the little ones were chanting their prayers as I offered it for Sister Xavier and her many intentions.

We planned to leave that day for Taichowfu, by way of Haimen, to see Father Fraser, but we were in a land of uncertainties. Telegraph communications had been cut off at Ningpo by the rebel soldiers, and at Chusan there is no such institution as a telegraph office. Boats run at "any old time"

and nobody even dares to guess the hour of departure or arrival. The whistle blows, and if the passenger lives near enough he can make the boat. If not, he should get down to the waterside, find some place to camp, or be content to stay on his feet perhaps for hours.

It was Saturday and we were told that a boat for Haimen might leave at two p. m. Beds and bags went on to a pair of Chinese shoulders, and we hastened down through the tortuous alleys as we heard a whistle shrieking.

All in vain. It was a boat departing for Ningpo and the Haimen craft was not in sight. Fortunately, the row of shops that face the wharves at Tinghai belongs to the Mission and we established a camp in one that looked fairly respectable, a grain store.

Leaving the *impedimenta* in charge of the domestic, we went up the hill to the pagoda, to inspect in detail its awful idols and its altars. There were no worshippers at the time but many joss sticks were burning to the spirits of the dead. Afterwards we sat on the parapet, looking out over the city and the bay, straining our eyes for that steamer until the cold stone on which we were sitting communicated its temper to our members.

We went down again to the grain store, gave a silent exhibition to a score of idle Chinese, retired into a back room six feet by four and said *Matins* and *Lauds* for the next day. We were served occasionally with the never-failing cup of tea, strolled, sat, sat and strolled, until six o'clock, Then we reckoned that if the boat should come and not leave before eight o'clock we could not arrive at Haimen until Sunday noon—too late to say Mass. So we gave up the Haimen trip, picked up our beds, and walked back to Father Proccacci, to drain his larder and to fill his wicker bedsteads another night.

This gave me an opportunity to say Mass again next morning in the Sisters' chapel.

Shortly after breakfast the procession started anew and at the wharves we had an embarrassment of riches. There were a couple of boats going to Ningpo and one to Haimen. Now we had fully decided that we could not make Haimen so as to get me back to Shanghai for the date on which I promised to appear,

if needed—Thursday night. But there was the little Haimen boat dancing on the water and ready to go. Father Fraser would be much disappointed, Sister Xavier, too, and I, myself. We walked over to the Haimen boat's wharf and I found a white family on board—a missionary doctor who belonged to Taichow-fu. When it was proved to me that I had ninety-nine chances out of a hundred to get through on schedule time we landed the beds and bags in what looked like an empty pantry and settled down—for a short wait of one hour.

Two coffins were out on the dock and between the two was a woman, leaning over the rail as if she were ill and weeping aloud. Nobody seemed to notice her, and occasionally she straightened up, looked towards the pagoda, talked with a few friends, and then resumed her posture and her wailing. When the body was carried off the dock she followed it, supported by two other women, to a corner of the thoroughfare under the hill of the pagoda, where a young bonze dressed in his priestly robes was standing ready to begin the funeral service.

Father Buch and I sauntered over to watch the scene, which did not interest to any considerable extent the passers-by. Two boys were assisting the bonze and their principal occupation seemed to consist in making a noise with instruments. A pailful of gilt paper had to be burned and tables of food were already set for the mourners and for the corpse. As soon as the bonze began his mumblings the women set to weeping, this time together, tears falling copiously. The bonze was ascetic in appearance and gave his signals with precision. At the last signal the women stopped weeping, the corpse was carried off and the bonze, taking off his robes, folded them carefully and went his way.

The whistle was now blowing on our steamer for the fourth and next to the last time, so we went on board and managed to find a wooden horse, about the only kind of seat available. Soon afterwards we were moving—and I confess to a feeling of sadness as I looked over towards the Mission and contrasted Sister Xavier and her needs with others and their affluence. May God forgive those who do not realize that they are stewards rather than masters!

Through the Chusan Archipelago.

We lunched from the hamper at noon and resumed our place a little late. I started to say my breviary sitting on the wooden horse, and soon found myself surrounded by at least a dozen curious Chinese. I continued for about ten minutes, when the humor of the situation dawned on me rather strongly and looking up at the crowd I gave a long wink and smiled. They were embarrassed for a moment but they came back at me with questions, to which I could only answer by an "Aw-Aw," which, so far as I can learn, means "All right."

Fortunately Father Buch came along just then and met the onslaught. Where were we going? Where did we come from? Where were our wives? Why did the other man on the boat have a family with him? And so forth.

By this time the "other man," the "Doctor," came up, smiled sweetly on the crowd that had now swollen to a score, and began to talk at them in Chinese with cadences that fell on my ear like a sermon-song and gestures that followed his eyes heavenwards. We had gathered the auditors and a Protestant preacher had taken it into his head, unbidden, to address them. It was somewhat cool. Little Father Buch looked at me in astonishment. He had not met the type before, and slipping off the wooden horse which he had been sharing with me, he went away rather disgusted. I stayed and resumed my breviary, while my Scotch friend—or was he English?—talked, in several senses of the word, over my head. Occasionally a question was thrown at him, which added some life to the conference, but gradually the Chinese left the circle and after twenty minutes the preacher suddenly stopped and remarked that I was reading.

I assured him that such was the case, that I could not understand a word he was saying, that I presumed he was giving a sermon, and that I thought he made a mistake in talking too long. He smiled blandly and told me that this was one of his failings.

About five o'clock we came to Shi-pu, an outlying Mission in an attractive setting with no resident priest. We were to be there two hours, and leaving the boat Father Buch brought me to the little chapel perched above the waters. As we entered the

"I started to say my breviary, sitting on the wooden horse, and soon found myself surrounded by at least a dozen curious Chinese." (*p. 164.*)

"The river trip to Taichowfu is quite attractive and the run seemed short." (*p. 167.*)

THROUGH THE CHUSAN ARCHIPELAGO

Mission gate the catechist's house and a well-kept courtyard opened up to us, but I could see no church. The catechist himself was soon in evidence, an intelligent looking man whose visiting card reads·

Mr. Hsu Liang,
Catholic, Shi-pu

I soon discovered that the chapel and the missioner's room occupied the second floor. The chapel was neat and the room spacious enough and, I am inclined to believe, well-aired, because I could see twilight between the boards that closed it in on the side facing the sea.

The catechist insisted that we should take our evening meal with him. He would hold the boat and get us aboard safely; and the experience suited me perfectly, so we stayed for a meal that would have sent a Chinaman away happy for a week. Where the goods came from, and what they were, I cannot say. We started with cakes, a speciality of Shi-pu, and then after I had been presented with a pair of chopsticks and a small bowl the first act opened. Each of us helped himself from the central dish and I tried hard to fish always in new grounds. Fortunately the central dish—whatever it contained—was changed several times.

There is an end, however, even to a Chinese dinner, and when we finished this one I felt that I had not yet eaten. It was time to go to the steamer as two whistles had already blown. By a lantern light we managed to get down flights of stone steps, and to stumble without a fall over the rough-paved alleys, until we landed safely in the boat that was to be our hotel for the night.

The "pantry" had been transformed into a cabin. There were our beds spread out on the shelves, and a dim electric light, with an oil lamp to supplement it, was burning a welcome. The "boy" came along to see how we were, and presented each of us with a steaming-hot rag to sweep refreshingly over our tired brows. I looked at the rag, shook my head, and walked out for an inspection before turning in.

Men, women, and children were stretched sleeping on the deck in the December night air. Some late arrivals were still

shouting with the excitement of finding enough space to join the sleepers, and a few hens were cackling in baskets. I looked at our cabin and at those of our neighbors. We were among the few privileged ones and were the only two white people on the boat.

The cabin next to ours contained three smoking Chinamen, who had no idea of sleeping that night. Our blind opened from the outside and there was no air-hole in the door. So we placed our valuables under our heads, opened the window, nestled down into the big Chinese comfortable that spells a really good bed, and I slept as if on my little porch at Maryknoll.

Receptions.

Shortly after midnight we bumped into the wharf at Haimen and the air was full of noise, but we turned over and forgot it until four a. m., when we rose and dressed. It was dark and everybody on board seemed to have died. Even the cabin "boy" who promised to be on hand to help us was not in sight. Father Buch, however, grappled the beds and tied them up like a veteran. Then he went out on the wharf for a coolie, and we were soon on our way through what seemed to be a deserted town. Every shop was closed tight and barred. Doubtless, however, there were chinks in the shutters.

We pushed on over excellent pavements, which Father Buch told me had been laid under the supervision of the Mission, and after a ten-minute walk we reached two long walls, that marked respectively, on either side of the street, the church with its residence and schools and the convent with its varied works.

I had been wondering if, after our journey, I should miss Father Fraser, whose Mission was yet some hours away, but my fears were set at rest by the porter who told us that Father Fraser had come to Haimen in the hope of meeting us and was in the house.

We entered the compound—the brightest and prettiest mission-settlement that I had yet seen, neat, well-arranged, with good taste and care evident at every turn. Father Lepers, the Pro-Vicar of the vicariate, and Father Le Pech were soon on hand to greet us and a salutation in English from the top of the

HAIMEN — A MONUMENT TO EFFICIENCY

"The brightest and prettiest mission settlement that I had yet seen." (*p. 166.*)

stairway acted as a real tonic even at that early hour—it was not yet five o'clock.

Masses over, we made the usual inspection of both establishments and I was particularly impressed, as I have been elsewhere, with the bright happy disposition of the native Sisters. The old ladies, too, were an interested lot. They gathered about and asked all kinds of questions and as we sat before them for the examination I did not know whether I felt like some famous explorer or a dime-museum freak. A feature at Haimen is the stitching industry. Boys of the Mission are trained to use American machines that turn out stockings for a ready market.

We were due to leave at nine o'clock for Taichowfu and had to cut short that first visit to Haimen.

It was not too early, though, for a little surprise, and as we came out from the house with the now indispensable cargo of baggage we were met by a line-up of boys and a sound of trumpets. The trumpeters blew lustily and the silent soldiers straightened up magnificently. I cleared my throat like a bishop I used to know, bit my lip, and passed down between the lines.

By this time any late sleepers were aroused, so that when we reached the city a few hundred feet away its streets were swarming with life. We ran into a counter attraction—a long and noisy procession on its way to escort some unblushing yellow bride to her future home, and we arrived at the boat just in time for the first of six whistles, the last sounding an hour later.

The "Doctor" was already on board with his wife and family. I had met the children, and was now presented to the wife, but the atmosphere became suddenly cold and I sought shelter with Fathers Buch and Fraser in the pantry, where our things had been left for security.

A Day at Taichowfu.

The river trip to Taichowfu is quite attractive and the run—some three or four hours—seemed short.

Father Fraser's Mission was well-represented by a group of bright youngsters, who relieved us of every possible encumbrance except necessary clothing and money, escorting us with

evident satisfaction over the rough pavements and long flights of stone steps until we came to the hilltop that dominates the city of Taichowfu. Clean roofs, white houses, and graceful pagodas lay stretched out before us and they were good to look upon—better at that distance, no doubt, than if we were very near.

One spot—and I doubt not that there were some others—was even more attractive under close scrutiny, and that was Father Fraser's Mission, which had been built somewhat after the model of that at Haimen and was equally interesting.

The cook and boys had been preparing for us, and Father Fraser's Chinese assistant gave the most cordial of welcomes, so that we were at home as soon as our hats had disappeared. Our stay was not to be long, however, as other attractions were awaiting the strangers.

The orphanage was full of gayety, from the Superioress of the native Sisters to the smallest chick. The Sisters loaded me down with Chinese *Agnus Deis* and the children insisted that we should "Zo-zo"—"Sit down and play" with them. I often think of the games which these poor little ones do not know and cannot play because toys cost money; but just as often I reflect that these children are not aware that they are missing anything and consequently they are quite as happy as their rich cousins. I must admit, though, an occasional wild desire to gather a few tons of abandoned toys from sundry attics, to be scattered among the Catholic orphanages of this yet unglorious republic of China.

We said good-bye to the orphans, who followed us with their quaint request to "go away slowly," and turned into the house of the aged women. Among these were half-a-dozen more active than the others and their curiosity had not dimmed, even a little, with the advancing years.

They listened to Father Fraser's eulogy of the great American traveler and they looked at him in evident wonder until he began to feel conscious of his girth. America meant nothing to them, but this stranger must be very tired and he should not be allowed to go away from Taichowfu on the very day of his arrival. Nobody had ever heard of any one doing such a thing. They

SOME OF CHINA'S NATIVE SISTERS, WHOSE HAPPY DISPOSITIONS IMPRESS ALL

THE BROADWAY THAT SEPARATES THE MISSION COMPOUND FROM THE ORPHANAGE AT TAICHOWFU

heard a description of New York's fifty-story buildings with express elevators that make no stop until the twentieth story is reached, and they were speechless. This gave an opportunity to get away, and I did so with a recollection of as sunny an environment as I have seen in China.

Another interesting feature at Taichowfu was a school for catechists—young men who live in community, receiving special instruction and performing spiritual exercises daily, during a period of several months. These young men, seven or eight in number, will, when the course is finished, depart for several mission stations to serve as lay assistants to a pastor who cannot be in many places at the same time.

We stayed at Taichowfu for the evening meal, and the recreation hour was made lively by a group of youngsters from the orphanage, who came in to salute their spiritual father and incidentally to receive each a cracker, more or less sweet and hard as a nail.

When the ceremony was over we formed a procession, made up of the baggage boy, the domestics, lantern carriers, and the four priests, and started for the boat along a cliff wall that had no guard-rail. I remarked the danger but was assured that nobody ever fell over the cliff, whereupon I convinced myself that I must be safe. As to the boat trip ahead of us by night, Father Fraser innocently remarked that it was not at all unusual to run ashore and that new boats were needed rather frequently in that section.

Back to Chusan.

This consoling statement set me to thinking about my engagement two nights later in Shanghai, but when the escort had said good-bye and I found myself the sole occupant of a "pantry" with my Chinese bed on the shelf open to receive a somewhat tired body, my fears disappeared. I barred the door, slipped my valuables into my waistcoat for use as a precious pillow, tied the blind with a piece of rope, blew out the little oil lamp, and turned in to a slumber that was not disturbed until twelve-thirty a. m., when the police paid us a dutiful visit. We had anticipated this interruption and arranged not to be disturbed, but this is

China. I blessed the tribe, referred the villain who roused me to Father Buch, and resumed the passive state until we bumped into another boat that lay sleeping against the wharf at Haimen.

How quiet the streets were, and the houses, behind the shutters of which thousands, good and bad, were sleeping. This section is noted for its pirates but so far as I knew we did not meet any on that trip. Possibly, however, the police protection against which I had silently protested the night before was a strong reason. I am told that in this region when a fond father has three sons it is his ambition to make one a bonze, another a pirate, and the third the father to a new generation.

As there was no possibility of leaving Haimen until that night we settled down after Mass to a quiet day, which passed pleasantly, and included some ball-tossing with the larger schoolboys and their professors. The ball was mushy, but it was just as well, because the Chinese boy's face is soft and his hands are full of holes when he wishes to catch. This is not true, however, of all Chinese boys.

Our boat left late in the afternoon for Ningpo. The boys lined up again, the buglers bugled, and the "troops marched off the field," while the crowds in the street waited to see what was happening as we passed along to the dock.

From the boat I was shown an excellent work accomplished by the founder of this Mission, Father Lepers, who was actually with us at the moment. He had built seven thousand feet of stone wall out into the river, and extended to it, by a process of filling, the limits of the village, thus giving wharfage as well as new land and turning an insignificant village into an important fishing-port. The sale of this land had provided for Haimen and Taichowfu a permanent fund sufficient for many of the works carried on at both places.

I was rather interested that day in an observation made by one of two Chinese who were with our group. This observation affected the beard, long and black, of a missioner, the Chinese remarking that if he were its possessor he would become a comedian. This might have been intended as a compliment, but I am quite certain that the owner of the *belle barbe* did not take it as such. I have talked on the subject of beards

along the line and found very sensible observations in regard to it. All are quite agreed that the beard is no longer needed, especially in the larger centres, for the greater influence of the missioner among the Chinese, and that it is a matter of personal choice. One missioner whose beard is respectably trimmed deprecates the fact that some of our good priests look like bandits with their fierce moustaches and hair-full cheeks, but—*que voulez-vous?*

It is a matter of taste and possibly of time, although personally I believe that it takes less time to shave daily than to keep clean a large handful of beard upon which falls the day's gathering of crumbs, germs, and dust. I can understand, however, that it would be a real sacrifice for many a missioner to part with the beard which for long years he has stroked affectionately and nursed assiduously; and again, what would he do with his hands?

These reflections did not prevent our getting away from Haimen, and when the boat started the captain, who, I afterwards learned, can swear in Chinese, offered us the use of the saloon, as also of the pilot-house. The saloon, like our cabin, had bars on the windows but it gave us a chance to stretch our legs occasionally. It was next to my bed-shelf and the captain entertained until quite late, but I forgave him and have since almost forgotten the noise made on that occasion.

Wednesday morning we sighted the monastery at Chusan. Our boat was to continue its trip as far as Shanghai but we decided that it would be best to leave it, get over to Ningpo, and that night let me take a real steamer to my destination.

In the Hands of Father Nugent, C. M.

I was glad for many reasons that we did this, but most of all because at Chusan we found Father Nugent, whom I had been hoping to meet. Father Nugent had landed his "boy" and bedding on another boat than that which we had planned to take but he came with us, delighted at the prospect of a chat in his native tongue. Father Nugent is a young Irish priest, a member of the Vincentian (Lazarist) Order. He is tall and fair, with whiskers of gold and eyes that twinkle in blues. He is

very happy in his work and radiates sunshine wherever he moves. This young priest ran into small-pox after his arrival in China and emerged from it slightly scarred but none the worse for wear, and today he prefers Chinese food to home cooking—a positive sign that he is destined to live forever among the celestials.

Built to command, Father Nugent at once took our little party under his wing and everybody began to move in our direction. We had had no breakfast. A "boy" was summoned and a few minutes later five raw eggs arrived for inspection. Father Nugent's face grew tense as he took the ovals and shook each in turn, listening as if to a tuning fork. Evidently the eggs were passable and the "boy" disappeared with them, while Father Nugent continued to talk at me, insisting among other things, that a priest with a weak stomach should not come to China.

He told me that to arrive at Chusan from his place he had walked twelve miles before taking his boat, and had spent a day on the steamer before reaching Chusan; that at Chusan Sister Xavier had been keeping candles lighted so that we two should not fail to bump our heads together; that he had succeeded Father Andrew Tsu, who had been massacred by bandits; that he himself has not been bothered much with such people but that he has to keep his eyes open and the doors of his house closed; that he cannot play any musical instrument, but sings much when alone—then suddenly he realized that those eggs had not returned and he broke through a group of curious Chinese to find out *why*. Three minutes later they came. I expected by this time to find glass eggs, but no, they had been fried, to a frazzle.

A small cup of tea, without sugar or milk of course, followed the eggs. The captain came along just then and Father Nugent gave him the proper greeting: "*Have you eaten? Are you filled to the limit?*" And the honorable skipper, looking at our mess, expressed his sorrow that we had not been provided with enough side-dishes to carry the rice to its destination. This, too, was a formality. As a matter of fact, we had been served with neither rice nor the odds and ends that usually accompany

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE ON THE HARBOR-FRONT AT NINGPO

it. Then there were "*Haw!*"*s* on each side, with smiles that were priceless, and the captain passed on, leaving Father Nugent to resume his travelogue.

He told me of long trips; of his occasional lodgings in pagodas where he had actually offered in a quiet corner the Holy Sacrifice; of his breakfasts with bonzes; of his chats with old pagan women whom he had interrupted when they were saying their beads. In the meantime an itinerant fiddler opened up a counter-attraction at our doorway. He was allowed to continue until he began to sing, when suddenly Father Nugent pricked up his ears, listened for a few bars, shot out some crisp Chinklets, and the fiddler was silent.

"What did you say to him?" I asked, and Father Nugent replied: "I told him to shut his mouth because it was full of badness and he should be ashamed of it." Certainly the would-be entertainer seemed to "lose his face." In any event, we lost his voice for the remainder of the trip.

It was a little after lunch hour when we arrived at the wharf in Ningpo, where we found Bishop Reynaud and his priests waving a welcome from the balcony. That point of observation was a few hundred feet away and separated by a crowded thoroughfare, but Father Nugent started a long-distance conversation without a megaphone and everybody seemed interested, even if all could not understand.

It was a happy group of priests that sat down to lunch, during which we learned the details of the "battle" of Ningpo which had taken place in our absence. The soldiers who had blocked our path were local revolutionists who needed some spare change. Two days later Northern soldiers arrived and a score of men were injured, one being killed. Then there were parleys and subscriptions, as a result of which each of the noble revolutionists received fifty silver dollars, laid down his arms, and went back to his usual occupation—in many cases watching the turns in a gambling house. During the trouble several stores had been looted.

That evening I left Ningpo in a large coasting steamer, the sole occupant of an ordinary stateroom that seemed like a royal chamber. We were only three passengers, one an Eng-

lishman who frightened me by asking if I was the man expected in Shanghai the next day, the other a young Chinese physician who had been sent down to Ningpo to patch up the wounded.

I talked with both, and each in turn had several inquiries to make about the Catholic Church. The Englishman had been fed on some antiquated ex-priest literature, and the young physician must have run into a remarkable professor at the Yale Medical School of China—or he himself must have had a dream. He told me that this professor had explained scientifically to the class "the changing of bread into wine—an operation which Catholic priests claim to effect in the Mass." If we Catholics only realized how little our Faith is known by the average Protestant!

CHAPTER XII

SHANGHAI AND HONGKONG

E reached Shanghai shortly after six o'clock Thursday morning, and my thoughtful Irish friend had a carriage with three attendants to bring me back to the Paris Seminary Procure, which felt like home with its simple chapel and kindly priests.

After Mass the telephone began to ring frequently and I soon realized that I should have made a nice mess of things had I failed to appear in Shanghai that day.

The reception prepared by Mr. Carroll and his friends to honor the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America brought to the Astor House more than five hundred people, for most of whom English was the native tongue. Tea and cakes were served in the large dining-room, after which the people filled the assembly hall for a talk on Catholic Missions in China—and on Maryknoll. Some fourteen priests were present on the occasion and the American Consul was in evidence.

I had met the Consul, Mr. Sammon, earlier in the day. He had learned of my visit and its purpose, and was undoubtedly pleased to know that American priests are going to labor in China. He told me that he had often wondered why we had sent none. Mr. Sammon is an energetic Consul, interested in any phase of activity that will redound to the credit of our country. I could not but admire his strong loyalty, but as our mission concerns the souls of those to whom we expect to minister in this land I could give no assurance of any material advantages except those that would be derived providentially or indirectly from the sacrifices made by American priests for the glory of God.

That night I had a strong feeling that some good might result from the labors and generosity of those Catholics in Shanghai, who had organized so well such an unusual affair, and I hope that they will reap the fruits of their zeal.

The next morning after Mass I received something of a shock when I saw the figure of a tall, thin, smooth-faced priest kneeling at the end of the chapel. It was Father Fraser, whom I had left only a few days before in Taichowfu; and he had come,

I soon learned, to offer assistance to Maryknoll. This proposition meant a long talk that morning, and when it was over I was glad in the thought that a worthy and apostolic priest to whom China had become a home would help to give a start to our young Society.

Father Fraser decided to stay in Shanghai until my departure for Hongkong, and he carried his bed—his faithful companion—over to the Lazarist Procure where he would make headquarters. I hurried then to meet my own hosts, with whom I was to go for tiffin at the Bishop's.

Can the American Priest Adapt Himself?

I met several Jesuit Fathers on this occasion, and they, like the Bishop, were most affable. Bishop Paris has, however, an idea that American priests will not be able to accommodate themselves to Chinese life with its quaint customs and slow movement. He has never been in the United States and is quite willing to admit that his experience with priests from that country has been very limited, but his idea persists.

I assured him that possibly he was right, but I reminded him that possibly also he was wrong; that, given strong faith with charity broad and deep, the grace of God could make an apostle out of even an American.

O you American youths, what an opportunity is yours to lay out the ghosts of Americanism and Modernism that have floated from Europe over to the Far East and found cozy corners and fresh waters here and there in this distant land!

Not every American priest who comes to work in China will succeed. No nationality has had so enviable a record and we have no right to believe that ours will be the exception. American priests will make mistakes, and we who send them out shall find that our judgment will not always be true, but our hope is strong that American Catholic missionary effort, with God's help, will prove well worth while. We are young in mission experience and have much to learn. If, in return for the lessons ahead of us we can give something more than money, so much the better. God knows the future. We will do our best but we must remember His kingdom in every effort that we make for souls.

A JESUIT MISSION COMPOUND IN KIANGNAN

The glory of our young Society and that of our nationality will take care of themselves and need not concern us.

An Excursion to Hangchow.

The day following the reception at Shanghai I met several men who called to express the hope that they might be of use to American missioners in China. One was connected with the Chinese postal service and had traveled over China. Another, a business man from New York, opened several avenues of possible help to Catholic missions in China. I also saw that day several English-speaking Catholics who are anxious to secure all possible spiritual advantages for themselves and their families as well as for their fellow-Catholics who speak English.

Sunday morning after an early Mass Father Fraser and I started for Hangchow. Our train was scheduled to leave a suburban station at eight o'clock and the driver of the auto-Ford, who was sent by Mr. C— to take us, arrived late and lost his way to the train, which ambled out just as we came along. One minute would have saved us many a disturbance that day, but we lost those precious sixty seconds.

I tried to express my feelings with a despairing gesture but nobody was affected, not even our driver, who went away quite unconcerned. There was nothing to do but wait for an accommodation train that might turn up within a couple of hours, and after a look at the rogues' gallery, a sheet of photographs labeled *Wanted by the Police* which is hung up in various public places, we settled down.

The train came along in good time and we hoped yet to carry out our plan of taking lunch at Kiashing with the pastor and Father O'Leary. Readers of *The Field Afar* will recall sundry letters from Fathers O'Leary and O'Reilly, who passed through Ireland on their way to China a few short years ago and whose names later appeared as *O'Lealey* and *O'Liley*. We were going to meet one of the two at Kiashing, but which of them I was not certain, because the good French Fathers whom I had seen in Chekiang were not keen on the distinction.

As a matter of record we met neither at Kiashing. There was nobody at the station, and we hesitated. Had I been alone

I would have "jumped" the accommodation again and starved, because in that whiteless town I could never make a rickshaw man or a chair-carrier understand me. But I had now as companion a past master of the yellow language, and we were soon plunging in rickshaws through the alleys of Kiashing. The pavements were rough but there was no dinner to be jolted out of its place. Occasionally we crossed canal bridges reached by flights of steps more or less short. For the longer flights we dismounted but over the shorter ones our men yanked us up and bumped us down.

It was harrowing, but finally we arrived—at the wrong place. We were not far away, however, and a short run brought us into the Mission compound and in front of a very attractive residence, with which a chapel was combined, all in a simple Italian style of architecture designed by the pastor, Father Asinelli, a native of sunny Italy. There was nobody in sight or within hearing, and the kitchen was as tight as a safety vault. And we had been looking forward to a feast, with the accompaniment of an Irish harp, a Scotch bagpipe, and an American tin-whistle!

Gradually the world within the compound awoke and we learned that the priests, not finding us at the train which we had missed, had themselves gone on to Hangchow. We had just enough time left to make, in Kiashing, the second visit planned—to the Seminary, where the Lazarist Provincial and the professors gave us a brotherly greeting.

That evening we found Father O'Leary, with Father McArdle, a doughty little Scotch priest, waiting for us at the railway station in Hangchow. It seemed strange to hear everybody in that small group hammering his English as to the manner born and I felt that it was the heralding of a new day for English-speaking Catholic priests—a day full of possibilities for the Cause of Christ.

As we were getting ready to leave the station I was asked for my passport and the young Chinese officer made the request in English. I presented the document, which I am quite certain he could not read, and then slapping him on the shoulder I asked, "Where did you get your English?" He

looked at me rather hopelessly and answered, "I do not speak French."

We passed on to a princely welcome from Bishop Faveau and his priests, who had received a telegram from Kiashing and had delayed dinner for us.

A Picnic—no less.

Hangchow is large and, like all Chinese cities, crowded. It is a full half-hour's rickshaw run through alleys teeming with life to the Catholic Mission, the heart of the new vicariate which, like all new vicariates, as with new parishes generally, has already proved the wisdom of a division. Bishop Faveau was formerly in charge of the Mission to which he has returned as Vicar-Apostolic, and his priestly character, his simple life, and generous nature are reflected in the priests associated with him, all to the advantage of the future of Catholicity in that important centre.

We decided to stay over Monday in Hangchow and there was talk of a *peekneek* out on the lake.

China is full of surprises, pleasant and otherwise, and as I was in the hands of my friends, with no guidebook to bother me and nothing particular to see, I resigned myself to the idea that we were going away some distance to a place of local interest. What concerned me was an opportunity to talk with the Bishop and his priests. Of this I was sure.

We started away the next morning, from the open air of the compound into the dark, narrow, crowded streets, but before we had gone many hundred feet we swung into a side lane less obstructed and after a walk of about twenty minutes, *eccolo!*—it was like waking from a nightmare, An extensive lake, dotted with islands backed by hills, lay sparkling in the morning sun before us, and a house-boat had its gilded doors open to receive us. On a little table inside the cabin tea was steaming and peanuts in plenty had opened their shells in anticipation of our coming. The motion of the boat sculled from the rear did not suggest poetry, but we lumbered safely to an island that would make the manager of an American summer resort green with envy. Evidently in the warmer months

this island, with its now untenanted garden-restaurant, has many visitors, but as yet the lake has not been largely exploited.

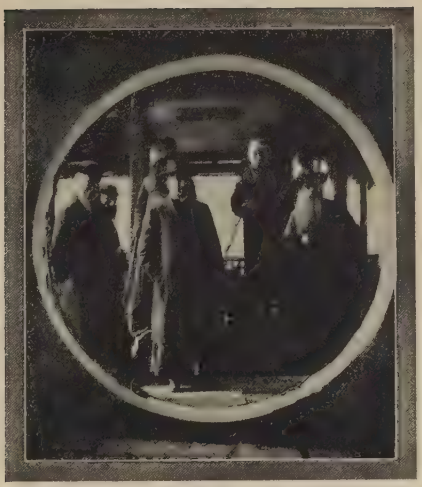
As we climbed to the outlook and enjoyed the wide horizon it was hard to realize that in the harmless-looking extent of low buildings that made up the city across from us there could be such a multitude of human beings and—must we say it?—so much dirt. Will the Chinese as a people ever get into the cleaning habit? Cleanliness we know is often far from godliness, but godliness ought to beget, as one of its flowers, respect for the tabernacles of souls that are immortal and destined to live with God.

We had stepped into a paradise and I went down the quaint rustic steps reluctantly—wondering if we were turning back. The boat swung out again into the lake and headed for another island, coming into collision at one point with a smaller craft that was being very badly rowed by no less important personages than the Bishop's cook and "boy." The plot was thickening—and half an hour later, when we walked over small stone bridges and under bamboo trees into another unoccupied summer house, I was not surprised to find the two oarsmen hard at work over the noonday meal. The table was set as if we were at the Mission. The Bishop, his Vicar-General, and all the priests of the household, together with the English-speaking quartette, made a large company and in every respect the repast was a success.

We loitered about for a while and returning to the city went back to the Mission by a new road that made one feel as if he were on the boulevard of an American city. As China opens its eyes it is beginning to widen its thoroughfares. Light and air introduce other reforms and little by little the old order is changing.

The Return to Shanghai.

We were up next day almost with the Lazarist Fathers, who rise at four o'clock, and our bonny Scotchman came to see us off when Father Fraser, Father O'Leary, and *mesel'* took the train for Shanghai. Father O'Leary's immediate destination was the Consulate office, as he will hereafter be associated with



This circular opening is actually cut out of a cement wall, — a frequently-found means of entrance in China

"An island that would make the manager of an American summer resort green with envy." (*p. 179.*)

THE PICNIC AT HANGCHOW

the Maynooth China Mission and has been asked to gather some of the needful for this good work.

About an hour before its arrival at Shanghai Father Fraser and I left the train at Songkaong to take lunch with Father Lorando, S. J., whose relatives I had met in New York. Father Lorando was at the station and had provided chairs for us. On the way to his house I was particularly impressed with the marked curiosity of the people, some of whom put their faces close to my window to inspect the inmate. Later Father Fraser told me that I was riding in a mandarin chair with four bearers. What sensations I missed by being unconscious of this honor!

Father Lorando is in charge of an extensive district with many priests, European and Chinese, directing small scattered settlements. At the centre he has the usual group of mission buildings, well-kept and filled. Our visit was hurried, as we had to catch a train soon after lunch. On the way to the station we passed a building fronting a small pond. Two little boys were coming out of the gate with fishing rods and Father Lorando told me that they were preparing to be bonzes. I thought of our preparatory school for the priesthood and felt badly to think that these children were not privileged to know the "one true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent."

Getting back to Shanghai is almost like catching a glimpse of America and I had a *homey* feeling as we entered the city.

That afternoon and the next day there were many people to see, passports to be viséed, and other matters to be cleaned up, so that I was busy until Thursday morning, when I left for Hongkong. The steamer was to have sailed at daybreak, but schedules change easily over here and we were notified in advance, so that I was able to say Mass before leaving. Several priests and laymen, together with two of the Marianist Brothers, came to the boat to say good-bye.

Along the China Coast.

The boat was a coasting steamer, freighted with Chinese, horses, sheep, goats, cotton and a hundred other odds and ends. Above this combination were the quarters for European or white passengers and for the officers. There were in all four

staterooms with seven passengers, of whom one was a lady from Australia. The dining-room was identical with the saloon, and the staterooms were off the dining-room, so that we soon fell into the family spirit and the voyage, though somewhat rough, was very restful and agreeable. It lasted from Thursday morning until Monday, but was broken by a stop of fourteen hours at Amoy, in the province of Fokien.

We anchored in the harbor of Amoy and through the kindly offices of a young Portuguese, whose father came for him in a steamer launch, I managed to get ashore, and after a short visit to the home of this Portuguese family I was taken in a sampan to the Cathedral landing. This is as much of Amoy as I saw, except from the steamer.

I soon found myself perplexed. The Bishop was away; the only priest about was old, ill, and in bed; my boat was due to sail at six the next morning, Sunday, and I was anxious to say Mass. I decided to run the risk of bothering several people and the further risk of losing my steamer.

The old priest had intended to limber up for Sunday, so that he was soon in evidence—at least for an hour, during which I met a few venerable nuns, all Spanish Dominicans, as this is a Spanish Mission and under Dominican jurisdiction. Before leaving me the *Padre* rather solemnly placed on the table a ponderous English Catholic Bible, such as book agents once sold on installments in America, and a set of the new Barcelona Encyclopedia, an excellent work, by the way, which I had seen for the first time at the Jesuit School in Tokyo. He then retired and I occupied myself until eight p. m., when three of us, including the *Padre* and a Chinese dog, had dinner.

I was concerned about getting out to my steamer in the morning but was assured that in some way unknown to me I should arrive. The *Padre*, after a serious calculation, decided that the tide would not allow our boat to leave Amoy before six-thirty, but the captain had decided otherwise and I kept six o'clock in view.

My room led out to a balcony, and a blind man might have found it cheerful, but with a good-sized bolt on the balcony door and bars on the window Maryknoll would have the pref-

erence in my choice. I slept that night with one eye open, I believe, and was up at four, ready for Mass before five and on the dock at five-thirty with two "boys," one holding a candle, the other breaking the silence of that Sabbath morn in an effort to arouse some one of many hundred boatmen to whom Sunday meant nothing but who were dead to the world in their respective sampans. Finally one near us responded, stretched himself, and pushed over to the Mission landing. One of the "boys" entered the sampan with me and of this I was glad, because he knew the location of my steamer. All went well for two minutes, when we slid upon a rock and I had an opportunity to make use of some early experience gained under somewhat similar circumstances in canoes.

Twenty minutes later we discoverd the hulk and landing stage of the steamer. In the early twilight I could see the sheep and goats, and they were almost as welcome a sight as the pigs at Maryknoll in November. I clambered up the rope-bound steps, over freight, and ran into the first mate. It was five-fifty-five and twenty minutes later the steamer was on the way to Hongkong. I was thankful to have had the opportunity to say Mass, and thankful to have returned in time. At breakfast the "family" welcomed me "home."

At Home in Hongkong.

The next morning, Monday, as we docked at the foot of the beautiful hill city of Hongkong I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time a priest whom I had long known by correspondence, Père Robert of the Paris Foreign Missions. One of his assistants, Father Ouillon, was with him and soon we were climbing the steeps of Hongkong to 34 Caine Road, the Central Procure for the great Mission Society of France.

As we turned into a delightful but rather neglected old garden and mounted a long flight of steps to a mansion that looked the worse for wear, Father Robert remarked that this had formerly been occupied by the American Consulate. The coincidence was interesting, but after entering I wondered if the stairs were uncarpeted and the walls bare in the Consul's time. I found the spirit of the house delightful and an explanation of its dilapidated

state was given the next day when I was brought to the new Procure in process of erection in a more convenient neighborhood.

Accumulated mail from Maryknoll kept me busy for a while that morning, and I breathed a sigh of relief with a prayer of thanks when no distressing news appeared.

That morning I met another priest, Father Tour, with whom I had been in touch for many years. His home is at Pokfulum, near Hongkong, and his special work is to give retreats to priests and nuns in the various missions. This is a most useful and necessary feature of mission life which is rarely mentioned, although it means considerable expense in the course of a year, as the priests engaged in it must travel long distances.

Maryknoll Mission in Sight.

Before *tiffin* it was my privilege to greet the one man who, with Père Robert, I was most anxious to see—Bishop de Guébriant of Canton. Shortly after the foundation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America I received letters from three Bishops in the foreign missions offering their congratulations, expressing their delight at the prospect of American helpers, and suggesting their own vicariates as possible fields for Maryknoll priests.

The one suggestion from China—the land where we felt we should be most needed—revealed itself in a letter from the then Bishop of Szechuan, Monseigneur de Guébriant.

Later, much against his own desire, Bishop de Guébriant was called by his superiors to Canton, where he found a large field with a personnel of priests reduced to the minimum by the miserable conscription laws of France that oblige even priests on the mission field to give up their work for souls. Before leaving the United States I received, through several sources, a strong intimation that if we so desired, and Rome would approve, we should be welcome to a section of the vicariate of Canton. I had hardly met Bishop de Guébriant before I realized that Maryknoll's first mission in the Orient had been found, and in a few minutes my eyes were on the map of China, riveted to a point marked YEUNGKONG.

"*Over the Peak to Pokfulum*," a haven of rest for the Paris missioners

"*As we docked at the foot of the beautiful hill city of Hongkong.*" (*183.*)

I must confess that I had never heard of the place, a sub-prefecture southwest of Canton on the coast, nor of another sub-prefecture, LOTING, further north, which was to be ours with its two dependencies, WANFO and SILIN. I told Bishop de Guébriant, however, that I could see no reason why, so far as it lay with us, we should not take advantage of his offer, and I arranged to visit him before Christmas at Canton, where he himself went that afternoon.

Visits in Hongkong.

At Caine Road I soon began to realize the activities of Father Robert and his two assistants at the Procure. In ten days they had received or sent away some eighteen visitors, mostly missioners. Requests from the interior for all kinds of material needs came with practically every daily mail; business men of the city were frequently in the reception rooms; and the telephone rang as merrily as in some down-town office in any large city of Europe or America.

The new Procure, which is rapidly nearing completion, will be in every way better adapted to the existing needs than the former house with its spacious corridors and rooms. For its purpose this new Procure has probably the best location in Hongkong—elevated, yet easily accessible from the wharves, and at the same time isolated by a great parade ground on one side and a park on the other. It will have accommodation for a score of missioners and will contain a chapel with several altars, also offices and living rooms. The expense of construction will be met by the sale of the old property.

An early visit on the day after arriving at Hongkong was to Bishop Pozzoni, the first of the Milan missioners whom I had yet met, although I had been anxious to get in touch with some members of the Society whose great kindness Father Price and I had experienced at Milan on our way to and from Rome.

Bishop Pozzoni has all the zeal of a young apostle though he has passed well across the half-century line of life. He was extremely interested in the idea of supplying American Catholic missioners to China and immediately expressed the hope that we would have some men near enough to help him, occasionally

at least, to meet the spiritual needs of English-speaking residents in Hongkong. He himself speaks English and preaches frequently in that language. At the moment, in fact, he had the proof-sheets of a devotional booklet which he then and there asked me to edit.

My visit extended itself far beyond my calculations and at its close I found myself booked for two sermons the following Sunday, one at the Cathedral, the other at St. Joseph's, and for a couple more on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Fortunately for my other work I managed to get away that morning without binding myself further and to keep an engagement with Father Tour for my first visit to Pokfulum.

Over the Peak to Pokfulum.

We made this trip by taking the funicular (the inclined railway) to its terminus on the peak, and walking for about half an hour on a perfectly laid footpath over the mountain, which brought us to the entrance of a large, attractive structure admirably set in a garden of trees and flowers with an outlook to the south over the China Sea. This is one of two buildings owned and occupied by the Paris Society for its several purposes.

The Paris Society, it must be recalled, has until recently had some fourteen hundred priests in Eastern Asia. At Pokfulum, as the district is known to the civil authorities, it has for many years sustained a sanatorium, called *Bethany*, for its invalid and convalescent missioners. Nearby is a retreat house, to which is attached an extensive printing-establishment for the publication of religious books and pamphlets in the several languages used by the peoples to whom the Society had devoted its energies for the past three hundred years. The priests at the retreat house, which is known as *Nazareth*, lead a community life and are occupied in literary labors or in giving retreats, either outside or to missioners who go to Pokfulum expressly for this advantage.

My stay at Pokfulum was all too short, but long enough to realize not only the great need of just such an institution as I found there but also the wisdom shown in the selection of its site. I arranged to return here for a stay of several days so as

to come into closer touch with the possibilities, present and future, of *Nazareth* and *Bethany* as a help to our own young work.

We walked back to the city by a first-class road, stepping aside every few moments at the bidding of clacking automobile horns. Half-way along the line we met a funeral procession that had halted on its way out to give the mourners a chance for refreshment. The corpse, bulked in its matting, had been deposited in the shade by its bearers, who were enjoying their rest and smoke as we passed. From that point on we saw here and there small paper disks, supposed to be money expended by the relatives of the deceased in his honor, if not for his benefit.

The next day, Wednesday, Bishop Pozzoni brought me through what is known as the *Italian Convent*. The name is misleading, as Italian is not the language of the house and the many activities within affect a personnel of some eight hundred, few of whom, except the group of Italian nuns in charge, speak the Italian tongue. These nuns are the Canossian Sisters, whose work I saw for the first time at Hankow. They are bright, enterprising, and zealous—admirable helpers to the good Bishop of Hongkong in his twofold task of propagating the Faith among the heathen and preserving it to the Whites and Eurasians who live in Hongkong.

That day I also visited the American Consul and received the visit of our one Hongkong *Field Afar* paid subscriber. It looks now as if this honor will be shared by others.

At a Chinese Club.

Thursday (the twentieth), after a busy morning a little company of priests, together with Bishop Pozzoni and a few Catholic laymen, met shortly after noon at a Chinese business men's club for a somewhat unusual and very interesting affair that had been prepared by one of Father Robert's many friends for our entertainment.

It was a Chinese dinner, and as the club rooms are not occupied, as a rule, until the evening, we were privileged to make ourselves quite at home. While waiting for the call to arms I stretched myself on one of the deep wooden seats, rested my head on a porcelain brick within reach of which was an

opium pipe that seemed to be common property, and tried to spell the word "comfort," but failed.

I was surprised to be told on this occasion that Chinese business men often discuss important details over the pipe, which, while eventually it deadens, acts often as a mental stimulant. We saw no exhibition, however, and no one of our staid company attempted even a dry smoke.

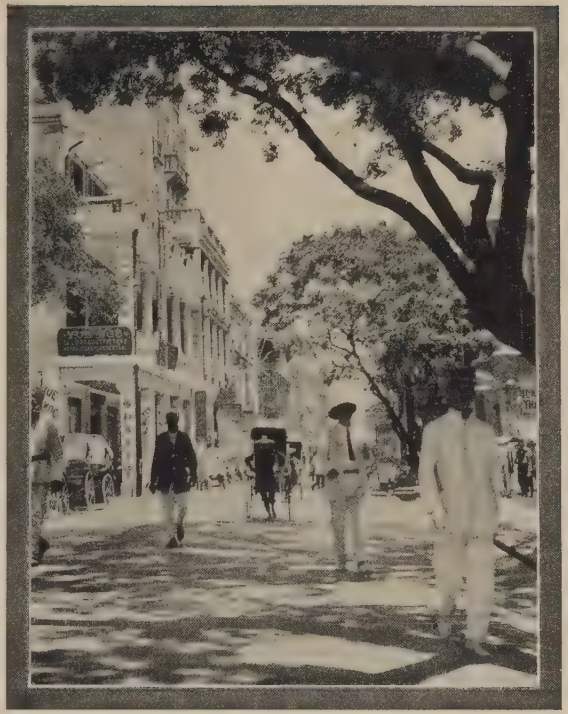
The dissertation on opium was interrupted by the salutation of a Chinese waiter, one of whose eyes was out of sympathy with the other, and after the Bishop's blessing, which gave our host, a pagan, something of a start, we proceeded to dispose of soup in various forms, birds' nests, and other unknown substances, the names of which were given by our host, who also enlightened us, so far as was possible, on the subject of their ingredients. Some one has told me that at a really sumptuous Chinese banquet the number of courses may run into hundreds and continue for days. We had several courses, but ours was a very modest banquet and we left the table at a respectable hour, feeling that we had dined lightly, as becomes good Christians.

The club-room itself was a great square room, evidently hired, and not at all luxurious in its fittings. Our host, a bright young Chinaman who was pleased to speak English, told me that it has about twenty members, all serious and enterprising. He was evidently interested in our prayers before and after the meal and at his request the Bishop explained their significance. It was our return for this man's kindness and may yet mean more than we realize.

One of the laymen present on this occasion told me that he has met not a few pagan Chinese of influence who stated that they would become Catholics without hesitation if they could free themselves from the entanglements produced by polygamy, a state which they had accepted as a matter of course. It would seem to us that where there is a will there is a way, but a Chinese pagan does not get easily into our point of view.

Some Religious Activities.

In Hongkong, besides the *Italian Convent* there is also a *French Convent*, one as much of a misnomer as the other but



A STREET IN HONGKONG

BISHOP POZZONI WITH HIS PRIESTS

both admirable and efficient. These two great institutions meet similar needs and there is evidently room for both.

Until a few years ago the French Convent was installed in quarters altogether inadequate, and the Sisters who directed it—Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres—were at their wits' end until that indefatigable worker, Père Robert, set his practical mind to consider the problem.

There was a factory for sale at a very convenient point for the "French Convent," and suddenly this factory changed hands. It soon also began to change face, because Père Robert was at work on it. The venture was a big one, involving half a million Mexican dollars. Money had to be borrowed, and the good nuns became frightened, a condition of mind that was not improved by unsought counsellors whose heads shook solemnly in disapproval. Father Robert must have had his troubles in those days, but, assured of the Sisters' confidence, he pushed the enterprise through and the institution as planned, and as already largely completed, will be a model settlement.

I visited this place with Père Robert on Friday, the twenty-eighth. It was a rapid run with a busy man through a long extent of buildings accommodating an orphanage, a boarding and day school for girls, a hospital, and dispensary, with several other departments, all well planned and up-to-date but evidently executed with wise economy. Simplicity, solidity, and cleanliness marked this establishment from door to door and its success is already guaranteed. The English Government, too, has recognized its worth and at great expense has turned a marsh-land at one end of the property into a public park, which now gives an attractive outlook from the convent veranda.

Sunday, December 23, was especially fine. The birds were singing, the trees looked particularly green, and the flowers appeared as fresh as in June at home.

I was due to preach at the Cathedral at nine-forty a. m. and before that hour I should go to the police station for a permit to leave the city, because you know we are in war-times.

Fortunately there was no delay at the police station, which opened for this special line of business at nine o'clock, and fortunately, too, the place was near the Cathedral, which I gained

by a long flight of steps just before nine-thirty. As I reached the Bishop's a few minutes later I thought that he would be on the anxious seat, but as a matter of fact he occasioned my late appearance in the pulpit, which I was privileged to occupy about fifteen minutes, when, as directed, I returned to the sacristy, hastily divested myself of the surplice, took a chair whose carriers had already been instructed, and was borne off to the unknown St. Joseph's.

It was only a ten-minute walk and most delightful. Leaving the sacristy, we crossed the length of the Cathedral and passed out into a public highway that traversed a hanging garden looking down on the city and its harbor. St. Joseph's is prettily situated in a retired spot and the congregation—all English-speaking—was entering as I reached the door. The pastor here is of Polish nationality but he speaks English and his heart is Catholic. I saw him only for a few moments after Mass, as I was expected at the Bishop's for dinner.

Among the priests that day at Bishop Pozzoni's table was a venerable Chinese, whose zeal for souls keeps him long hours in the confessional. He recently celebrated his Golden Jubilee and when somebody suggested that he should now take more rest his simple reply was—"No, I am getting near the end and I must try to work harder so as to be well prepared." This good old Chinese priest told me that he was among those who met Théophane Vénard when the young martyr of Tongking, then fresh from the Seminary, arrived at Hongkong.

CHAPTER XIII

A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS

THAT evening towards nine o'clock Father Souvey—one of Father Robert's assistants —and I took the night-boat for Canton, where, as planned months before at Maryknoll, I had hoped to spend Christmas.

The boat was Chinese but the captain was Irish and gave us a proper salute before the craft started. That was the last we saw of his little red face until the next morning, but in the meantime we realized that in spite of that Irish face the atmosphere was genuinely Oriental.

We were directed to go "top side"— which means up to the main deck—and after getting a view of the lighted hill-city as we swung out from the wharf and along the harbor channel we sought the shelter of our cabin. It was not inviting. The berths rested within two inches of the floor and were sheetless. The door would not lock and there was no water in the tank of the washstand. The windows were barred against pilferers.

We were paying, however, in experience and coin, so we turned in with the clothes that carried our valuables, pulled somewhat gingerly a much-used blanket toward our shoulders, and listened to the noise of a small Chinatown in the next cabin until eleven-thirty p. m., when we slumbered.

Half-an-hour later the villainous ticket-takers made their rounds, starting up all kinds of cries and rousing us so thoroughly that sleep gave place to physical exercise for the remainder of the night.

We were steaming slowly towards the city of Canton as I went out on deck at dawn. Red lights floated here and there, marking the channel; and faintly outlined against the still dark sky were the twin towers of the Canton Cathedral, the most beautiful building of its kind in all China.

Two priests were waiting for us—Father Fourquet, the Vicar-General, whom I had met some years before in Paris, and Father Pradel, the Procurator. We clasped hands on the dock and passed our satchels to the domestic, just as we were caught in a

Chinese wedge that tried to force a passage by the custom inspectors. As I swung in front of these two worthies I looked up and faced two brawny red-headed Irishmen. We had just time to exchange what might have been winks, and I joined my companions, marveling again at the wanderlust winds that drive the sons of Erin over the face of this earth.

It was the day before Christmas and even as we vested for Mass preparations had begun for the great festival. That morning, in company with Bishop de Guébriant, I saw the principal works of the compound: the school for catechumens, the orphanage, the Seminary, and the Sacred Heart College, all very promising, especially the well-housed Seminary and the large College, to both of which I will probably make allusion later.

There are Little Sisters of the Poor at Canton—not many yet, because their present house is small and they are waiting and praying for something much larger. They will certainly get what they want and their eyes are already on the desired property. Doubtless they have managed to stow away a few statues of their favorite saints in some corner of the place, so as to make sure that no one else will get it; for of such is the faith of Little Sisters—the faith of children, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

And the Chinese themselves, Catholics and pagans, will pay for the new property, because these Little Sisters of Canton, among whom, by the way, are two Irish nuns, know that city, in some respects at least, better than General Lung of the army or the chief of the Kwangtung bandits. Not that Little Sisters should be classed with military leaders or robbers, but they certainly have a way of finding out "who's who" when it is a question of getting something for God and for "the old people."

The Midnight Mass.

It was nearing midnight on Christmas Eve. The arousing signals had been given and as there was yet time I went out to the balcony on which my room opened.

The calm light of the moon fell on the splendid church whose buttressed apse and west transept were discernible now,

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CANTON

THE BUND IN CANTON AT ITS LEAST BUSY MOMENT

even in their details. Between the church and the Bishop's house the path was outlined by a wealth of flowers in bloom, all ready in their own settings to contribute their beauty to the great feast. Looking at the church I marveled here, as I had so often, at the skill and courage of pioneer missioners. The Cathedral at Canton, which is a monument to the generosity of French people, especially to Napoleon III, was designed and its erection was supervised by a former bishop of this vicariate. The rearing of the structure in a strange land, by hands trained exclusively to things Oriental, at a period when Catholics—still few—were practically without representation in the city, was nothing short of boldness.

High in one of the tall and graceful spires the deep-toned bell began to ring joyously, and through the trees beyond the gateway I could see the Chinese Christians already flocking to Mass.

We of the Bishop's household were to be somewhat scattered that holy night. Bishop de Guébriant himself had elected to offer his own Mass in the chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a few minutes walk away from the compound; Father Fourquet was due at the convent, also outside of the Mission enclosure; Father Pradel, the Procurator, was expected at Shameen, the island-concession where Europeans and Americans live in greater safety—and comparative isolation. The Cathedral Mass was my assignment and I went in to vest.

The church was aglow with life and light. Great lanterns, gorgeous in color, swung in their places the whole length of the nave. The usual scant supply of electricity was supplemented by some especially strong light effects, produced by gasoline, or possibly acetylene lamps, that were sizzling an accompaniment to the vocal prayers of the assembled worshippers.

The lower half of the church was already well filled with pantalooned mothers and their daughters, while the upper portion, habitually reserved for men and youths, was being occupied by these lords who, clad in their best dresses, sauntered in through the transept doors.

As the great bell rang out again in wild joy it was followed by an explosion of fire-crackers, and I wondered what the tens

of thousands of Chinese pagans who had been sleeping quietly within ear-shot knew or thought of this anniversary so precious to every Christian. Would any of them hasten that night with the shepherds to Bethlehem?

Around me were standing, in quiet dignity, a half-dozen priests, mostly Chinese, and a score of well-trained, neatly-dressed altar boys. How strong the contrast between their lively faith and the deadening superstitions that abounded outside this sacred enclosure! How near is Christ to these millions who know Him not!

The signal was given and we moved slowly to the altar. From an organ outside and near the sanctuary came a sweet prelude well played, and in a few moments Mass, a simple low Mass, had begun.

There was music during the service, and I recall hearing the familiar strains of *Noel*, which I afterwards learned had been sung by the seminarians. I also recall immediately after the Consecration another explosion of fire-crackers, that ran merrily for a few minutes and finished as if a bomb had exploded in the church vestibule. It was not startling, however. On the contrary, as I realized the motive, it was as solemn as the "present arms" of a company of soldiers before the Blessed Sacrament.

But best of all, that night, was the picture of Chinese men, women, and children who, not content with seeing and adoring the Divine Babe swaddled in the accidents of Bread, came to tabernacle Him in their own bodies. Two priests gave Holy Communion steadily until after a second Mass had been finished.

The Canadian Sisters.

My third Mass of Christmas day was celebrated at seven o'clock in the convent chapel, outside the Mission compound. In planning to arrive at Canton for Christmas I had included the intention of saying this Mass, because, for several reasons, I had become interested in the community of Sisters at Canton.

In the first place, I had known personally their founder, the late Abbé Bourassa of Montreal. Again, although not from the States, the Sisters are Americans and a new congregation trying out their apostolic zeal for the first time on the soil of

"High in one of the tall and graceful spires the deep-toned bell began to ring joyously." (*p. 193.*)

"Between the church and the Bishop's house the path was outlined by a wealth of flowers in bloom." (*p. 193.*)

China. Finally, one of the first members of *The Field Afar* clerical staff, Miss Mary Donovan, had joined this community and was actually Sister Mary Angeline of Canton.

I managed with some difficulty to get to the right alley that led into the large grounds occupied by the Sisters. A few of the convent school boarders, who had come from their homes for the Midnight Mass and had feared to return, represented one branch of the Sisters' activities here, but at Mass there were also the orphans and the native nuns.

The Maryknoll Field Afar.

At Hongkong I had told Bishop de Guébriant that so far as I could see we of Maryknoll would accept his offer—under authorization, of course, as required, of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. I had no further comment now to make and nothing more to ask for, as I had reason to place the most complete confidence in the judgment and disinterestedness of the Bishop of Canton. There remained only to draw up an agreement which should be forwarded to Rome, and Bishop de Guébriant set himself without delay to prepare the document.

I thought much that day of Maryknoll's future field.

From several points of view it is not attractive. It lies in the south of China, where everybody swelters in the summer months. The entire province has been and is yet upset through political conditions which seem to become more and more hopelessly involved. On the sea-coast, along which one portion of the Mission extends, and on the West River, its northern boundary, there are many pirates; while in the interior bandits have been allowed to go even to the extremes of burning villages, shooting their fellowmen, and looting everything they could lay their hands on. The Mission contains not one considerable city, and has at present only a thousand Christians scattered among a million heathen. Even this thousand is an outside calculation, and probably exaggerated, because since the European war began no priest could be spared to watch this portion of the vineyard. Picking up from my desk the report of the vicariate for the preceding year, I read its concluding paragraph:

"Numerous troops raised to defend the Republic continued to operate on their own account. They held the country districts, pillaging at will. Nearly all of the mission-districts suffered from these soldiers—and some of the priests ran real dangers. On July 4, 1916, the Christians at Lantung were attacked and seven were killed."

And Lantung lies in Maryknoll's new Mission! "Not altogether encouraging," I admitted to myself as I read, but such conditions must be faced without hesitation by Catholic missioners; and the more I thought of it the more I felt convinced that the priests of Maryknoll would be stimulated rather than discouraged by the prospect. The future is in God's hands. Out of chaos He can bring order. Weak instruments He can use to accomplish great things. May He find in our pioneers apostolic hearts beating in unison with His, and in their quest for souls may they be mindful above all things of His greater Glory!

At ten o'clock Christmas morning there were more firecrackers ushering in the Pontificial Mass, at which Bishop de Guébriant officiated, assisted by some of his priests and the native seminarians. The ceremony was quite perfect in detail, the church was again well filled, and the choir added to a well-rendered Mass by Dumont the indispensable and home-calling *"Adeste, Fideles."* One of the teaching-Brothers is organist here, and another supplemented this instrument on Christmas Day with the strong yet pleasing tones of a French horn.

After Mass, as I passed into the house, many of the people were waiting to salute the Bishop, and among them I found a returned San Franciscan, Mr. Lo Tai Ching, who had reared his family of seven in the States and whose daughter knows English, as the proud father remarked, better than any Chinese girl in Canton. Mr. Lo was pleased to learn that on the way over I had met Father Bradley of San Francisco, for whom the Catholic Chinese in that city have a high regard.

When the Bishop was free I went to his room. There, in presence of Father Fourquet, the Vicar-General, and Father Souvey, who had come with me to Canton, after a prayer to the Holy Ghost, we signed the agreement by which, so far as it

lay in the power of either and both of us, the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America should be entrusted with its first Mission*, that of YEUNGKONG and LOTING in the province of Kwangtung.

A little later the contract was on its way to Rome and a cablegram went over seas announcing to all at Maryknoll the glad tidings that a field had been found. It was the Christ Child's gift to our young Society. May we put it to the best possible use and prove worthy of the responsibility which its possession will carry!

That afternoon I went with the Bishop and a few priests to Shameen, where I had an opportunity to preach in English to the little congregation. Shameen is like a small island park and the Catholic church there is picturesque in itself and in its setting. I had heard some confessions here the previous evening. Most of the English-speaking Catholics in Shameen are of Portuguese descent.

I had a feeling of great relief that day. It recalled an emotion experienced in Rome when, on the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911, in his own apartment the late saintly Cardinal Gotti gave to our young Society its commission and bade it start on its task. I went to rest happy and thankful.

A Cheerful Cemetery.

An after-Christmas excursion was planned for Thursday, the twenty-seventh. It was designed to give me a glimpse of a small Christian settlement, also to try out my skill again in the manipulation of chopsticks. The Bishop was detained at the last moment, but three of us started off to pass a few pleasant hours at the Mission alluded to, which, so far as I could learn, bore only the cheerful name of *CEMETERY*.

One of the three, Father Pradel, was until the war in charge of this Mission. He had, in fact, established it and his heart was still there. Cemetery jokes have no effect on the genial Father and proximity to a City of the Dead seems to have added to his own life and liveliness.

We took rickshaws to the West Gate of the city and after a quarter of an hour's walk found ourselves away from houses

and well in the country. Leaving the main highway, we followed a footpath that went in and out among mounds of dead, until I began to wonder, as I have often, indeed, since my arrival in China, where those who are under ground found room above it. The more serious reflection, however, concerned the vast horde—millions upon millions—who had passed through life out into eternity with no appreciation of the one true God and of Jesus Christ, His Son and Message-Bearer.

It is said that a soul leaves this earth every second. Figure it out and note the result in that calculation:

In one minute	60
In one hour 60 *X* 60	3,600
In one day 3,600 *X* 24	86,400
In one year 86,400 *X* 365	31,536,000

souls finish their period of test and go to God for judgment. And if, as we are assured, China contains one-fourth of all the people of this earth, there are nearly eight millions of Chinese bodies to be disposed of yearly—and eight million Chinese immortal souls to be judged. Yet we are sometimes cautioned that there is no need to hasten with world-evangelization, we should occupy ourselves unceasingly with those who already know Christ, until the golden age shall come when our present charges shall be saints,—then we may turn to the heathen.

We were approaching Father Pradel's Mission. As he pointed out his church, dominating the little village, I nearly stumbled over a rough plank that served as a bridge to cross a paddy-ditch, and my attention was called to the fact that this board had been appropriated from some one of the multitudinous coffins stalled in the surrounding fields.

We were now meeting along the line Christians, whom one can almost invariably distinguish. The faces of these simple country people light up with the friendliest kind of smile when they meet the priest. They utter some words of welcome, usually in the form of a prayer, and without either embarrassment or boldness converse with their spiritual father just as long as he desires.

'A practical arrangement — the combination of chapel and missioner's house." (*p. 199*)

"The faces of these simple country people light up with the friendliest kind of smile when they meet the priest." (*p. 198.*)

There was a stir as we reached the settlement, and from various corners human life began to appear. In spite of its name and its proximity to graveyards this little Christian hamlet is quite attractive, with its score of homes flanked by a large pond and guarded by the missioner's house, which serves at the same time as the House of God.

Into the chapel we entered with the people, all of whom, after the *Angelus* and a few other prayers had been recited, followed us outside. They were curious to know where such a freakish-looking individual as I came in—without cassock or beard. America meant nothing to these countrymen, but they were satisfied when they learned that I was a priest.

While mutual observations were in progress a woman who seemed to be queen of the hive put in an appearance and, after reverently saluting Father Pradel, raised her voice to a pitch that silenced even the babes and poured out in an indignant tone large volumes of Chinese, until I began to fear for my host. Later I understood that some local authority had been trying to clip this queen bee's wings by some injustice, real or imagined, and she was anxious to let Father Pradel know how matters stood.

The dinner that day was Chinese up to and including the chopsticks. The menu had been carefully painted by the catechist's brush and faithfully executed by the cook. The parishioners looked in from time to time to enjoy the spectacle and the Chinese curate was the silent hero of the occasion.

I recall what struck me as a practical arrangement in this little Christian settlement—the combination of chapel and missioner's house. The chapel was on the ground floor, as were also the reception and dining rooms of the priest. Above were two bedrooms and a living-room and from his living-room the priest could enter the gallery of the chapel. This gave him easy access to the Blessed Sacrament and an almost constant guard over It.

As we were returning that afternoon and reached the West Gate we skirted the grim walls of a prison, and at the suggestion of my companions we turned into a settlement of lepers. Undoubtedly I had passed, without observing, more than one leper

in the streets of China, but here I caught my first conscious glimpse of leprosy and its ravages.

There were about fifty unfortunates settled at this point, all apparently with no organized means of subsistence. They were squatted or lying on the stone pavements, or walking aimlessly about. Evidently our approach surprised them and they regarded us curiously, but when one of our group, yielding to the importunities of a rotting, shivering mortal, gave him the price of a blanket (he had no covering and the nights are cold), the whole settlement awoke and it was with real difficulty that we finally escaped from the pleadings of the others and from contact with their festering hands.

There are many respectable Chinese today who believe that these and all other lepers have no further right to life and should be despatched by government authority. It is a fact well-authenticated that quite recently, in spite of the offer of a Catholic Bishop to care for them, a large group of these unfortunate victims were actually burned to death by the order of a local mandarin. We left these lepers at the West Gate and a few days later, at Sheklung, I had a beautiful object lesson of compassion for the leper exercised by the followers of Christ.

Nearing the city we walked east, so that I might get some idea of the extensive Protestant settlements at Canton. I remarked a large group of comfortable-looking residences, many tennis-courts, several large buildings, and a rather insignificant church. My companions could give me scant information about the activities represented by this outlay and I had no immediate opportunity to become enlightened on the subject. I know, however, that in this province of Kwangtung Protestants have an unusually large personnel at work.

That day, on returning, I found a portly Chinaman in frock-coat and trousers, who speaks English and who had come to pay his respects to the American priest. This man, though still young, is a widower. He is a graduate of the Sacred Heart College and an exemplary Catholic. He expressed to me his desire to give as much of his time to charity as his necessary duties would permit.

On Father Conrardy's Leper Island at Sheklung.

Sheklung is the name of a railway station on the line from Hongkong to Canton—a run of about an hour and a half from Canton, if you are lucky enough to be on the express and if there is no revolution in progress.

Through Sheklung runs one of the streams of a delta, and, looking eastward from the car-window, an interested passenger might discern, a mile away, an island with white houses standing among growing trees. It is the leper colony of Sheklung, the largest institution of its kind in China, if not in the world.

Many American Catholics—bishops, priests, nuns, and the laity—will recall Father Conrardy, the priest who founded this excellent work. Father Conrardy, like Father Damien, was a Belgian by birth. He had known Father Damien and had lived with him in Molokai, with the result that he became engrossed with one idea—the spiritual and material welfare of lepers. In the United States Father Conrardy studied medicine to fit himself the better for his future task. He gathered alms in many countries, attracting friends by the breadth of his charity and repelling others, who might have been good benefactors, by an unfortunate lack of tact that was one of the defects of his qualities.

There were some who, failing to see the apostle in this man, suspected and frowned on him, but his singleness of purpose carried him through great trials, and on this little island near Sheklung he poured out his gatherings, denying himself the simplest comforts so that his beloved lepers might have all. He purchased as much of the island as he could afford, built shacks, and brought from the highways all the outcasts that he could accommodate. Then he so impressed the Chinese authorities with his willingness to extend his charity that an allowance—a paltry one, not much more than five cents a day for the support of each victim—was made, and with a guard of soldiers in continuous residence the new settlement came under police protection, houses were built and opened, and the number of inmates ran quickly into hundreds.

A young French priest was found to assist the veteran—and not a moment too soon, because God accepted the sacrifice of Father Conrardy, who, within a short period after the more

complete establishment of his excellent work, was called to his reward.

A Young Priest's Sacrifice.

I went to Sheklung on Friday, December 28, in company with Father Nicouleau, the priest in charge of the Sheklung mission, which extends on a radius of several miles.

Father Conrardy's successor, Father Deswazierès, met us at the station, and after leaving Father Nicouleau at his home, took me immediately to the river-bank, where the lazaretto sampan was waiting for us with three of the stronger lepers ready to carry us to our destination. As we walked towards the boat I asked Father Deswazierès for information about Protestant work for lepers at Sheklung, as I had received from one of their reports an impression that it was co-extensive with his own. He told me that there is, in fact, another leper establishment in Protestant hands about nine miles from Sheklung. It has from one hundred to one hundred and fifty inmates and the minister in charge, who lives six miles away from it, visits the asylum once or twice a month.

The lepers held the boat steady for us as we entered the little cabin, curtained by the Sisters with cheap cloth, and we were soon out in the stream making headway against the strong current. I could look into the swollen faces of two lepers rowing in the bow of the boat and I did so with more interest than repugnance, but I soon turned my full attention to the animated little priest who sat in the cabin with me. Fathers Damien and Conrardy were of Flemish stock. This young priest was French from the Flemish border and he appeared more Flemish than French. Still young and fair of complexion, he resembles much an American physician who had been one of my boyhood schoolmates and in adult years, until his death, a kind friend. My heart warmed to this young priest as he glowed over his difficult and apparently disagreeable mission, eulogizing his predecessor and speaking highly of all under his care, a family that numbers more than twelve hundred.

It took us fully half an hour to make the first landing, at a separate island reserved for leprous women and girls. Some

Priests' house Chapel Watch-tower Houses for men lepers

Sisters' house Chapel Houses for women lepers

THE ISLANDS OF FATHER CONRARDY'S LEPER SETTLEMENT AT SHEKLUNG

soldiers were on duty here, near the Sisters' house. They had just arrived for the night-watch, to give a protection that is quite necessary as the river is pestered with pirates. The Sisters, four in number, belong to the order founded at Montreal under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, some of whose members I had already met at Canton. One of the four, a former Superioress, had stayed at Maryknoll. The actual Superioress is related to a well-known Sulpician priest in Montreal who has from the beginning been interested in all that happens at Maryknoll, and I was immediately at home.

Our stay, however, was brief as we planned to say Mass here the next morning and also to inspect then this section of the settlement. So our leper rowers took up their oars again, and after another twenty minutes we had received the salute of the sentry on the main island and passed into the home of my companion and his assistant, a devoted Chinese priest. It was now dark, too dark to see anything of the lepers, and when the oil lamp was lighted we sat down to dinner and later to the luxury of Filipino cigars.

The little Chaplain yielded his room to me that night. As he would not have it otherwise I was forced to accept—and I made good use of his straw mattress, a red blanket, and a Chinese comfortable, all serene under a mosquito net.

Before turning in I went out on the balcony that runs around three sides of the house, a commodious one but not too well-arranged for ordinary comforts. Banana trees had been planted near the residence to give it shade, but I could see through the branches the lepers' shacks and their chapel, only a few hundred feet away. I had heard the poor sufferers reciting their prayers after their own evening meal, but now all was silent and dark. I wondered how many of these hundreds were awake and, if so, what were their thoughts. The river sparkled as I looked out upon it. How clear and pure it seemed under the stars! And how striking the contrast with the festering bodies so near! And yet—there were many souls among these hundreds cleaner and purer in God's sight than were those passing running waters to the eyes of man.

I heard the measured step of the sentry keeping his night

watch. And then I remarked another's footfall. It was the little Father, saying his rosary on the opposite balcony.

When I went back into the room I looked about. Some books and letters on the table, and a few prints on the wall, with a couple of chairs, a wardrobe, and the bed, completed the furnishing. I felt like an intruder but I knew that I was welcome.

What was my host praying for that night? For his lepers, doubtless. For his family, too, in all probability, because he had told me that his parents still lived—at least he hoped that such was the case, but he did not know since the occupation of his native town by his country's enemy. Perhaps, also, he was praying for his own perseverance in this everlasting struggle between nature and grace. Earlier in the evening he had said to me, "I must spend my life here. For one reason, I should not be wanted elsewhere, because I am so closely identified with lepers and leprosy."

God bless and preserve the devoted young Chaplain at Sheklung! And God be merciful to the apostolic founder of this really great work!

A Morning Among the Outcasts.

It was yet dark and quite cold when we awoke the next morning. I dressed quickly and went out on the balcony, but the Chaplain was already ahead of me, pacing and making his meditation preparatory to Mass. As we were leaving the house he picked up a blanket and at the same time threw over his cassock a light-colored jacket that looked as if it had been discarded by some friend of the institution. The blanket was for our knees, to be used in the sampan, which on this occasion was a hired one propelled by an old woman who, with her pet grandson, kept house in it habitually. The grandson remained asleep while we were crossing the river.

Mass was attended by practically all the leprous women and children, several of whom received Holy Communion. At the same hour on the principal island Mass was being offered for the men by the Chinese priest.

That morning I visited in detail both branches of the lazaretto.

Among the women there did not seem to be many ugly cases, and the general atmosphere was one of gayety rather than sadness. Some little children played about as if their blood were pure and life had long years of joy in store for them. Others worked, even with disfigured hands, a few at silk looms, more in the ordinary housekeeping occupations.

The men were quartered in divisions, each division managing its own house and each working-patient receiving for his labor in the fields or elsewhere a small remuneration, from which he was free to purchase tobacco and special articles of wear.

Many, as we passed about, were washing their own sores; some were ministering to others; and in the dispensary there was a line of men and boys each waiting patiently his turn for an application and dressing, given under the direction of a Sister and her assistant who came over every morning to the men's settlement for this particular service.

The scene was striking but, again, not depressing. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and these poor creatures are not without their consolations. A few are outcasts from well-to-do families but most of them have never had much comfort in life. Here they are fed, clothed, and nursed, with no responsibilities to bear. Their pains are not, as a rule, intense, and they do not seem conscious of their misery or of their exile. Relatives and friends are free to visit them, but rarely do so, and home ties break quickly when one experiences such lack of consideration from kith and kin. It is true that these lepers are virtually prisoners, but faith with God's grace makes them free and I really believe that there is little unhappiness among them.

The Chaplain at one point presented a man who had lived in San Francisco. Simply and in fairly good English he told me his story. He had contracted both leprosy and the opium habit. Arrested, he was sent to Sheklung—a pagan as well as an outcast. "I thought," he said, "that the Father was hard not to let me have some opium, but now I know that he was kind. The soldiers would have kept me in a cell for a long time but the Father had me out in a few days. He gives us rice and clothes and tobacco and we like him very much. I wonder if I can get

to Heaven. The Father has told me all about it and says that I can, but I have been bad in my life. I hope I can go to Heaven."

The man spoke directly from his heart, and I left him deeply touched with his simple faith and grateful that the charity of Christ had fallen on these unfortunates, practically all of whom ask for Baptism and die in the Faith. As we rowed by a long stretch of land when I was leaving the little Chaplain told me that there are five hundred bodies there. "It is good to feel," he added, "that their souls were made ready for God."

I was glad to have seen Sheklung.

Visits in Canton.

I dropped into a Protestant book-store one day while in Canton. It is on the main street that runs by the river and not far from one of the many gilded fronts over which appears in bold letters and in English the sign:

FIRST-CLASS GAMBLING HOUSE

There were on the shelves some useful books, and others, on the subject of "Roman Catholicism," that had earmarks of unfriendly critics. It is a pity that Protestantism is so often represented in the mission-field by the type that requires anti-Catholic doses to stimulate what brain power it possesses.

And it is a greater pity that prejudice is injected into the Orientals who come under the influence of bigoted so-called Christians. It does not benefit the victims and I doubt much if it has any serious effect on Catholic propaganda. However, at times it doubles the labor of the Catholic missioner who, when he comes in contact with inquiring Protestants, must destroy before he can build. This process results sometimes, as a compensation, in solid conversions.

Sunday, the thirtieth of December, I said Mass at the Little Sisters' Home, and, notwithstanding the fact that the house had formerly been the residence of a well-to-do Chinaman and that all the inmates were Chinese, it seemed as if I were back in a chapel of the Little Sisters in the United States, where I had offered the Holy Sacrifice hundreds of times. The "Good-Mother" was as French as those whom I had known so well; there were also two Irish Sisters, and the old people looked as if

Father Conrardy serving his beloved lepers

Father Chau Father Deswazières

THE HEROIC PRIESTS OF SHEKLUNG

they might belong to any nationality. The altar and sacristy were simple and immaculate as usual.

That afternoon I gave Benediction at the convent, and I began to realize that Canton was fast becoming a home for Maryknoll when the Sisters from their poverty offered us necessary articles of worship for our first Mission.

The Maryknoll-in-China Guide.

The next day was marked by a visit to Father Gauthier, whom Bishop de Guébriant has kindly appointed to guide our first missioners. Father Gauthier is a veteran missioner. He was originally French, but is now Chinese to the backbone and would rather have a pair of chopsticks than a knife and fork, a bowl of rice in preference to a French loaf. He knows Yeung-kong, our future mission-field, and it has a warm corner in his heart—so warm that, brusque man as he is, I noticed when I first met him that he wiped away a tear while he was describing to me the present condition of its Christian settlements.

On Monday the Bishop accompanied me to this zealous priest's house. To reach it we took one of the thousands of sampans that line the banks of the Canton River. A woman and her daughter, one at each end, guided the bark safely to the other side, and not far from the landing-place we soon found ourselves inside of a small hired Chinese house where Father Gauthier keeps his simple bed and his pet chopsticks.

After "chow," which was eaten under the observation of occasional visitors, we were escorted by an excellent Christian (a retired architect) to a spot which the Bishop was anxious to see—the burial place of several early missioners, members of religious orders, whose names were yet inscribed upon a stone that stood isolated on a dreary-looking plot which had the appearance of a common dump. If the graves can be purchased the Bishop will doubtless try to safely enclose these precious remains and keep them from profanation. Otherwise an attempt will probably be made later to remove the remains and the stone. A small inquisitive group grew every moment during our inspection, and when we had finished we bared our heads and said aloud the *De Profundis*, to the further wonderment of the bystanders.

At Father Gauthier's little chapel, not far distant, we received a courteous welcome from the catechist and his family, among whom was a newly-arrived daughter-in-law who, clad for the occasion in her marriage-dress, made obeisance to the Bishop with a dignity and a modesty that would have befitted the court of a Catholic king.

To Macao.

I passed New Year's day at Canton and spent a good portion of the morning, after a formal salutation of the Bishop, at Shameen, trying to get my passport viséed by the Portuguese Consul as I was bound for Macao. Offices were tightly closed and everybody seemed to be vying with his neighbor in extending hospitality. After dodging enough health-wishing ingredients to make a well man ill I managed to get my documents importantly sealed with a sprawling Portuguese stamp, and the next day, Wednesday, I left by steamer for Macao—a run of about seven hours.

There were very few passengers and I was the only white man. An ambitious young Chinese clad in his best brocaded silk coat appeared friendly and I saluted him in English. He looked hard at me, smiled, and walked away. After three minutes he returned, his face beaming, and said, "This is a beautiful day," which I admitted. He then gazed at me for a minute and took another walk. Five minutes later he came, pointed to the river, and said, "Water." I tapped gently his silken shoulders and answered "You're a wonder!" which seemed to please him although he did not understand.

At noon I was called to *tiffin*, and the Chinese youth sat opposite, to watch me eat and to try his luck at the English words for knife, fork, tablecloth, and so forth. By this time the boat was dancing a little and suddenly, as I looked up, I saw that my friend's face was beginning to change color. For his good—and, I may add, for my own—I insisted that a lying posture in the cabin provided for such comfort would be a wise precaution. I did not see him again.

At Macao I found on the wharf several Portuguese priests who spoke English very well. They included the Vicar-General and the Bishop's secretary, with a professor from the Seminary, and

it was arranged that I should pay my respects at once to the Bishop and then spend the night at the Seminary.

Macao is quite delightful, but it is rather a bit of Portugal invaded by Chinese than a pagan city in the Orient with a negligible group of Catholics in one spot. Macao is an island owned by Portugal these many years and rich in substantial churches with silver-faced altars and valuable furnishings. The Macaoists are descendants of Portuguese, in whom there is frequently a mixture of the Asiatic. Full-blooded Chinese Catholics also are in Macao, ministered to by Chinese priests.

Bishop de Azevedo e Castro was most gracious and showed special interest in our new Mission, into which happens to be wedged a portion of his own vicariate which separates the two districts where we hope to send our men. He smiled an acquiescence when I told him that we desired the privilege of occasionally walking across this strip of territory.

The Seminary at Macao, where I spent the night, is a very extensive building that houses not only seminarians, who are few in number, but students of earlier age preparing for various walks in life. I did not meet many of the students, as they were on their holidays. The professors are bright and, as a rule, comparatively young. Many of them speak English, which is taught in the school as the language is in quite common use by Macaoists who may be found all along the coast of Eastern Asia.

As my stay in Macao was to be short, the Vicar-General took me under his guidance the next morning and, with the aid of rickshaws supplemented by an automobile, I saw the greater part of the settlement, including several churches and the establishment of the Salesian Fathers, who are developing here an industrial school.

The Bishop of Macao has a rather unusual field. Besides Macao and other islands occupied by Portuguese or their descendants he has spiritual jurisdiction over the field just mentioned in China, for the cultivation of which he has been obliged to secure, in addition to his secular priests, Jesuits and Salesians. Priests from Macao also give occasional retreats to the Portuguese-speaking in the larger cities of the Far East.

CHAPTER XIV

MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSION

EVERY day two steamers run from Macao to Hongkong. Mine left early Thursday afternoon, the third, and I found a corner near a group of Macaoists and Chinese, who grew more quiet as the steamer's movement developed.

I arrived at the Paris Procure in time for the evening meal, which was interrupted by a messenger who came to tell Father Robert that the city of Canton was being bombarded by General Lung. The news seemed alarming, but with long experience Father Robert was not inclined to take it too seriously. However, there are always possibilities and we realized that the beautiful church, with the good Bishop and faithful priests, is not far from the water-line at Canton.

I too, was anxious, as my program called for a return trip to Canton on Sunday. In the meantime I was nursing a heavy cold and had to look forward to a "Prayer for Peace" sermon to be preached in Hongkong by royal request on Sunday itself, which coincided with the Feast of the Epiphany.

We learned by the papers next morning that no great damage had been done at Canton, that the Cantonese had been "too proud" to return fire, and that the attacking squadron had withdrawn.

I managed to pull through at the Cathedral and St. Joseph's on Sunday, and after an Epiphany dinner at the Procure, where I met again the Bishop and his priests and the several other Catholic mission Procurators of Hongkong, I took a train for Canton, arriving a little late, but at a reasonable hour.

Early the next morning, Monday, January 7, Father Gauthier and I, accompanied by a domestic loaded with bedding and our two bags, started out for our first missionary journey in the new Maryknoll Mission-field. It was a memorable experience, at least for my poor self who, during a quarter of a century, had been coddled as a priest in civilized lands.

We swung quietly into the alley streets of Canton and I followed the long strides of Father Gauthier, not knowing

MACAO

"A bit of Portugal invaded by Chinese." (*p. 209.*)

where or how we were to travel, and whispering to myself in a very husky voice, "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."

Suddenly we emerged into the broad street that lines the river bank; then, dodging rickshaws, chairs, coolies, and dogs, I managed to keep Father Gauthier in view until he disappeared in a side alley. I looked down the centre, then to right and left, but there was no trace of the black cassock or the shovel hat or the goatee. Then I realized that we were at a railway office, and our next move, a quick one, was across the crowded thoroughfare, up a gangplank to a steamer, just as it was about to leave.

A quarter of an hour's sail brought us to a very respectable railway terminal, and we were soon on our way to the end of the line, only a few hours distant. The line seemed to end in a wilderness but this does not mean that there was no one to meet us. Coolies again, innumerable, women and girls, men and boys, all crying at us, each trying to gain attention!

Father Gauthier engaged a man to relieve our young domestic, whom we call *Chin* for short. *Chin* is the "last word" in his own line. He has the honorable position of *Boy No. 1* to the household of a Chinese parish priest and with his best tire, white socks, and leather shoes he had been loaned to us for the journey.

Chin released his load and looked down with an air of superiority on the lowly being who was arranging a bamboo pole so as to balance the bedding with our bags, and in a moment we were following a chattering crowd over a road-less waste towards a walled city, about half a mile to the east. This is Samshui, a not over-clean collection of Chinese alleys, which we hastened through until we reached a maze of floating homes, that have neither street nor number but manage to keep on the surface of the West River. Then, after our baggage and ourselves had been deposited in a sampan, there was a wrangle. Father Gauthier and a Chinese matron were the active participants and the "Chink" language went flying in chunks from both sides, to the delight of a half-hundred sampan idlers. It was all about a couple of cents, and is not at all an unusual occurrence. My companion later assured me that

neither side was angry, that he did not mind losing a few coppers, but that he wished to protect the next white man—who might be himself.

Finally we got away and were sculled into the heart of a veritable flotilla of sampans, all bound for the steamer that lay anchored in dignity, awaiting the usual avalanche of passengers whose combined coins make possible the service here. We chop-stuck our chow on this steamer in company with an insurance agent, who, after smiling several times, informed me that we had traveled together the previous day from Hongkong. This gentleman, like all of his race, had many questions to ask, but he kept off his own line of business and was very agreeable.

The Half-Way House.

Shiuhing, about fifty miles up the river from Samshui, was our immediate objective and we reached it towards the middle of the afternoon. A walk of fifteen minutes, through more dark, damp, and crowded alleys, brought us to the Mission occupied by the Jesuits, who recently purchased a large tract of land which will before many years be very attractive and useful. The priests here, with the exception of one Chinese (a bright young man who has studied in Europe and speaks Italian, Portuguese, and French), and one Spaniard, are Portuguese, all working under the direction of the Bishop of Macao. The house, designed to serve later as a home for the domestics, is small, but hospitality was freely extended to us and we prepared to spend the night at this quiet and well-ordered spot.

It was not to be, however. We were on our way to our own Mission, and the boat that we should take might leave at any moment in the very early morning. Nobody seemed able to give definite information and it was decided to send out a committee of inquiry while Father Lucas, a former Superior here, who speaks English very well, would take me for a visit to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

On the way to the convent Father Lucas took me into a few shops to give me an idea of local industries. Most interesting was some delicate work in a very beautiful marble, which, if superstition could be abolished and enterprise cultivated, could

1. Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Shiuhing
2. Father Gauthier with our Jesuit hosts
3. A river-landing of stone steps

be quarried with excellent returns. As it is, I was told that it is very difficult to secure even small blocks of this marble from the mountains, which the people look upon as sacred.

At the convent was a small group of Sisters, including two Irish nuns, one of whom is the Superior. They are struggling at the beginning of their work, which is hampered for lack of sufficient house accommodation. The grounds seem ample.

The Jesuits, too, lack means in Shiuhing, where they are anxious to establish a good school.

As we re-entered the grounds Father Lucas turned to a small group of Chinese that had for me a very special interest. They were refugees from the village in Tungon, our new Mission, which we had planned to visit the next day, and the oldest of them had barely escaped death at the hands of the bandits who had burned their homes. The name of the oldest was John Taam, or Ah-man. The others were Simon Taam and A-mo Taam. I noted these names as historical. The three were, as I afterwards learned from Father Gauthier, in the seventh heaven at the prospect of returning, and especially at the thought that their village was again to have at least the occasional visit of a priest.

It was arranged that all three should accompany us, and Ah-man, a faithful, intelligent Chinaman, was specially detailed to get a further report of the sailing-time and of our accommodation for the night. Our committee had reported that it would not be advisable to sleep at the Mission because we should perhaps lose the boat.

The next choice was between a noisy hotel at the water's edge, where we could be roused by the boat's whistle, or the boat itself which, so far as anybody knew, was not provided with staterooms. The prospect, I confess, was hardly cheerful. I was not at all in fine fettle and did not relish sitting up all night, so that it was quite a relief when Ah-man returned with the news that he had secured for Father Gauthier and myself a stateroom which we were free to occupy about eight-thirty that evening. Everybody seemed to think that we were fortunate, and I had visions of a small river steamboat such as I had used quite restfully on the waters of Chekiang.

A Night on a Junk.

At eight o'clock we left the Jesuit Mission, walked with beds and bags toward the boat, and found the city gate closed for the night, with a group of Chinese soldiers on guard. After some parleying with Father Gauthier, the soldiers allowed the travelers to pass, but the good Jesuit Fathers were sent home and I was soon disposed to envy them.

Ah-man led us triumphantly to the boat. All that I could see in the dark was something of a scow, from which we passed to another ungraceful and formless craft. Suddenly I lost sight of the group for a moment and took a flight of steps that led me on to a deck filled with junk. Some Chinese discovered me and tried to explain that I belonged on another boat, but I clung to my base and pretty soon Ah-man the faithful turned up to guide me to his "find." It was a scene that remains still vivid in my memory—a saloon (!) about twelve by twelve, a table literally piled with dominoes, with some twenty Chinamen engaged in or watching the game. An oil lamp over the table and a pagan shrine with burning joss-sticks set up in the place of honor vied with water-pipes and cigarettes in keeping the place dense with smoke.

Father Gauthier and I were, of course, the only gentlemen of our complexion on that boat, but *Chin* by this time had assumed a role of importance and as I elbowed my way through the crowd he held open the door of the stateroom which was directly off the saloon (!). There were four wide shelves in it, and a tiny window tightly closed. A small lamp completed the furnishings. My throat was parched and gave me a good excuse to get everybody busy on the window, which finally yielded. By this time we had distracted the gamblers, who resumed operations after Father Gauthier had spun a little home-made Chinese for their benefit.

I climbed onto the upper shelf that night, hoping to live through it, if I could not sleep. Recollections of bandit attacks did not worry me but we took precautions with the few valuables that we carried, the more so as there was no lock on our door. Just outside was Ah-man and I knew that he was watching, but about an hour later, after we had buried ourselves in the

Chinese comfortable, I felt a hand at my head. It was only *Chin*, who came in to try his luck at fastening the door and, incidentally, to occupy the lower berth.

The gamblers continued their game until long after midnight and the boat was still anchored at six o'clock the next morning. Then I perceived that we were moving, but very gently, without a vibration, and as it was dawn I got up to reconnoitre. We were being towed, and I found that the "steamer" which I thought we had been occupying was a great gaudily-painted barge, such as I had more than once laughed at in Canton with never a suspicion that something similar would one day serve me as a hotel.

In only a few hours we were opposite our landing place, a village called Utsing. Just what was to happen after that I did not know, because even from friends over here exact information is impossible to obtain. A "short distance" may mean half a mile, or it may mean ten miles; "alongside" may mean hours away; "soon" often means a day. I had simply got into the mood that I must see it through, but I was curious enough, as we stepped into a sampan from the barge, to ask why we should go to Utsing on the west side of the river when we were to travel by land on the east side.

Père Gauthier looked astonished at my stupidity and answered that of course we must go to the west side so as to take another sampan to the east side. So there you are, and there were we—losing time, with a long tramp ahead of us. I discovered another reason, however, after landing. We were on our way to a "foodless town," none of us had breakfasted, and we should naturally require food after Mass, which would not be over until eleven o'clock at the earliest.

A Burnt Village.

Crossing the river against the stream was slow work but in spite of my condition it was a pleasant sensation to step for the first time on Maryknoll's own "field afar," and I was charmed as we set out at a brisk walk in the cool air of the morning and plunged into the hills. The valleys were rich in rice-paddies and the green of a spring day at home made me feel that there

were compensations even natural in this remote country. I knew, however, that I was not experiencing the heat that would fall often in the future on the white-helmeted heads of our young apostles, about whom I thought much as we made that first journey.

We passed several small settlements in the course of the morning but met no Catholics until shortly before noon, when we came to the village into which several of our Catholics had fled after the burning of their houses. They were evidently glad to see Father Gauthier, but they looked sad because they had suffered much and were even then in want. We could not halt, however, as we were anxious to begin Mass before noon, and we went on briskly to the burnt village.

As we followed a path around the mountain we suddenly came on a scene of desolation. A long row of houses—some thirty or forty—were standing roofless and in ruins, looking down on the rice-fields that had been the treasures of their occupants. At right angles was another ruin—the source of spiritual life for these villagers, all of whom were Christians. It was a combination of church and priest's house, a pretty little building surmounted by a cross which yet stood on the half-open roof. Into the chapel we went first and hastily brushed the fragments of brick and plaster from the altar. It was damp and cold and we were perspiring. By this time my throat was in a rather painful condition and as I felt feverish I went out into the sun until everything was prepared, when, with overcoat on, I vested and offered the Holy Sacrifice for these suffering Christians and for our future missioners.

A score or more of the faithful had followed us from the neighboring village and several attended our Masses, while others busied themselves, like Martha, preparing breakfast for the travelers. I recall especially two little children with hands clasped, kneeling quite close to the altar on the broken floor of concrete.

Breakfast was welcome and I managed to have it served *al fresco* in the sun, in preference to the ruined dining-room which was dark and damp. This move was appreciated by the people, who could watch us eat our rice. My appetite was not too good

"The little river at least seemed friendly and we crossed it fully a dozen times." (*p. 218*)

"We were charmed as we set out at a brisk walk in the cool air of the morning and plunged into the hills." (*p. 215*)

but I consoled myself with the reflection that there would be a little more left for some of the hungry bystanders, who, I noticed, managed to come in occasionally for a bowl of the white grain.

As we were inspecting the ruins after breakfast a poor woman pointed to her own home and told Father Gauthier her list of losses. Another, a young mother holding her little girl by the hand, had been watching us silently. I had noticed the child and had tried to get her photograph at a good moment. Suddenly, as if acting under impulse, the mother offered to us the little girl, to be handed over to the Sisters in Canton or elsewhere because she could not find rice for both, as her father-in-law as well as her husband had been killed.

While Father Gauthier interpreted her remarks he called my attention to seven bodies, coffined and wrapped in mattings, high on the hill before us. All had been killed at the time of the attack and among them were the two relatives of the unhappy young mother, who, realizing the possible separation from her child, had turned her face to the ruined wall and was weeping.

I expressed a willingness to secure the upkeep of this child so that later she could be returned to her mother, and to this Father Gauthier agreed, but when it came to an expressed desire on my part to leave some money for rice he assured me that such passing help would be practically impossible. I should feed all or none, and there was not enough in my purse for all. Later we arranged with Ah-man to provide some necessaries for the young mother and her child.

In the Mountains.

It was time to start, and on this new leg of the journey we were to have a chair, the only possible means of conveyance. I felt grateful for this assistance, because we had yet a three-hours' tramp ahead. We could change places occasionally, and walk from time to time, so as to give relief to the bearers.

The Christians gathered silently about us to say good-bye and the bearers stood beside their faded chair, into which I

entered. Then two pairs of sturdy shoulders bent to get under the long bamboo rods, and—something happened! I was lifted two or three inches from the ground, deposited again slowly, and my bearers rose to the perpendicular without me. They looked calm, but Father Gauthier, quite disgusted, simply said, "They won't go. You are too heavy." The blow was a sad one and something of a surprise as my cincture had been getting loose for some time. Later, however, I was disposed to congratulate the youths on their prudence.

There was nothing to do but "hit the trail" and, with Ah-man in the lead and always smiling under his load, we started off at a good pace. Fortunately the air was bracing and the path fairly level for at least half of the distance. We passed through two large villages full of pagans, who looked at us with silent curiosity and whose dogs barked at our heels until we were well out of their settlement. Temples dedicated to ancestors stood guard over these villages and long stretches of rice-fields on either side of a winding river made the valley a pleasing and peaceful scene.

The little river at least seemed friendly, and we crossed it fully a dozen times, losing it often. Whenever it was necessary to cross on a single log *Chin* guided me with his hand on my shoulder, and in one or two crossings, as I realized that the "middle of the bridge is (only) half way over," I did not feel too safe.

At other moments, however, the splash of clear torrents recalled restful days in America and in the Tyrol, until I thirsted after running waters and longed for a plunge. As these notions fastened themselves on me I made inquiries and found that the water would be safe enough to drink but I must find a way to lap it, as our baggage included no drinking utensils. After that, at every opportunity, I scooped a handful of this gift of God and cooled my throat. When it came to a bath the problem was too great to be thought of. It would require many explanations. Finally I managed to get at the end of the procession, and when we came to the next convenient place I pulled off shoes and stockings, sat on a rock, and let the waters course by my feet. Before *Chin* could recover his surprise I was

on the march again, with the blood tingling towards my toes and my throat somewhat relieved.

We were now climbing into the heart of mountains bare but majestic. The path led along unprotected cliffs and at times was decidedly rough, so much so that I forgave completely the chair-bearers who had refused to carry me.

It was growing dusk and at every turn I expected to see some sign that our destination had been sighted, but the way seemed endless. As usual, I was wondering what was ahead of us, but all I knew was that we were going to spend that night in the house of a Christian. At one point we lost Father Gauthier and Ah-man and there was a hesitation between two paths that made me feel somewhat uneasy, but the choice was luckily right. There is an end to every journey, however, and shortly after six o'clock we sighted a small group of buildings on the side of the mountain about a quarter of a mile away. When we reached them Father Gauthier was already quite at home and smiling a welcome.

The poor Christians—and they were evidently poor, the children being actually in rags—were also glad to see us, although they were utterly unprepared for our coming. I was ushered into a courtyard where already a fire of fagots and dried leaves had been started, and for lack of a better place I sat down on a bench under the skies. Fortunately there was yet enough light to finish the breviary, and then, at Father Gauthier's suggestion, I climbed a ladder to a loft where two plank beds were installed and, wrapping myself in the comfortable, fell asleep.

An hour later I awoke to find a table set beside me with rice, the side dishes, and chopsticks, and Father Gauthier ready to join in the evening meal. Our host was most solicitous and I did my best under the circumstances, but it was getting cold and I wanted to duck as quickly as possible under the blanket because the loft had no window protection and the chinks were many as well as large. I wore a cap that night and recall hearing the Christians chanting their prayers.

We were supposed to rise the next morning soon after five o'clock, so as to finish Masses and breakfast before starting

on our return walk. Father Gauthier, veteran missioner that he is, is a walking alarm clock and at five to the second he was up. But no one else stirred until my companion began to call in a loud voice, "Ah-man!"—"Chin!"—and other names.

Gradually the cold dark place came to life and to something of light. When I went down the ladder Father Gauthier was hearing the confessions of those who had not been at the hamlet the night before and I vested for Mass in the chapel, which, except for the poor altar and a pious chromo, resembled an unoccupied cellar.

By the time that Father Gauthier's Mass began a small congregation had gathered, many of whom received Holy Communion. I was obliged to retreat after my own Mass to the loft, where, a little later, our good host brought me a steaming bowl of vermicelli and another of rice, with the usual chopsticks and smile. All were welcome and I relished the meal.

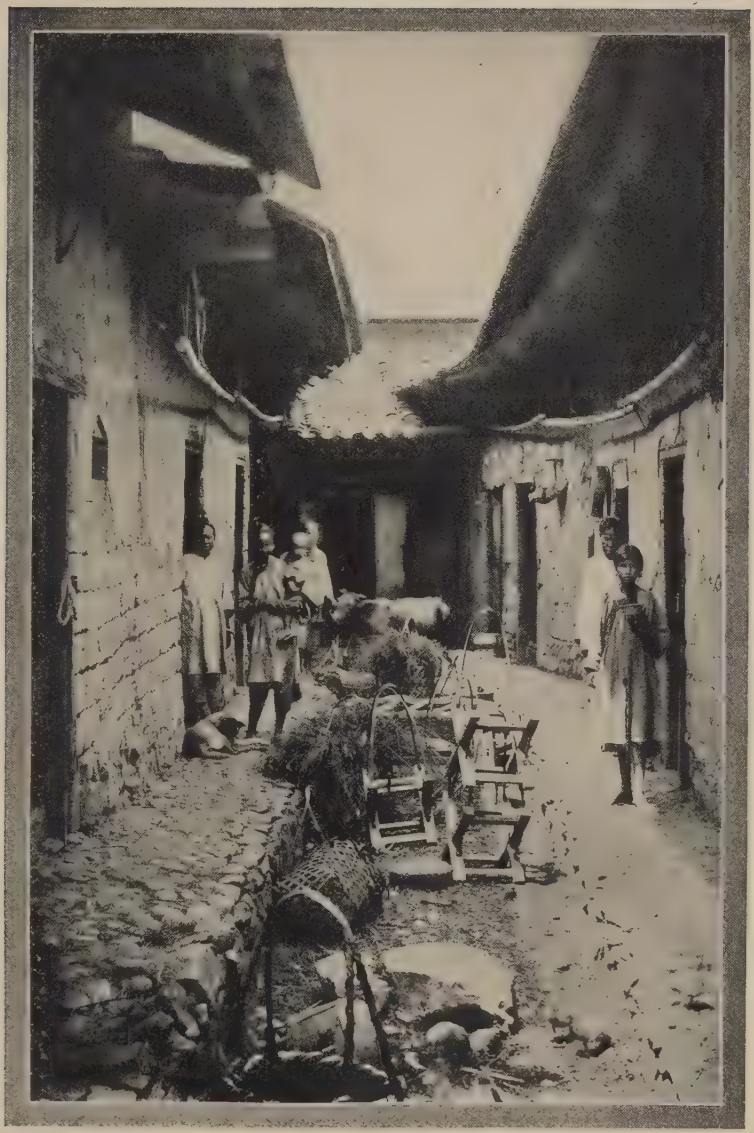
As we were leaving the courtyard a half-hour later Father Gauthier showed me a gate which had been broken not many months before by some bandits who had come around to take from the poverty of these peasants whatever was of value. Poor China! full of simple kindly people who are pestered by crews of bandits because the present Government is too weak, or rather, because China is practically without a government!

Catching a Steamer.

We were due to reach the West River by noon and it was eight o'clock when we left the hamlet. "If we miss that boat?" I asked myself—and the thought of the consequences spurred me on. I managed to get in more handfuls of water on the way and a foot-bath also, supplementing this relief by the juice of some Chinese grapefruit purchased in passing through one of the villages.

We arrived at the bank of the West River a few minutes before noon and entered a sampan to await the steamer, which came along in another hour.

This ark, propelled by its own power, had no guard-rail on its main deck and gave every opportunity to its passengers to walk overboard. A deck promenade was out of the question,



A STREET IN OLD CHINA, WHERE SANITATION IS UNKNOWN

even had we been so inclined, and besides, it was time for lunch. So we climbed a few steps and entered the saloon.

There are two classes on these boats, the first or third and the steerage. This was a first or third class saloon, where Chinese men in stuffed cotton or embroidered silks can find room for their legs and their baggage (usually a no inconsiderable space-filler). Father Gauthier and I took our places on the reclining bench nearest the serving-table, and gave an exhibition of food-transportation for the benefit of a large circle of interested spectators. I knew that my companion was ashamed of my efforts, and that I was "losing face" as well as eatables, but I could not help it. My fingers were weak, and with chop sticks thin and slippery I cut a sorry figure as a model of Chinese table etiquette. "What are they thinking about?" I asked at one point, as I laid aside the instruments of torture and looked at the sphinxes about me. "They are laughing in their sleeves," he answered, "at your awkwardness." And I smiled as I thought how the tables turn in this life.

The Jesuit Fathers welcomed us again at Shiuhing, where I had an opportunity to remove several days' growth of beard and we went into another consultation about the next move. It was Wednesday night and I had engaged passage for the Philippines on the weekly boat sailing Friday from Hongkong.

I could sleep that night at the Mission and leave (if in luck) very early the next morning, or I could take the "great steamer" from Wuchow, due to stop that night at eleven o'clock at Shiuhing on its way through to Hongkong. This latter arrangement seemed easy, especially when I learned that at the water's edge there was a large sampan expressly reserved for waiting passengers; and it was decided that I should go on directly to Hongkong, leaving Father Gauthier to rest at Shiuhing and to return the next day to Canton. Again that night the guards held us up at the city gate but when assured that I had a passport they let me squeeze through with Ah-man, who had been thoughtfully assigned to stay with me until the "great steamer" should arrive.

The waiting sampan was unusually large and its family had evidently retired for the night in its protected quarters, leaving

the open deck for a group of expectant travelers, Chinese men and boys, some of whom were smoking their water-pipes and others dozing at full length on the boards.

Ah-man spread a blanket for me over the only space left, and covering my knees with its folds, I backed up against the family partition and settled down to wait for the whistle that might be heard in an hour. It was then nearly nine o'clock, and the steamer arrived—at three the next morning.

By this time I was at full length on the deck and half-awake, while Ah-man was "snug as a bug in a rug," evidently in deep slumber. But the master of the barge had only one word to utter and Ah-man was at my side, folding the blanket which had served its purpose well. As our barge left its moorings another ark bumped into us with a crash that looked serious, but we slipped away; and then, to my surprise, I noticed that no fewer than a dozen boats, all full of passengers, were moving with us.

We all made for the centre of the river where the "great steamer" was already anchored, and ten minutes later confusion was at its height, with a couple of hundred Chinese trying to get down the swinging steps and a couple of hundred others attempting to climb them, all at the same time. Why more people are not drowned over here is a mystery to me, and how Ah-man landed back on the barge after getting my bag safely to the deck I cannot explain.

All that I recall is being swept up the swinging stairway and landing against a turbaned Indian policeman who, recognizing the only European passenger, directed me to a gangway that led to the upper deck. Here an iron gate was opened and another dusky Indian with a rifle in his hand beckoned me to follow him. The steps were steep and suddenly as I looked up I noticed that the muzzle of the Indian's gun was pointed directly at my head. Now that member of my body is fairly thick and the Indian had, I am certain, no designs on me, but I drew back and waited prudently until conditions were more favorable. After some searching in the dark a stateroom was opened, and I had privacy at least—also one sheet, a pillow, and a blanket.

I caught sleep in such snatches as a very assertive cough

"Shortly after six o'clock we sighted a small group of buildings on the side of the mountain." (*p. 219.*)

"The waiting sampan was unusually large and its family had evidently retired for the night."[3] (*p. 221.*)

would permit, and after breakfast I went on deck to see the river. The steamer was scheduled to be in Hongkong shortly after noon, but it was six o'clock before it reached the harbor, and under the impression that, because of war conditions, we should be obliged to hang outside until morning, my spirits were not exactly gay. Fortunately, however, we were allowed to enter, and by the time we arrived opposite our wharf the towering city was well-lighted. Two attempts to dock failed, but the third succeeded, and before dinner was far advanced I arrived at the Procure, looking, I was told, quite the worse for wear, but glad to get to what felt so much like home.

CHAPTER XV

UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

January 11, 1918.

MANY details occupied the next morning and early in the afternoon I sailed on the *Loongsang* for Manila. The *Loongsang*—I have tried to forget it, but the memory of that boat is like glue.

She looked rather small and innocent as I saw her from the launch that brought two of the Paris Procurators and myself to her side. We remarked a row of easy chairs on her open deck, suggesting such a delightful passage as only guide-books and steamer folders can describe, and *perhaps* my friends were envious as they left me.

There was one other passenger in evidence, a Manila jeweller (with emphasis on the first syllable) who was returning from the States and had stopped over in China to make some purchases. He strolled about the deck as if he had several shares in the boat and occasionally tried out the chairs of comfort. When I went to my stateroom I found that he had been assigned as my running mate, or, as things turned out, my fellow-sufferer.

The *Loongsang's* anchor was weighed at three-thirty p. m. Its youthful old captain stood stiffly at the top of the stairway and saluted magnificently a friend who was leaving him. Within twenty minutes that boat was kicking up her heels without any visible cause. There was no wild storm. The sea appeared to have only its usual swell—but the *Loongsang!* The chairs were all lashed to keep them from flying overboard. Every move we made had to be studied, and when the supper-gong sounded at six-thirty it brought no joy to me. I took to my berth, had a roll and a turn-over, and wondered how any one could say that life on an ocean wave is a delight.

Saturday I lived on oranges, and it was not until Sunday morning that I managed to clamber to a small saloon on the deck, where my partner had existed supinely for thirty-six hours. The *Loongsang* was tossing as much as ever, and the jeweller, who had lost his lustre, began to excuse his condition.

He was a good sailor, never got sea-sick; what bothered him on this trip was his inability to take exercise because of the boat's manœuvres, which unsettled his stomach; and so forth and so forth. "Gosh," he added, "I used to wonder why everybody in Manila smiled when the *Loongsang* was mentioned, but now I see the point. Last time for me." I assented to this conclusion, quite in sympathy with the resolution, and we lived on fried-egg sandwiches and oranges that day.

The next morning we were in calm waters, steaming along Corregidor and anticipating the arrival at ten a. m. The jeweller had ironed himself out and was looking his best, ready to salute his admiring friends on the dock; but he spurned the idea of a *Loongsang* breakfast when he could get real nourishment so soon—and as we sat on the exhibition easy-chairs he gave an unsolicited lecture on the Philippines. This was brought to a sudden end by the appearance of several inspection-boats, and by the apparition on deck of the Chinese family of which we had caught one glimpse in the harbor of Hongkong four days previously.

There were eight children, from three to twenty-one, with their parents, and as they ranged themselves in the remaining chairs they were a decidedly interesting group. Some of them looked tired, but the Chinese are accustomed to suffering, and a few whiffs of air brought back their spirit of curiosity, so that they began quietly to enjoy the harbor view until ordered to line up for the visiting doctors from whom they received vaccinations without a murmur.

When inspections were over and the *Loongsang* steamed towards its dock, I began to ask myself about the next move. Bishop Foley had telegraphed "Come," but I knew that he was yet far away from Manila and I had no friends at the capital.

It was a very pleasant surprise, therefore, to note in the dock line of expectants that morning a flash of purple, which I knew could hardly be there except for myself—and my joy was considerable when I recognized Bishop MacGinley of Nueva Caceras, a constant friend of Maryknoll from its beginning.

My arrival in Manila was about to coincide with the annual meeting of all the bishops of the Philippine Islands, and Bishop

MacGinley, reaching the city a few days in advance, had been made acquainted with my message to Bishop Foley. The Archbishop was out of town but had kindly left word for me to take up quarters at his residence, so that in a few moments my lines had fallen in goodly places and the *Loongsang*, with other memories of uneasy moments, disappeared like a nightmare.

Manila was clean, white, odorless, and peaceful, and as I looked up at the Stars and Stripes I felt that I was home again, and that my Uncle Sam was a pretty decent sort of connection after all.

We motored quickly along the new American boulevard and a few minutes after entering the walled city were in the Archbishop's "palace," a simple, unimposing structure from outside but dignified and spacious within. There are few rooms in the palace, but they are all large—and the room into which I was ushered was almost frightening. It was rather a dormitory, with two beds and a partition between them, but there was ample accommodation for another half-dozen. I tried to figure out how much of our Pro-Seminary would fit into this apartment and I came to the conclusion that about two-thirds would be a good guess.

Pleasant Days.

My stay here was a continued holiday, such as I had not experienced in years. The Archbishop, returning the evening after my arrival, gave unquestioned assurance of welcome. Bishop Foley came on the third day, and this enviable environment, softened by the spirit of comradeship, by genial humor and simple recreations, combined with balmy air and other health-giving influences to put me back into excellent physical condition in a short time.

When I called at Buffalo on my way to the Far East, Bishop Dougherty, formerly of Jaro, in the Philippines, sighed a desire to accompany me that he might see the East again; and I have since met many who said they had learned to love the Orient so much that they could not live away from it. I am certain that my memory of the Philippines will be a bright one, though I realize, too, that my stay was under the most

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND
JOSEPH PETRELLI, D.D., APOSTOLIC DELEGATE
TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MOST REVEREND MICHAEL J. O'DOHERTY, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA,
P. I.

favorable conditions. I had the perfect weather of January, a winter month, with no chill in the air, and no insects to sing me awake. I had friends to plan for me and to carry out the program with neither hitch nor inconvenience; and, more or less gracefully, I fell into the habit of letting somebody else do it—a habit not unknown in the Philippines.

Our Government has cleaned Manila and made it odorless, but happily it has not taken away the Spanish atmosphere. Streets, houses, people, churches, the cries of vendors, the deep-toned bells, the abundance of music lovers, and a hundred other details, combine to keep Manila the adopted child of old Spain. And although it was January in Manila I could recall the June heat of Spain. Not that Manila was really hot. In fact I met people who asked if I did not feel cold, but, as a fact, we wore, even when riding in the open, the thinnest garments, and in the house white cassocks. I had discarded a woolen vest, with a rain-coat, both of which had been for months my constant companions, and occasionally as I looked at them in contempt I wondered how I could have borne their weight.

Everybody appeared cool and comfortable in Manila and to me, as a casual observer, all seemed to be well-dressed—the men in white, the women in elaborate fluffs that ran to all the colors of the rainbow. The women's dresses, by the way, must contribute not a little to the cleanliness of streets and sidewalks in Manila. Even small girls carry long trains.

Bishop MacGinley took me, at an early moment, to visit His Excellency, Monsignor Petrelli, the Apostolic Delegate, in whose footsteps I had been walking, rather awkwardly, through Japan and Korea. His Excellency's photograph, which has appeared more than once in *The Field Afar*, was so familiar to me and his greeting so simple and genuine that I felt as if I had always known him, and this feeling was deepened by several occasions when I again met him at his own pleasant home and elsewhere.

Schools, Religious and Otherwise.

We visited also that day the Redemptorist Fathers and the Convent of the Assumption Sisters.

The Redemptorist Fathers came directly, by way of Australia, from "the old country." In Manila they are a new and very useful institution They have been assigned to the parish of Malate, a section of Manila, and in the past few years they have built a substantial school, not a day too soon. The American public school system applied to the Philippine Islands is working such havoc as must gratify those in the Islands and elsewhere who have neither love nor respect for the Church of Christ, and I found an object lesson at Malate.

The school over which Father Browne presides contains five hundred pupils. In the public schools of his district, however, there are at least one thousand more young people whose soul development is confined to this influence, supplementing what direction parents, indifferent to religion, will give. Most of the boys and girls who attend the Malate Catholic School are the children of parents anxious to have their Faith preserved, and these parents are willing, like their fellow-Catholics in the United States, to make a sacrifice to the great end.

The proportion between Catholic and public school children in the Philippines generally is, I understand, hardly better than, and in many instances not so good as at Malate, so that one cannot help fearing for the future under such conditions. Religious instruction is not allowed in the public schools and the children will not go to the church to secure it.

On the other hand, Protestantism cannot affect many of the Filipinos and it is, to say the least, doubtful if it can strongly hold any. This means an irreligious generation for the future, unless our Government, realizing the temperament of the Filipino people, shall make it a point to encourage in the public schools the teaching of the Catholic faith to those whose parents are willing to have them receive it. Wise legislators who look ahead and are truly patriotic would not hesitate to bring about this condition. Will they do so?

Our visit to the Assumption Academy gave me an insight into educational advantages for Catholic young women in the Philippines. This is one of several similar schools, all of which compare favorably with convent schools in the large cities of the United States. The Assumptionist Sisters impressed me as

being particularly well-equipped. Their Superioress is an Irish lady and there is at least one American among them. They form a happy community although at present, as all along the line in the Far East, they are seriously inconvenienced for lack of recruits from the mother-houses in Europe. The grounds of the Assumptionist Convent are extensive and quite delightful, especially to a newly-arrived visitor who finds himself suddenly dropped into semi-tropical surroundings.

The building, with its great verandas, its windows of shell, and its suggestion of Spanish days, is very attractive; and not less interesting is the life of the place. The day of our visit here there was a monthly meeting of the graduate pupils, who, after a sermon and Benediction in the chapel, flitted about the grounds like so many butterflies, while from what sounded like a hundred pianos came the combined noise of as many young would-be "perfectly wonderful players." On the occasion of a later visit to this convent I witnessed a little drama on the *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, which had been prepared for the hierarchy under whose sunlight I was basking. The play, given in a large hall open at the sides, was well-staged and the participants —all, as I recall, Filipino pupils—were certainly a credit to the good judgment and training of their teachers.

In Good Company.

Thursday morning I met Bishop Foley when his boat arrived. He had been on it three days and was glad to land, but he was no better pleased to see a newly arrived American than I was to greet again a friend of my youth, and a brother, constant and sympathetic, in the priesthood.

Bishop Foley was dressed in his episcopal cassock, with the broad hat and the green and gold cord commonly worn by bishops in Europe. The Philippines have seen many changes since the American occupation but traditions are strong and among others are some that affect the freedom of the hierarchy. Bishops, for example, must keep up the dignity of their state while on the Islands and should not be seen walking in the street. It is not good form. And to appear in the street-dress of an American bishop would be absolutely unpardonable, even

inconceivable. As large a spread of purple as possible, a wealth of gold chain and cross, a cushioned seat behind two horses, a coachman and a footman, or, as is now tolerated, a respectable automobile, these are what the Filipino demands of his bishop and for his bishop, although he may never give a *peso* towards their purchase or their maintenance.

With Bishops MacGinley and Foley as rare companions I was enabled to look into some of the many other religious works of Manila, including two spacious hospitals and several schools. I also managed to make visits to the University conducted by the Dominicans and to the Jesuit College.

Archbishop O'Doherty, who was busy in those days with Confirmation, left at an early hour every morning to reach some more or less remote post. I readily accepted an excellent opportunity which one of these Confirmation trips gave me to catch a glimpse of Filipino life, and after Masses at five o'clock we whirled away from the palace through the yet unwakened city towards the north.

The Archbishop of Manila.

The Archbishop of Manila is a providential man for a difficult position. Very few Catholics in America have even a slight realization of the difficulties experienced by our prelates in the Philippines since the American occupation.

Their position has been a delicate one, requiring tact as well as patience and practically compelling them to adopt a policy of silence lest their utterances, misconstrued, should react against the Church. As non-Filipinos, they are naturally identified with an alien authority that is not wanted, and even though they sympathize with the aspirations of the nation for independence, they are more or less under suspicion and their activities correspondingly hampered. On the other hand, they are forced to witness the spread of influences that are bound to dechristianize a large percentage of their flocks.

Anyone who has had an opportunity to live among pagans senses, upon arriving in the Philippines, the atmosphere of Christianity and the effect of Christian ideals. Churches, schools, hospitals, respect for women, love of children, the

happiness that radiates from devil-freed souls, these evidences of faith and charity assert themselves almost immediately.

It is true that the Filipinos are not all practising and intelligent Catholics. The same may be said of other so-called Catholic countries in Europe, and of the American Catholic body. It is true, also, that the spiritual guides of the Church in the Philippines have in the past failed at times as faithful shepherds, that, with a government at its back and no opposition, carelessness crept in and proper religious instruction was too often wanting. We are not all perfect in any age, and defections must be expected wherever human beings exist. Perhaps the Philippine Church has experienced more than the average of such failures. Even admitting this, no impartial observer, who realizes from what a condition the race has been developed by the sacrifices of Catholic missioners and by the intelligent direction of their successors, can hesitate to give credit where it is due.

As for the American bishops in the Philippines, they have been bulwarks of the Faith and models of charity. Their lives have been open books in which priests and people could read singleness of purpose and a constant devotion that must have edified even if, at times, it failed to eradicate the weaknesses of generations.

Of the admirable tact and patience of the first American Archbishop of Manila, Archbishop Harty, I heard much. The choice of his successor could not have been better. As rector of the University of Salamanca, in Spain, Archbishop O'Doherty speaks Spanish fluently. His experience as Bishop of Zamboanga, in the southern portion of the Islands, gave him an insight into the character of the Filipinos and into political and economic conditions, so that he brought to Manila, as its Archbishop, a wealth of experience which, combined with his qualities of heart and mind, should with God's grace accomplish much toward saving the Filipinos to the Church of Christ. Archbishop O'Doherty still hovers around the fifty-year line and has the buoyancy of a zealous priest just ordained. His perceptions are keen and his judgment true.

A Ride in the Country.

As we plunged that morning into the country the Archbishop gave a running comment on what we passed, revealing the pride of a native. Occasionally as he talked he would return with a blessing the salutations of the passing villagers.

The air was fresh, and the palm trees seemed to wave a welcome as we speeded along in and out of the quaint settlements. The previous day I had read of a blizzard in the States and with closed eyes I pictured Maryknoll shrouded in a heavy blanket of snow, the mules ploughing pathways, a cold northwestern wind sweeping down the Hudson over our hills. But here were houses, or huts, of bamboo, roofed with thatch, windowless, and squatting on four high posts.

At every opening some member of the family seemed to be waiting for something to happen. Under many of the huts cattle were as much at home between the posts below as their owners were above. Proud roosters crowed as we passed and hens scattered, almost losing their heads as they did so. Half-clad little "brownies" gazed at, and doubtless after us, and I longed for a moving-picture machine outfit, so arranged that it could be mounted on the rear of our automobile and run itself. How hard it is to impress those at home with what we see abroad! And how much one longs to do so!

Before leaving the city we had called for a young Filipino priest, Father Cæsare, who assists the Archbishop on his Confirmation tours and also as a secretary. Father Cæsare, who made his course in Rome, speaks English and supplemented the Archbishop's explanations from time to time, so that the journey was unusually instructive as well as enjoyable. We passed several sturdy looking old churches with their "conventos," (the residences of the priests) commanding the public squares, and I longed to look into them more closely but we had no time to lose.

Our chauffeur, Daniel, came suddenly to a stop at last and even our dignified little footman, the Archbishop's boy Joseph, turned in his seat. It was not the end, nor was it an accident, but a question of how to go on, because the road seemed to lose itself at a river. There was only one thing to do and we did it.

Daniel's and Joseph's purple-ribboned caps remained motionless on their heads while the automobile gracefully forded the stream, without sprinkling even a drop of water on its occupants.

Five minutes later, as we neared a large village, the sound of a brass band greeted our ears. The event of the day was on and my role was a very simple one. It was to be the solitary spectator.

Filipino priests in surplice met us as the automobile stopped. A Holy Water sprinkler was presented to the Archbishop and we walked briskly through a large gathering of men, women, and children, into the church, the crowd closing in as we proceeded to the sanctuary. Here prayers were said and the Sacrifice of the Mass offered by one of the Filipino priests.

Following this, the Archbishop vested and made a formal visitation of the church, inspecting confessionals, Holy Water stoups, the altars, and the sacristy (out of whose cases and cupboards many interesting vases and sacred vessels had been taken for this occasion). When the inspection had been completed the Archbishop spoke to the people in Spanish, and for the benefit of those who knew only the Tagalog dialect Father Cæsare interpreted from the pulpit.

Confirming the Babes.

By this time I began to realize that the church was filled and that no inconsiderable proportion of those standing (there are no seats here) had babies in arms.

It has long been a custom among the Filipino Catholics to confirm children in their infancy and the American bishops have made no change. I had been prepared to witness the confirmation of babies but, as elsewhere, I did not know what was ahead of me, when, responding gladly to the Archbishop's suggestion, I accompanied him and his assistants along the line of those to be confirmed. "Along the line" in such a case always meant to me along the sanctuary rail, but on this occasion it was up and down the church, along an aisle defined by temporary bamboo rails, back of which was massed a veritable army of Filipino babies. On one side were the boys and on the other the girls—each held by a god-parent who had all that he or she

could do to present at the same time the infant and a card bearing its name.

As we left the sanctuary the crowd overflowed into it, and as the other end of the aisle was blocked there was no escape even had I desired it.

The wealth of color was for a moment bewildering, with men, women and children in countless shades—lemons, pinks, and light greens predominating. Soon, however, I could centre my attention on the babies, as they were presented, in more or less complete attire, to be confirmed. They were "the cutest little things imaginable," as one of our Teresians would describe them, with their wee brown faces and sparkling black eyes—but oh, the noise!

Hardly had the ceremony begun when a scream gave a signal for a chorus that started some inquisitive dogs barking and spread confusion like a train of lighted powder through the waiting crowds. I recall baptizing infants when ten were in one small room, but here, by actual count, as was afterwards reported, there were one thousand and twenty screechers, and I hope I do not exaggerate when I say that more than one thousand were screaming on that occasion.

There is no window glass in these great churches of the Philippines and occasionally, through the bars that supported the openings, birds would fly in and over our heads to find out what was the trouble. As we passed back toward the altar on the first turn, I noticed behind the pulpit the placid countenance of St. Thomas, of the Order of Preachers, but no Dominican could silence such a congregation as this. Some of the babes were breaking their fast by munching crackers, which, in some cases failing to pacify, made matters worse as the little faces were presented to His Grace smeared with a tear-mixed paste.

By the fifth turn the crowd had broken down the bamboo rail. Babies were being pushed into place under some temporary benches on which they were occasionally deposited—almost thrown—from above the heads of those on the inside line.

As we came again toward the altar for the seventh time I took a look toward St. Thomas back of the pulpit. Angels without wings were hiding him. Two youngsters in pink and

At home in the country

Old city gate, Manila

A Filipino water carrier

AROUND AND ABOUT MANILA

yellow gauze, looking for new sensations, had mounted the pulpit steps and, with arms akimbo (like Raphael's cherubs) resting on the desk, were calmly surveying the scene before them. I expected every moment to see them "called down," but no—we were in the Philippines, where everybody feels at home in the church.

I did not note the number of times we went up and down that line of babies and I wondered if there were not some "repeating" in the crowd, but the name cards told the story and finally the last scream was heard, the closing prayer read, and we went into the *convento.*

A portion of the congregation seemed to have penetrated the privacy of the house before we entered and everybody wished to kiss the Bishop's ring. The Filipinos love this little ceremony far better, I am sure, than do the bishops, who cannot very well discourage it.

Living quarters in the Philippine villages seem to be all upstairs and this *convento* was no exception, but I felt, as I reached the upper story, that safety lay below. The floor beams were of thin bamboo rods with spaces through which one could see the dirt floor below. Laid on the bamboo were mattings over which I walked gingerly, with a feeling that I would surely go through at the next step; but confidence came back when I realized that the great officials of the village were trusting their illustrious personages to the bamboo and that the Archbishop himself was unconcerned.

When His Grace had gotten into cooler garments speeches were made at him, and one, from a young man, seemed particularly eloquent. It touched on the independence of the Philippines among a dozen other subjects and was applauded heartily. Dinner followed the speeches, and the unfailing *siesta* followed dinner. In the meantime, babies who had had other engagements in the morning turned up for Confirmation in the afternoon. The patient Archbishop put on his robes again and made everybody concerned happier. Towards four o'clock, while the bandmen snoozed, we left quietly for Manila.

Father Cæsare is Chaplain of an interesting establishment which we visited before returning to the palace. It is in the

heart of the city on a small island and includes, among other features, a home for working girls, an asylum for abandoned infants, and, in the rear, a house for the insane. The chapel, *patios* (inner courts), and ample corridors are all attractive.

Catholic Student Life.

Manila is no small city. It boasts of a population approaching three hundred thousand, and it is a Mecca for aspiring lawyers, doctors, and other professional gentlemen.

The new guide-book published by the Imperial Railways of Japan does not speak kindly of Religious Order domination in the Philippines but it makes at least one favorable statement when it says that the University of St. Thomas, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, is "the oldest institution of its kind under the American flag."

This University was begun in 1611. It supplies courses in theology, canon law, civil law, philosophy, classics, civil engineering, architecture, art, medicine, physiology, pathology, organic and inorganic chemistry, and other "ologies." It has a museum that is widely known and often visited and its students represent all sections of the Islands. I looked into St. Thomas University one morning and saw also the Dominican publication and printing establishment, which is quite complete, well enough equipped, in fact, to produce books and a daily paper.

Only a few minutes away from the Dominican properties is the Jesuit College, known as the *Ateneo*, which was founded in 1859 and has about a thousand students. Here, although I met no English-speaking priests to the language born, there were several who know and teach in English.

The Student Dormitory Idea.

Besides these two large Catholic educational institutions, there are other institutions conducted by the Government, whose students, as a rule, catch hardly a breath of Christian faith during their course.

Protestant effort has been directed towards these young men and dormitories have been established to provide for their temporary homes. The Y. M. C. A. is strong in this movement

and its house is well-filled with students who pay a moderate sum for their accommodation.

A few years ago Father Finnegan, one of the few American Jesuits who have worked in the Philippines, opened a dormitory on a small scale, with such success that it was decided to erect a large house. Once started this work would support itself, but the building and grounds called for an expenditure that sent Father Finnegan back to the States to find the means. He managed to gather enough for the land but was obliged to give up this dormitory work, which was then transferred to the only American Augustinian remaining in the Islands.

This Augustinian, Father McErlaine, although a solitary representative, is by no means lonely. Heat may excuse the Filipino for lack of initiative and perseverance but it seems never to wilt Father McErlaine, who is known apparently by everyone in Manila and for enterprise is the equal of any hustling priests in America or elsewhere. Archbishop O'Doherty is giving a hearty and substantial backing to Father McErlaine who, by means of a paper, *St. Rita's Messenger*, and circular letters, has been throwing out lines over the Islands and across the ocean and bringing back such substantial returns that the Catholic Dormitory, also named after St. Rita, is already near completion and will be the most attractive and best-situated building of its kind in Manila.

Father McErlaine lives among the students, speaks to them in English, the language of their ambitions, and has a special Mass at the Cathedral every Sunday, at which an English sermon is preached and which the students attend. He needs helpers and lives in the hope that one or more of his American confrères can be spared to join him in this worthy enterprise. Among the young men now living under Catholic influences will be, doubtless, some of the future framers of laws and moulders of public opinion. Multiply the chances of securing always a goodly proportion of such friends and the Church will not be hampered in the Philippines. The new dormitory will, it is hoped, be the first of several yet to be established in large centres through the Islands. Less than a dozen American priests, who need to speak only English and who are willing to spend them-

selves for the souls of young men, would meet this need. The Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Manila, and all the bishops —American and Filipino—are keenly anxious to see this plan realized at the earliest possible moment.

Here and There.

What do you think of a Catholic pawn-shop? There is one in Manila and it is worth a visit. I went there in the company of its president, the Archbishop himself, and had the privilege of getting inside the gratings.

The Far East is full of pawn-shops and of usurers who demand exorbitant interest. To keep impecunious Filipinos from the clutches of these vultures the Church, before the American occupation, encouraged the establishment of this *Monte de Piedad* (Mount of Charity), as the Catholic pawn-shop is called.

Here is the idea. Filipinos love jewelry and sink their money in it. *Senora A.* wakes up some morning and finds herself badly off for money. She unlocks her jewel-box, takes out more than the value of what she needs, and brings her treasure to a very respectable-looking bank-building in the heart of Manila. She passes it in at one of several small openings, where it is put into the hands of an expert appraiser who decides the limit of amount to be loaned. *Senora A.* takes away her little bills, while her treasure is labeled and stowed away in a safety-deposit drawer. She pays a small interest regularly. If she fails to pay she is notified and after a reasonable delay her jewel is placed with others to be advertised as for sale. The proceeds of these sales, minus necessary expenses, are given to various needs, so that the gatherings of jewelry become little mounts of charity. A savings-bank is also connected with this work and occupies the same building.

While in Manila I met several young Filipino Knights of Columbus who have been much edified by the lives of well-known Americans from the States and are enthusiastic over the prospects of the Order as a strengthening force in the Islands.

The first number of a new Catholic publication appeared recently under the title, "*La Verdad*," and it may soon, if it has

not already, become a daily. It is planned to have this paper the organ of a Catholic Federation in which all the bishops of the Islands are interested and which will be recruited along parochial lines as far as possible.

Archbishop O'Doherty has a strong hope that the projected Federation will be an important factor in Filipino Catholic life and the new paper will undoubtedly help much to form public opinion among Catholics, and, to some extent, among non-Catholics.

Festivities.

The reunion at Manila of all the bishops made it unnecessary for me to go to two remote cities as I had expected to do, but before leaving the Philippines I enjoyed a few excursions into the interior. One was to Lipa; the other a short run to Antipolo.

Lipa was celebrating the first anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Verzosa, a native Filipino who succeeded the present Delegate, Monsignor Petrelli, in this episcopal see. Bishop Verzosa is still young, gentle, dignified and evidently loved by his people.

We left Manila at a very early hour on Sunday morning and after killing a few hens, maiming the leg of an unfortunate dog, and barely missing numerous fighting cocks, the chauffeur landed us at Lipa, too late for the Mass. The streets were full of people in holiday attire and the town-band was playing to beat itself as we turned into the episcopal courtyard between two lines of Filipinos who had secured coveted places that would give them an opportunity "to kiss the Bishop's ring."

Bishop Verzosa was in his white gown, quite unconscious of the honors being heaped upon him. He gave us welcome in his own simple way and we were at home in a minute. The Delegate arrived a little later and the day progressed leisurely, as feast-days do in the Philippines. I recall nothing of special interest except that our host was disappointed at the age of a turkey which he had ordered for the occasion; also that while at dinner I was somewhat disturbed by a boy who stood at my back and waved over the table a large fan that seemed occasionally about to drop.

In the cool of the afternoon Bishop MacGinley and Bishop Foley took me to visit some Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, where we found two genial Irish nuns and where I learned that a nun whom I had met in the United States is in a remote section of the same diocese. That evening in the hall of the Bishop's residence the notables of the city gathered with their wives. The men lined up on one side, the women opposite, the Bishops and priests between the two, the band at a tolerable distance in the rear. A young lawyer from Manila made a perfervid oration to which the Bishop replied in a mild speech, at the close of which good health was wished all around and everybody retired, including the band.

I had no idea that we should stay over night, but it seems that Sunday was only a preparation for Monday. Every Sunday is a holiday and the real celebration should take place on a week day so as to give the people something worth while. We made ourselves comfortable with what clothing we had brought—on our backs—and I slept until four o'clock, when I was awakened by the band playing "*Old Black Joe*" and by bells galore. The band had evidently been compressing air during the night and was rousing the people who, to their credit be it said, rise with the sun and even before that mighty monarch of the day.

The *grand Mass* was at eight-thirty and as I looked down from the gallery and saw the throng it was easy to picture the ages of faith, when such scenes were common in the great cathedrals of Europe. Two confessionals jutted a few feet into the body of the large church, and, excepting the space occupied by those small boxes, there did not seem to be place for one more person. It was like a vast garden of closely-planted flowers set before an elevated shrine. Fully five thousand people were in that church and as many more remained outside at the door or along the road that led to it. It was an affecting scene, even for one, who like the companion at my side, had an intimate knowledge of the annoying and at times discouraging frailties of these children of the Pacific; but it was a strong ray of hope that, with God's grace, sturdy souls would rise in great numbers from Filipino stock to rule and to be ruled in the Spirit of Christ.

IN MANILA — REMINDERS OF THE AGES OF FAITH

The sermon was delivered by a Filipino priest who has accomplished practically the extinction of Aglypayanism in his parish. I heard the sermon—or rather, saw it—as it came forth, but could not make out words, as either the church was too long or my ear too short. The music was florid but excellently rendered by a male choir directed by a priest and I am under the impression that the organist was also a priest.

When the ceremony was over my two episcopal companions took their places on a balcony of the palace, and, again in the shadow of their purple and gold, I watched the sortie. The first groups passed without looking up, then a little finger pointed to the Bishops and this was the spark that thrilled the crowd. There was no ovation, but waves of faces turned their eyes upward like an incoming sea. Occasionally a group would stop, comment on their discovery of real Bishops, wait for a nod or a smile of recognition, and move along, pleased for the rest of the day—if they did not happen to be hungry. I say this advisedly, because the Filipino, like certain other peoples, would go without food to look respectable on a feast-day.

After dinner that day we motored some miles further south to visit in Batangas, the parish of the preacher, a community of Good Shepherd nuns—several of whom are Irish—all engaged in teaching. The ride back to Manila was refreshingly cool and not too rapid. I wondered occasionally who had feasted on the hens killed during our trip of the previous day.

One other excursion brought to an end those recreation days. It was across the bay to Corregidor, where Uncle Sam keeps troops by the hundreds and some sea-sweeping guns that look as if they were made for the real business of war. It takes about three hours to get to Corregidor but the trip was pleasant and Father Arnold, the Chaplain, was ready at the other end to extend a cordial welcome. Our group was made up of the Archbishop, Bishop MacGinley, Bishop Foley, Father McErlaine, O.S.A., and the scribe. It was a formidable army to present to a struggling Chaplain, but Father Arnold did the honors nobly in his little home and even added to our company the principal officers of the garrison. Father Arnold has a busy life but is fond of his work and is evidently a force at Corregidor. He is so

fortunate as to have a devoted mother to keep house for him.

I had found old friends and some good new ones in the Philippines. I was glad indeed to have been with them and correspondingly loath to leave them, but the *Shinyo Maru* was in port and my name was on the booking list. Besides, I had work to do in a measured space of time over in China and a trip to make to Tongking. The genial Delegate was host that last day, and every Bishop on the Islands except Bishop Hurth was present at lunch. Bishop Hurth had returned to his diocese, but he was replaced by Bishop McCloskey, the Benjamin of the Philippine hierarchy, who, after a two-days' wait for the wind to subside and a three-days' steamer trip, had arrived that morning from Zamboanga.

My boat left at two o'clock. Father Gavan Duffy, who had come on the *Shinyo* from San Francisco, was expecting me, and four Bishops—three of them home friends, the fourth the affable young Filipino Bishop who succeeded Bishop Foley at Tuguegarao—honored us with a send-off. I have yet a recollection of Bishop Foley, mounted on some obstruction, waving his hat and hands as our great boat slipped out into the harbor.

Au revoir, Philippines! I have experienced on the continent of Asia untold and innumerable evidences of good will, but in your Islands I seemed to be in my own country again and with brothers of a lifetime. May my wandering feet touch again your hospitable soil!

CHAPTER XVI

A TRIP TO INDO-CHINA

February 2, 1918.

VERY large steamers do not land at Hongkong. They anchor out in the harbor and are besieged at once by all kinds of craft, anxious to get some of their passengers or cargo. Fortunately for us we had on board from Manila the Provincial of the Spanish Dominicans, for whose reception his confrères in Hongkong had provided a small launch, into which—by invitation, of course—Father Duffy and I managed to scramble. Half-an-hour later we announced ourselves at the Procure, of which Maryknoll seems now to be almost a branch.

Shortly after my arrival on Saturday I was booked for an English sermon Sunday across the harbor at Kowloon. In the meantime I was busy enough with accumulated correspondence, for which little time remained as I had before me a trip to Canton and the longer one to Tongking.

Sunday morning I found at Kowloon a cozy church, with a growing congregation of English-speaking Portuguese and some Chinese. The Blessed Sacrament was in exposition that day. After Mass the pastor brought me to the Canossian Sisters, all of whom teach in English although no one of them is of English-speaking birth. The nuns would welcome vocations from America and would be glad to establish a novitiate there.

As we were waiting for lunch that day a Chinese woman of the poorer class came with her little boy to see the pastor, and when she went away my host told me her story, typical of thousands in China. She was one of the multitudes that live out their poor lives on sampans, and through some influence she had become a Catholic catechumen—in other words, was under instruction. Her husband had fallen ill and that she might nurse him she had sold one of her boys for $200 (Mexican, about $144 in American money at the present rate of exchange). That was months ago, and with debts to pay and her husband yet ill there seemed to be nothing to do but sell her younger boy.

She sought advice from my host, who could give her no money. He took the case into his hands, however, determined, if he failed to get ransom money from some of his parishioners, to at least find a Catholic family for the second boy.

I saw the mother and the son as they went away from the house to the floating bark which they called "home" and where a husband and father lay ill awaiting their return. How little the passing traveler knows of the actual misery in China!

Visits in Hongkong.

That Sunday when I arrived at the Procure I found a telegram from Father Fraser, dated at Amoy, announcing his arrival on the morrow, Monday. In the meantime, Father Duffy had gone to Canton. In Hongkong, as elsewhere in China, exact information about incoming and outgoing steamers is hard to get. On the assurance that Father Fraser's boat could not anchor until nine a. m. I waited until shortly before that hour to telephone, and while at the instrument, and—let me confess it—expostulating with an English accent at the other end, the door by which I was standing opened and the long form of Father Fraser appeared, with four coolies and eight bags.

The Procure was a lively place that morning. Chinese students for the priesthood were passing through to a new Seminary at Swatow, others were on their way to the general Seminary in Penang, and as the Swatow group went out Father Fraser and his coolies came in. The coolies made their usual exorbitant demand, laying the money offered on the ground as an inconceivable acceptance. But we closed the door on their remonstrances and they soon disappeared, leaving no cash behind them.

Father Fraser, with his green cassock and faded hat, looked the worse for wear, but when we had talked awhile I took him out for a first exhibit, and the people seemed to appreciate the kindness.

In the afternoon we went with Father Robert to the so-called "French Convent," where I was due for a talk to the pupils; and after another inspection of that centre of many charities Father Fraser and I returned to the Procure to discuss immediate

A COUNTRY STATION IN TONGKING

TRAVELING IN THE LAND OF VÉNARD

plans. I was waiting for news of the boat for Haiphong, Indo-China, and when I learned that it would not sail until Friday morning we determined to go to Canton without delay, as Father Fraser was anxious to get a hold on the Cantonese dialect —a dialect quite different from that of Ning-po which he speaks with facility.

I had, however, a steamer ticket to buy for the return to America, not to speak of outlays for an operation on Father Fraser's scanty hair, a new two-dollar hat for him, the lengthening of his only pair of street trousers, et cetera, et cetera, but at length, on Wednesday afternoon, we went across the harbor to Kowloon and took the train for Canton at about two o'clock, arriving in time for dinner at seven. Father Fraser fell into the life at Canton as if he had always been there.

Yeungkong a battle (!) field.

The great question considered on Thursday was how to get to the Maryknoll centre at Yeungkong. General Lung had taken that city some weeks before and had occupied it with five thousand troops, but rumor now had it that this same General Lung and his cohorts had been chased off the premises, and in fact, that morning, when I called on the American Consul, he told me that the rumor was true, as he had learned by telegram the day before. I explained the importance of our visit to Yeungkong and asked if a battleship might be going down that way. It was more than a delicate hint to send one, but I did not get the battleship. The Consul, however, expressed his purpose to secure information about the safest means to reach Yeungkong, and he suggested that if we decided to engage a small launch or a sailing vessel he would furnish us with an American flag, which commands the respect of soldiers, and even of pirates, as a rule.

We had, in fact, been seriously thinking of hiring a small steamer to bring, besides Father Gauthier, Father Fraser and myself, two catechists (one of whom would have with him his wife and three children), together with their furniture and ours. Coal, however, is $24.00 (Mexican) a ton (more than $17.00 in Americar money) and we should be steaming several days.

Added to this expense would be that of the crew and the food, covering a period of at least one week and perhaps longer.

Further inquiries were in order, but my boat for Haiphong was due to start from Hongkong early the next morning, and leaving Father Gauthier and Father Fraser to consult with some wise heads at the Mission and at other sources of enlightenment outside its walled enclosures, I *pousse-poussed* again to the station and after an uneventful journey reached Hongkong, where it was a pleasant surprise to find Father Robert, my host, waiting at the ferry-slip.

On the South China Sea.

Masses were said very early Friday morning, so that we could get a "mouthful" and reach our boat at seven a. m. Father Duffy had arranged to be with me as far as Haiphong and Hanoi, and Father Robert with Father Souvey insisted that they would relish an early morning sail on the harbor, so we four and a faithful domestic walked down the steep hill to a boat-landing, roused a family on its sampan, and installed ourselves on swiftly-prepared benches whose previous occupants, a young mother and her infant, disappeared in a hole hardly large enough for "Collie" of Maryknoll.

As there was a favorable breeze that morning the mother-in-law had only to steer in place of her usual occupation at the oar. We reached the *Taksang* a good hour before she sailed. No "boy" came forward to take our grips. No rooms seemed to be ready. There were, I had been told, only two staterooms on the boat, which looked suspiciously like the *Loongsang*, and half-a-dozen Japanese business men besides Father Duffy, a returned French soldier, a non-Catholic Irishman, and myself were expecting accommodation. Things seemed to settle themselves as they often do, however, and benches in the dining room helped us to weather the trip.

The captain of the *Taksang* is a young Irishman, Gill by name, who studied under the Holy Cross Fathers before taking to the sea. He was most kind and helped not a little to make our passage a pleasant one. The down voyage takes a little over two days and we made one stop, at Hainan, a large island where our

Dublin friend alighted to go home to his Chinese wife. He was a good-natured butcher who has a soft spot in his heart, and some more or less excellent meat, for the Chinese among whom he dwells. He had been to Hongkong to buy a motorboat so as to establish in Hainan a river service that will benefit, among others, two lone priests who live among the million inhabitants of the island, and he declared that Hainan would satisfy all his ambitions and aspirations for ten years to come.

We sailed from Hainan out of the Straits, across the Gulf of Tongking. Sunday morning at ten o'clock we took in a pilot and coursed up the river to Haiphong, which we reached, too late for Mass, at about one o'clock.

With Maryknoll Patrons.

Two magnets had drawn me to Tongking, in Indo-China—the memory of Blessed Théophane Vénard, Martyr, and a debt of gratitude which our young Society owed to the Prefect Apostolic of Langson, Father Bertrand Cothonay, O. P.

Théophane Vénard had been ordained in Paris with the late Abbé Hogan, the distinguished Sulpician who, as first president of St. John's Seminary, Boston, Massachusetts, had interested his students in the young martyr of Tongking. Later, in France, I had met the martyr's brother, the venerable Curé of Assais, Canon Eusebius Vénard. Again, as several vocations for our work had developed from the reading of Blessed Vénard's life, the Directors of Maryknoll placed this young martyr among its patrons and named in his honor the first apostolic school, near Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Tongking, as the scene of Théophane Vénard's martyrdom, was certainly an attraction. I doubt, however, if I should have made this journey for that reason alone, because much remained to be done in Kwangtung, and besides, Maryknoll was beckoning from across the Pacific. There was, as I have said, another attraction in Tongking.

Before the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America came into being Father Cothonay, then Prior of some exiled French Dominicans at Hawthorne, New York, was pushing its present Superior to make a start, and before "Maryknoll"

was set up in type its organizers were housed under the hospitable roof of this same Father Cothonay, where they actually began their first campaign, remaining until they could lease a small house in the vicinity. Father Cothonay was then called by his superiors to Switzerland and later named Prefect-Apostolic of Langson in Tongking, a country with which he was already familiar, having exercised the ministry in Haiphong for several years.

When we dropped anchor at Haiphong, therefore, I looked for this friend in the numerous sampans that flocked towards our boat. He was missing, but we had not reached the shore before one of my companions recognized on an approaching sampan the familiar combination of beard and black cassock, distinguishing marks of Catholic missioners in the Far East, and I knew that it must be Father Cothonay. So it was. Both sampans soon grazed the beach and I was at home in the land of Vénard.

Haiphong has the appearance of a neat, prosperous, French city with wide streets, attractive public buildings, comfortable-looking private houses, well-equipped hotels, a large theatre, and about every conceivable convenience for its French residents, of whom, in normal times, there are more than five thousand. Rickshaws, however, and the turbaned natives pull one immediately back to the Far East and a short drive in any direction discloses rice-fields and villages that make up so large a portion of all Tongking.

The Cathedral is not far from the river and Father Cothonay brought me there without delay, while Father Duffy went to the police station—a necessary precaution these days—and then took his train for Hanoi, several hours further west. The Cathedral in Haiphong is large and clumsily built, but solid. A campanile which Father Cothonay erected when he was stationed at Haiphong redeems the appearance of the church, and the simple lines of the monastery, with a well-organized garden, make the Mission-compound interesting to the casual observer.

But there is more to consider here than architectural effects. This is the heart of a large Dominican Mission and it gave me

the first glimpse of an institution common to all the vicariates of Tongking and known as the *House of God*. We paid our respects to the visible master of this house, Bishop Ruys, a Spaniard, who bade us welcome, and as soon as our baggage was settled we made a brief visit to the invisible Master and to his subjects in those sacred precincts. These were priests (European and native), catechists, and aspirants, all living together in a spirit of work and prayer and all supported from a common fund.

As we planned to leave for Hanoi early the next morning a friend of Father Cothonay made Sunday afternoon profitable by a drive behind two merry little ponies who ran us up and down the city, out along the rice-fields, through a park with its zoo, and back to the Cathedral in time for Benediction.

The high Gothic church was dimly lighted, but a wave of prayer was sweeping through it towards the sanctuary and the brightness of the Presence of Christ was there. I had entered towards the rear and found myself in a place between the men and women. The men wore their turbans, the women likewise, and many little ones were dressed like their parents. The Benediction hymns were sung that afternoon by some European voices, but after the hush of the Benediction itself a humming sound came to my ears, breaking in a moment into a soft rapid chant and falling back again into the hum, which gradually ceased when the *Laudate Dominum* began.

The Annamites—this is the general name for the natives of all Tongking—like the Japanese, Korean, and Chinese Christians, love to recite their prayers aloud. Already I have become so accustomed to this practise that I hardly remark it now, even when the noise—for such it is at times—is deafening. It is their way of saying prayers, as I believe I have already written, and when this is realized one feels decidedly sympathetic towards the practice. The unusual chant at Benediction, which I heard again after the Consecration at Mass, was simply the Latin of *My Lord and My God*.

A somewhat similar chant I afterwards remarked during the distribution of Holy Communion and I understand that at this period of the service the prayer consists of the words:

Domine, non sum dignus—Lord, I am not worthy.

The Annamites are never in a hurry to leave the church and they often remain for hours at prayers. Simple and devout, they are a consolation to the missioners who work among them and it is difficult to picture them hunting and killing priests. The story of the Martyrs of Tongking is a long one but anybody who comes into relation with these Annamites feels that in those days "they knew not what they did." The blood of the martyrs, however, has already pushed to maturity an abundant fruitage and the missions of Tongking are today often referred to as the most consoling in the Far East.

I left the church by the front door and, once outside, observed leisurely. The prevailing color of dress here is brown, a reddish brown, rather disagreeable in contrast to the grays and good browns of Japan and the blues of China. This brown is especially common in the poorer classes.

We were in the first days of the Chinese New Year which is also that of the Annamites, and everybody was exhibiting his best clothes or *her* best clothes as the case might be. The better dressed men wear a black coat of thin cloth, buttoned diagonally across the breast and reaching to the knees, with wide, white pantaloons, white socks, and black shoes. Around the forehead and covering the base of the head they wind a long folded cloth into a turban that leaves the top of the head exposed. The women wear dresses well below the knees. They do love big hats and even the poorest can be seen with one on her head or carrying it. This hat seems to be well made and its diameter would easily equal that of a flour-barrel top.

But—nearly every mouth is in movement, disclosing black caverns. These good people have a strange habit of getting their teeth enameled a blue-black, and they also chew the betel-nut which, like tobacco under a similar process, requires frequent expectoration and often stains the corners of the mouth. The results can be imagined and you have only to picture a row of grinning school girls in Tongking with black mouths. These habits will probably disappear, but slowly. Perhaps if some American gum concern would ship a large consignment for trial it would hasten the day.

ALTAR BOYS WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF GOD

THE CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S HOUSE AT HAIPHONG

In a Land of Martyrs.

Trains are not numerous in Tongking but they start early, and we were up not long after four o'clock on Monday so as to get through Mass and move towards Hanoi.

The railroad station is imposing and the car we entered, quite equal to European rolling-stock, was divided into three classes, all connected by a corridor, with a lavatory and observation platform (without chairs). Missioners here usually travel in the third class which, if not crowded, is quite as comfortable as the others, lacking only cushions; and there is a fourth class for the rank and file among the Annamites.

We were soon running through rice-fields of the delta, a fertile well-watered region that gives two crops of the precious grain every year; and I was agreeably surprised to find many churches around Haiphong itself, each dominating a little village. I hoped on my return to look into at least a few of them, but just now the foot-prints of Théophane Vénard were a special attraction and we had not gone many miles before souvenirs of Tongking martyrs began to assert themselves.

As our train stopped at a place called Hai-Duong Father Cothonay, directing my attention to what looked like a small cemetery with a substantial mortuary chapel, explained that three Dominicans had been martyred on the spot where the chapel containing their remains now stands. We had no time to alight and say a prayer at this shrine, but it awakened memories in Father Cothonay, who has made a close study of the martyrs of Tongking, a subject on which he loves to talk.

Among other incidents of the persecution period Father Cothonay referred to the martyrdom at Bac-Ningh of thirty-five native Christians, priests and lay people, who were driven into a hole and buried, after which elephants were brought to tramp the loose earth over them. It is recorded that on this occasion the elephants persistently held back and the king ordered the animals to be killed. The Annamites, puzzled how to accomplish the task, did so finally with some cannon balls.

The martyred Christians were later disinterred and identified by their betel-boxes, which fact not only discloses how strong a hold the practise of chewing betel has upon the Annamites but

proves that a habit rather disgusting to some human eyes does not necessarily keep a man from being a martyr in the sight of God. There seems to be hope, then, for the canonization of even those who in life were lovers of "the weed."

Where Théophane Vénard Died.

At Hanoi, the city which we were approaching, Théophane Vénard had been beheaded. Across the river that flows by Hanoi a long bridge of iron has been built and from this structure one can see approximately, not far from the bridge itself, the bank of earth on which was drawn up, February 2, 1861, a line of soldiers, backed by officials on royal elephants, and a host of people, among whom were some faithful Christians, all spectators of the martyrdom. It was hard to realize as we passed out of the large and well-appointed railway station, into the Bishop's modest little carriage, through paved streets and by impressive modern buildings, that Hanoi had been so recently stained by the blood of Christian martyrs.

Again the proof of spiritual fecundity was found in the Mission enclosure, another *House of God* presided over by the venerable Bishop Gendreau of the Paris Society. A score of buildings, large and small, occupied, with the great church, a generous portion of land conveniently placed in the heart of the city; and here we met, in addition to the several priests of the establishment, a number of soldier-priests who have fortunately been retained in the colony Bishop Gendreau lives in a small, poorly furnished house, although preparations were far advanced a few years ago to give him better accommodations in an annex to a building used for priests' retreats and guests. This project has been held up and the foundation of the annex will remain, the venerable prelate says, for his successor to develop.

Father Duffy was at Hanoi and that afternoon, with Father Cothonay and Father Hebrard, one of the local priests, we traced as best we could the procession of which Théophane Vénard had been the central figure, from the citadel through the gate to the river bank. It took but a few moments, as we were again in the Bishop's carriage, and I could not but contrast our position

with that of the young martyr, caged and anticipating in a few moments the stroke that would finish his earthly life.

The Chinese New Year was beginning, but with the exception of occasional firecracker explosions it seemed like Sunday. Everybody who had respectable clothes wore them. Stores were closed and no one, except a few rickshaw pullers, seemed to be working.

We were now within comparatively easy access of the village where Théophane Vénard was captured, and after several inquiries we planned to combine this visit with one to Phuyli, further to the west, where, nearby at Keso, we could see the Seminary of this flourishing vicariate. The next morning, therefore, after Masses at five o'clock, we set out with Father Hebrard, having, as usual, only a hazy anticipation of what experience the day would bring.

The railway line follows the main highway, and on either side of these two arteries of travel stretch acres of rice-fields, apparently without limit and with no other avenues of approach than the narrow dykes that separate them. The road on which we looked from the car-window, improved today so as to accommodate the invading automobile, was that along which Théophane Vénard had been carried to Hanoi. When about an hour out, we alighted at the station of Dong-Van and took some rickshaws—decidedly shaky and shabby—which brought us along the railway line a few miles, when we dismounted at a point from which there was no sign of habitation or crossroad. The rickshaw *boys*, who had evidently done their best to get us to our destination, now studied a place of passage across the railroad ditch, and when they found it one remained to guard the precious vehicles while the other two accompanied us over the dykes. Rain of the previous night had turned the uneven clay into a juicy mud, over which we slipped, with occasional narrow escapes from falls into the rice-paddies. From time to time we met passing natives but nearly all were celebrating the New Year at home.

After going through several villages and over what seemed three miles of dykes, we came to the Christian settlement of Ke-beo, the object of our pilgrimage. We were not, of

course, expected, and as we entered the opening of bamboo trees with which the little village, like others here, is surrounded, the surprised natives saluted and followed in our train to discover what it was all about. Father Hebrard's costume—an Annamite cassock and helmet hat—was familiar, but the two strangers were doubtless a puzzle—in raincoats and felt hats, with pantaloons pushed into their socks, and mud up to their ankles, not to speak about a flame of red whiskers on the one or the not less remarkable omission of a beard on the other.

Fortunately for us, the two native priests who administer from the centre to a large district were at home for the holidays and when we discovered that we should not occasion starvation to them we decided to stay for lunch.

We were seated by this time in places of honor within the walls of the presbytery (*sic*)—a single-room building with large openings on one side—and the entire village had gathered for silent observations.

Tea was soon before us, with a box of little cigars made in the neighborhood. Receptacles of rough brass in the shape of small cuspidors were also provided on the table, and we were offered some betel mixed with lime and wrapped in small green leaf for a "chew" before lunch. We dissected the combination, to the amusement of the spectators, but waited until we got outside before we tried the stuff—and the test was very brief.

As the native priests were most anxious to give us every possible honor they asked if, before seeing the spot where Théophane Vénard was captured, we would accept a New Year's salutation from the villagers. Our modesty—or lack of it, if you will—would not permit us to refuse and in less than ten minutes a program had begun that could hardly have been better with long preparation. Musicians were in the lead, with instruments such as I had never seen nor heard. Behind them came the elders of the village and boys carrying two immense umbrellas, and bringing up the rear were fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, babies and barking dogs.

The native priests busied themselves keeping the crowd away from the opening, along which straw mats were being spread for

the ceremony, which consisted of a speech from the leading man who, when it was over, knelt with the other elders and made solemn bows. The women did likewise after the "leading lady" had uttered a few words, and in the meantime Father Duffy and I looked wise, as if we understood it all quite as well as our companion and guide. Then a choice lot of firecrackers was set off and the musicians started the procession, in which everybody joined. With socks still outside of our pantaloons, and boots yellow with mud, we, the notables, stepped under the canopy of the mandarins and solemnly proceeded, first to the church—a small building Annamite in its construction and interior decoration, which is particularly rich in lacquer.

From the church we continued over a pathway of flat stones imbedded in mud until, after a few moments, we turned into a neat little corner of the village and stood before a typical Annamite hut, long, low, and dark, not unlike the house of the priest. These huts are built, as a rule, of clay, hardened in the sun and covered with thatch. They have openings only at the front and are without either windows or doors. A straw matting usually gives what privacy is desired and a few bars across the opening will keep out soft-stepping pilferers.

Such houses do not stand for many years, and that in which Théophane Vénard was hiding when arrested has disappeared, but the type has not changed, and the exact site on which the house stood has been marked by the Mission with a slab bearing, under the monogram of Christ, some Annamite inscriptions and these words:

Hic Beatus Theophanus Venard
A Persecutoribus Captus Est.
XXX NOV. A. D. MCCCCLX.

We decided to take a few photographs at this juncture, a trying operation in more senses than one. The Annamites, like all the children of the Orient, become intensely interested in the make-up of a camera. They are at the same time, especially if free from superstition in regard to being photographed, anxious to be taken. Between these two desires the operator is at his wits' end unless he knows the language. The Annamite parish priests settled our difficulty by the use of a switch, which the

youngsters evidently recognized as an old but undesirable friend. The priests also managed with difficulty to extricate a poor wrinkled old woman who had ministered to the wants of our young martyr while he remained hidden, and to group around her the numerous relatives of the family which, at the risk of their own lives, had provided shelter for him. When the camera was closed the procession formed again and we went back to the rectory for lunch.

A New Year's Lunch.

Our hosts did not share this meal with us and the congregation did not return to their homes for their own noon-day repast, because these people have no such institution. Twice a day they get at their rice and fixings, if they are fortunate enough to have a supply, and with these rations they are so well satisfied that they could watch us eat with positive enjoyment and without a temptation to envy.

So while we ate, the Annamite priests saw to it that the best they had for their New Year should be set before us with the least possible delay, and the people crowded again around the opening to enjoy the "movies." We gave a splendid exhibition and Father Duffy, who is not naturally inclined to pay compliments, marveled at the skill I had acquired in pushing rice with a couple of chopsticks. I don't remember what we had on that occasion, although we drank only tea, but there was a plentiful supply, including fowl, vegetables, rice cakes, and even home-made candy—all of which we took with a relish.

Like every performance, this one came to an end in time, much to the regret of the spectators, who compelled us to "go away slowly." Before doing so, however, I managed at the church to get a small souvenir for the Vénard School from the parish priest, to whom I promised in return a statue of the martyr. The children stayed with us the longest, following as closely as they could in their little bare feet over the rough and slippery dykes, and cheering us every few moments. Again the contrast came home to me between our exit from this little village and that of Théophane Vénard. We were cheered by friends and he was hooted by enemies. And yet his gayety, I

recalled, had been unsubdued, for he was the kind that goes singing to death.

The rickshaws were intact when we arrived, and our little men trotted westward again, prepared to cover five miles, on bare feet at that. We dismounted occasionally and walked, so as to give them relief, although Father Hebrard assured me that they were well content to drag us all the way. I have been in rickshaws scores of times now but I never feel at ease with a man pulling me on an up-hill grade or for a very long distance, so that I was especially relieved when we reached the parish of Phuyli and paid off our trotters.

Well-Developed Missions.

At Phuyli, where I expected to find a few huts, there were again respectable streets, some European houses, and a substantial church that would do credit to any large town of the United States. The pastor was holding an "at home" on the veranda of a simple structure, receiving New Year's gifts from his parishioners, who were squatted on the ground chewing betel and chatting with Father. The Father's helmet shaded a pair of keen eyes and a grizzly beard—not to enumerate other features—and he asked questions until he felt that he had grasped the purpose of my appearance in this part of the world, after which he shot more questions at Father Duffy. When the interview was over and a cup of tea disposed of, this thoughtful man, taking another survey of us, discovered the shocking condition of our shoes and set two boys to work at them before he would let us go. We had yet some miles to travel before reaching the Seminary at Ke-so, our destination for the night, and when our visit to the church was completed we secured three local rickshaws, arriving at Ke-so before sunset.

Ke-so lies off the main road, near a range of mountains that run through Tongking into China. These mountains of limestone, grotesque in form and filled with caves, provided an explanation for the establishment of the Mission and Seminary at this somewhat inconvenient site. The Mission of Ke-so was started immediately after the persecution in which Théophane Vénard and other priests from the Paris Seminary were martyred,

and as the times were yet perilous it was thought best to place it near the mountains, where retreat was possible with a fair chance of security in the caves. Gradually the Mission developed until it became an imposing centre, too costly to think of transplanting nearer the railway.

We had left the turnpike and were running towards the mountain range about twenty minutes when, as we emerged from a shaded spot, we saw the towers of a large church rising above an extensive village which we soon reached.

The church at Ke-so, where the coadjutor Bishop, Monsignor Bigolet, makes his headquarters, is quite as massive as an ordinary cathedral. It is roughly constructed on the outside but solid and durable and should hold two thousand Annamites. Bishop Bigolet was very cordial and when he realized that we would leave in the morning lost no time, so that under his direction we at once inspected this *House of God*—a surpassingly large establishment, covering many acres and including at least twenty buildings. The personnel was made up of ten French missioners, eight native priests serving the surrounding villages, sixty seminarians, thirty Brothers, forty catechists, twenty little aspirants from the parish, and some thirty domestics or farm workers. Besides this large community there was nearby a hospital conducted by three Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres and a house of eighty-five Annamite Sisters, known as *Amantes de la Croix* (Lovers of the Cross).

We finished the inspection just in time for Benediction, which was attended by a large congregation. At its close, on the way to the refectory, all the members of the *House of God* assembled before the statue of Our Blessed Lady at a little Lourdes Grotto where the *Ave Maris Stella* was chanted alternately by priests and seminarians. The still young Bishop stood in the centre that evening, and as I looked at him surrounded by his faithful priests, there came home to me with an unusual impressiveness the thought of all the sacrifices that had been made here in the Far East by men and women of the West for the conversion of souls. Yet from no one of them had I heard a word of complaint or the expression of a longing to return to his or her native land. In the eyes of those who do not know them the

AN ANNAMITE PRIEST

PÈRE COTHONAY AND HIS SEMINARIANS AT LANGSON

children of the Orient are a negligible quantity, but to one who sees the image of God in every man and who knows that God wishes all men to be saved, the exile's sacrifice is worth while, and it brings its consolations even here below.

I would gladly have prolonged my stay at Ke-so, but our schedule said no and we were up shortly after four o'clock the next morning, Ash Wednesday, for the journey back to Hanoi.

Our rickshaw men had stayed over night in some corner and were waiting for us after Mass. They were fresh and ran well on a fairly level road, bringing us back to Phuyli just as our train was pulling in from the west. Here we said good-bye to Father Gavan Duffy, who, after two years' absence from his Mission, was returning to India. We left him waiting for another train which would enable him to visit Phat-diem, the seat of a third vicariate, from which point he planned to go by an all-day automobile trip towards the south, where he could get accommodations for Saigon.

Father Hebrard and I settled down to a couple of hours' ride, and as we looked out into the unoccupied fields we realized that the Chinese New Year had not yet passed. The oxen, like their masters, were asleep or standing idle; children were riding on the backs of some of these animals, and on one a boy was stretched at full length fast asleep, with a coverlet of straw protecting his back from a fine rain that had been falling. Pagodas looked out at us coldly from under the great trees whose shelter they so often seek, and crosses from distant steeples warmed our hearts with the reflection that the sacrifices of Christ and of His followers have not been in vain in this distant land.

As we slowed down at the stations we could invariably notice people passing along the road laden with little packages of paper supposed to represent money, which they were bringing to the temples to be burned so as to provide the wherewithal for the worshipful souls of their ancestors. I also remarked designs in chalk before the doors of houses, figures which my companion told me were drawn to keep the devil patient; because these pagans live in a world of superstitions, which they meet and note with dread at every turn.

The Tongkinese, however, is not always worrying about his gods or his devils. He has other preoccupations, which include his clothing, on which, if he can afford it, and even when he cannot, he is quite willing to spend a considerable proportion of his year's earnings. A typical pair of well-dressed "country sports" sat opposite us on this return trip and for lack of better occupation I took observations from toe to top, with the following result:

Socks—sage green.

Trousers—white cotton, very wide.

Coats—outside, of embroidered black silk, lined with light blue and fastened with gold buttons at the neck; inside, two coats of bright colors, similar in form to the outside, the flaps being adroitly turned so as to disclose the possession of both.

Head-gear—black silk turban.

This youth also displayed occasionally, under the outside coat, a belt of pig-skin in which he kept his purse and cigarettes, and he was quite up-to-date, with unblacked teeth and the latest magazine on Annamite production.

We arrived at Hanoi early enough that morning, Tuesday, February 12, to give me an opportunity to visit Father Aubert, whose sister is the Superioress of a convent school near Boston. On the electric car that brought us to his Mission we met a white-gloved mandarin from the north of Tongking, whose French was quite as correct as his dress—and this was saying much—but whose little wife, with a black mouth and a rather stupid expression, did not apparently add much to the glory of her consort. On this occasion, becoming weary of listening to a strange tongue, she removed her slippers, folded her feet under her, and took a nap.

Father Aubert has the "best parish in the diocese," with two solid churches almost in view of each other, a substantial residence, many out-missions, and a staff of native clergy. I saw the interior of one church. It was not rich but it gave evidence of a prosperity that speaks much for the generosity of these people. In some parts of Tongking where there are wealthy Catholics the church interiors are, I was told, rich in lacquer and gold.

I am beginning to realize that some Catholic missions of the Far East are no new undertakings and that Catholic life has so advanced as to make great developments yet possible with proper direction, constant zeal, and the cooperation of the faithful on the missions themselves. Greater results could have been accomplished had the means of propaganda been more generously supplied, and one French priest with whom I spoke expressed his conviction that if the French Government had seen its way to help the Church in her evangelization all of Tongking would now be Catholic. Tongking is a field, I may add, which Protestantism has hardly attempted to invade.

A Confessor of the Faith.

We returned to Bishop Gendreau's for lunch, where Father Cothonay was awaiting us; but before leaving for Langson at two o'clock I had an opportunity to chat with Father Martin, a missioner from a neighboring vicariate who has been here thirty-four years and who had a personal acquaintance with fellow-sufferers of Théophane Vénard. Among these was a confessor of the Faith, Father Matheron, who died in 1895 from leprosy contracted during his confinement.

Father Matheron had been confined for sixteen months in a cage during the persecution and was just about to be put to death as the French troops arrived. When taken from his prison, where he had always maintained a sitting posture, he was covered with vermin and his hands were bent as with palsied old age. He discovered, soon afterwards, signs of leprosy, and, urged by his superiors, sought a cure at Lourdes. His stay in France was limited to a few weeks at his own suggestion, and after a trial of Lourdes, concluding that the Blessed Virgin did not think it best to intercede for him, he returned to his Mission, settling down near Ke-so in a little village where he was nursed until death by an old catechist.

Speaking of Father Matheron's last moments, Father Martin who was present told me that several of the confrères had in turn suggested useful and elevating thoughts, telling him that the end would soon come, that he would be with God, that they would be praying for him and would offer Masses for his soul.

Suddenly the old priest's eyes lighted as with fire, and in a strong voice he uttered the names of those who had suffered with him during the persecution:

"*Retord—Vénard—Bonnard—Schoeffler—ah, bientot nous allons rire ensemble!* (Ah, soon we shall be laughing together!)"

How simply do faith and charity meet hope in the going out of a truly Christian soul!

CHAPTER XVII

AT THE FRONTIER OF CHINA

PÈRE COTHONAY lives at Langson, well up in the north of Tongking, about five hours by rail from Hanoi, and it was not very long before we left the rich lowlands of the delta and were running through valleys bordered with high hills. We were climbing gradually into a mountain region, sparsely peopled, that occupies an extensive portion of upper and west Tongking, and I began to picture the occupations of a Catholic missioner self-exiled in the heart of this strange country. He would certainly have to spend much of his time in traveling—and as a rule he would be obliged to get about on horseback—but at home how would he pass his time when catechism lessons and necessary occupations were over?

I put the question to my companion, who confirmed what every experienced missioner advises, and answered, "He should have a hobby." Then Father Cothonay spoke to me of a Paris Seminary priest in a neighboring vicariate who for fifteen years has remained in his present Mission, fifty miles from the nearest priest and two hundred miles from any centre of civilization. The missioner has learned four dialects and prepared two valuable dictionaries of strange languages (*Tho* and *Meo*) never before recorded. The dictionaries have been published by a non-Catholic society in the Far East, which gave the priest a mere pittance for his labor of years but enabled him to do what a lack of means would otherwise have made impossible.

It was night when we reached Langson, where a priest with attendants was waiting for us, and we had but a few steps to go before reaching our "hotel," for such in fact was formerly the present house of the French Dominican priests at Langson.

I was awakened next morning by the chanting of prayers directly under my room and I realized that here, as in China, six o'clock and even five-thirty is a very late hour for rising in the Seminaries. The day was cloudy, however, and this, together with the fact that I was a traveler, excused my late appearance.

Langson in the Mountains.

I found Langson something of a surprise. I had visualized a rather large and dirty village, with narrow alleys such as one might find in almost any considerable district of China; but here was a city laid out for the future, with wide streets and substantial structures that made one feel that he would find an apothecary shop (or a chemist, if you will) at the next corner and blocks of stores away from the residential boulevard. But no!—the railway station, customs buildings, post-office, Resident Governor's house, a small hotel, some private houses, and—*finished.* Some day Langson may arrive, but just now the French Government is at the initial investment stage, an interesting period, nevertheless, in the experience of every centre of human activities.

Our first excursion brought us to the post-office and to the market-place, on our way to see a tract of land which Father Cothonay had purchased a couple of years before "for a song"—and a few dollars. At the post-office a turbaned Annamite youth was stamping letters and speaking French as if his ancestors had been doing likewise, and at the market-place the natives were chewing betel, squatting on the cold earth and selling trifles just as their forbears had done for generations. From the market we found rickshaws, and crossing a small bridge reached the site of "Father Cothonay's hope" in a short quarter-of-an-hour.

This "hope" consists of several acres of land, including some scores of protruding boulders, a long low building in brick and cement, and several mud huts, all backed against a range of limestone hills. Half-a-dozen Christian families are there and each has his rice-field as well as his hut. The Mission provides both, and in return the Christians give a portion of their rice crop to the Father, so that there is no loss although the investment produces a very small margin of profit—one or two percent—for the Mission,—proof that Catholic missioners are not trying to rob their parishioners. Father Cothonay has built the foundation of a church for this new settlement, as he anticipates a rapid growth if he can win his monied friends to the colonization idea.

The huts built of mud and thatch provide for two families and cost about sixteen dollars, or eight dollars for each family. A rice-field large enough to supply a year's grain for one family adds to the investment fifty dollars more, making a total initial investment for each family of about sixty dollars, on which, at five percent, three dollars worth of interest would be lost yearly to the Mission, which is more than compensated for by the rice-crop division mentioned above. Father Cothonay plans to build the new church with mud, but I urged him to wait for a few dollars and use brick, especially if, as he now feels, he expects to be buried within its walls.

As New Year's salutations were in order we entered the catechist's reception room—a not overclean place—brushed a spot on the bench and sat down, while the families gathered to spread their mats and make their bows. When this was over Père Cothonay gave one of his characteristic sighs, we both grunted, then smiled, and sauntered magnificently down to the rickshaws for a further exploration of the wonders of Langson. Wonders there certainly are in the limestone caves that honeycomb these mountains of northern Tongking. We went into one which, like many others, had been turned into a pagoda. It was like a fairy scene, with its massive stalactites, great hanging pyramids of stone carved by nature into grotesque forms, giving a background for the altar and its hideous gods. Passages ran into the mountain from several points and they seemed endless. giving a good idea of their usefulness as hiding places and something of a creepy feeling at the realization of the discomforts suggested by them.

We passed out from this cave of Satan, beautiful yet beastly, into God's sunshine, and as we did so Father Cothonay pointed to other caves that were actually occupied as living quarters by some lepers who begged on the road from passers-by, but who failed to come out and importune us—perhaps because they sensed the fact that we were fellow-mendicants. Caves and lepers, bandits and pirates—what thrills these magic words once gave me when, as a youngster, long before the "movies" took root in the pockets of our people, I heard, not to say read, of such things! And here was the reality, to some extent at

least, failing to excite an imagination that has been growing cool with advancing years.

As we were returning to the "hotel" Father Cothonay expressed his regret that I could not meet a certain one of his parishioners whose house we were passing and who happened to be "out of town for New Year's." This parishioner, an Annamite woman, is as yet only a Christian at heart and not by baptism, but if her zeal continues she should make a valiant member of the Church Militant.

When she realized for the first time that her gods were of tin and other structural material she went back to her house, pulled from the wall a rather valuable painting of many idols, and was about to burn it, when Father Cothonay suggested that a place in New York State called *Maryknoll* could make good use of it as a horrible example.

And my host, who had called to my memory the little office where *The Field Afar* editor works occasionally, and this identical hanging back of his chair, remarked with another sigh that he had never learned whether or not the thing had arrived in America; a charge that was repudiated of course, because—well, could any priest have a poor reputation in the matter of answering letters? Father Cothonay was pleased to know at last that his gift had not been lost in transit.

An Afternoon Trip to China.

I took an excursion into China that afternoon. It was only about ten miles to the end of the railway hut and a short half-mile climb brought us to the gateway that pierces and ornaments the straggling wall of this extensive, if not as yet great, republic of Asia. One of the priests accompanied me and Father Cothonay gave a New Year's treat to a few of the "boys," who were in glee at the opportunity to "see China and die." The house-dog also followed us into the train but my companion, Father Brebion, refused to take him, on the ground that the railroad company charges more for a dog than for an Annamite.

The last few miles of this short journey brought us through a region without any sign of human life, and when we reached the "great door" of China we were surprised to find it guarded

TYPES OF INDO-CHINESE IN THE PROVINCE OF CAO-BANG

by only one soldier, who was too sleepy to stand as we passed over the line that separates nations.

There was not much to see—the outside of an official's rather imposing European house, a village of about a hundred persons, a dingy-looking pagoda, a police-station, and some groups of silent staring Chinese—this was the sum of attractions; certainly a poor "day's outing" for the average American youth, especially when it is realized that there was not on the premises anything that looked like a refreshment stand. But the poor youths who came with us seemed happy, storing some unsubstantial memories. Above all they were glad to be safe with "Europeans," to whose skirts they clung quite closely, with evident suspicion of the strangers within whose gates they had penetrated for the first time in their uneventful lives.

Auld Lang Syne.

The next day Father Cothonay and I made another *sortie* into the streets of Langson, calling on various distinguished personages, from the *Resident* (the provincial governor), to the proprietor of the real hotel, examining "future hopes" in certain parcels of land that belonged to other people, and winding up the morning with a brief reception at the home of the misfits, the "miserables."

The "miserables" are so named, not because they are what they are through their own fault, but because there is no place for them in the activities of Langson. They are a collection of unfortunate men, women, and children, blind, crippled, or silly, in some cases thrice-afflicted, who live in huts provided by Father Cothonay. They have been burned out several times, so that recently the Government insisted on a substantial roof in place of straw and that portion of their establishment is now the most respectable of its kind in the vicinity.

They hobbled out to meet us, led us to one of the huts, spread mats, and made noises on strange instruments, which we endured in an atmosphere for which I cannot find a fitting adjective, relieving ourselves finally by the deposit of one Mexican dollar on the principal instrument. It was Father

Cothonay who made this contribution and he told them to get a New Year's feast, after which he explained to me that the entire group is supported from alms gathered by a certain number who go out regularly into the town for this purpose, placing their returns conscientiously in a common fund. It was raw and cold that morning and I still have a recollection of one shivering man who followed us a few paces asking for clothing or a blanket.

In the afternoon we listened to another concert, this time from the students in the *House of God* under the direction of a Dominican Father, who brought more music out of an ancient harmonium made near Boston than I had heard since I left that city of symphonies. The *Resident* called after the concert to return our visit, and I could not but contrast the elegance of his house with the reception-room into which he was ushered—the Mission refectory, with its unadorned walls and its table covered with cloth-of-marble, brown in color so as to appear respectably clean even after many years of use.

Father Cothonay would like to welcome some of Maryknoll's sons into Tongking, and so far as he is concerned he would tomorrow give them the half of his territory, much of which he has not yet seen. And I don't blame him, not because his Mission is remote and sparsely settled, but because as Prefect-Apostolic he has the same responsibility for souls as if he were a bishop, and the realization that for lack of men the souls entrusted to him are not cared for pains his priestly heart. But if Maryknoll should accept the responsibility what could be done to provide priests? I had to remind Father Cothonay that Maryknoll is only six years old, but he is aware that we expect to see the child a man one of these days—and then—God knows.

Written on the door of my host's room were these words:

"*Quodcumque facitis in verbo aut in opere, omnia in nomine Jesu Christi.*"—"Whatever you say or do, let it be all in the name of Jesus Christ."

So may it be with our work, dear Father Cothonay, and the Bearer of the Name that is above all names must guide our footsteps.

Langson was like a breath of Hawthorne, New York, the

Bethlehem of Maryknoll, and I would have stayed longer, but this voyage is not of the lingering kind and I was afraid that I might lose my boat, which was at Haiphong waiting for the coolies to recover from their New Year's celebration. I said good-bye to Father Cothonay and his *House of God* Saturday morning, February 16.

Marching Time.

Father Brebion accompanied me. He had not "'been to town" for a few years and his thoughtful Superior felt that it would do him good to see Haiphong and the electric cars again. Father Brebion was glad to come, but as usual I found in him, as in all others, no keen desire to get back to civilization. It is marvelous (or is it, when we know what God's grace can do?) to note in our missioners the completeness of their separation from persons and places that would seem indispensable to many, and the absorption of their interest by those who look to them for guidance.

At Haiphong the *Taksang* was loading and would not sail until Tuesday morning. It was then Saturday and I made an effort to secure a berth or even saloon space on a special boat that would leave the following day, but the local agent monopolized the only two available staterooms and evidently did not desire company. There was nothing to do but settle down for three nights and two days, which passed quietly enough, thanks to the kindness of my companion and the Spanish Dominicans.

I saw more of the little altar-boys those days, and of the congregation in the church, and I came to the conclusion that the Annamite boys with their long wisps of hair over white surplices can serve Mass better than the average youth at home and that the faithful are quite as devout as any of our own edifying congregations. I recall entering the church late one afternoon when the Stations of the Cross were in progress. There were several hundred people present and the officiating priest was preceded by an acolyte who carried just above his head a large *Christus* on a correspondingly heavy cross. Many of the faithful were following the priest as the women of Jerusalem did our struggling Saviour and all seemed wrapt in their

devotions. These people often remain in the church for hours at a time and in positions far from comfortable.

The extra days in Haiphong gave me an opportunity also to look into a few of the outlying churches, to reach which we had to drive only about half-an-hour, and then walk along dykes that led us to a series of villages, each with its own church and every church quite solidly built. One of these churches, distinctly Annamite in style, was placed among well-to-do Christians, whose faith and generosity were evidenced by a rich gold-lacquered interior which their offerings had made possible.

The Christians were nearly all at home but a few had finished their New Year's holidays (probably because they were out of food) and were working. That day I saw in the city other Christians, a small settlement of artisans whose handiwork in inlaid mother-of-pearl is very interesting and remarkably cheap. In Tongking there are several other industries, such as wood-carving, brass-moulding and pottery work, to which the efforts of our Christians could be steadily directed with good results if there were a certain outlet. Some day we should have in the United States one or more Catholic Mission Shops.

No time was lost in getting away from Haiphong Tuesday morning, February 19. and at six o'clock three of us, Father Martin of West Tongking, Father Ligneul of Japan—both veteran missioners on their way to Pokfulum where the Paris sanatorium and house of retreats is located—a trunk, and myself were rickshawing down to the river bank.

The *Taksang* was out in mid-stream with funnel smoking and as we reached the nearest point to her there was no doubt that we could find a sampan. We were literally besieged by at least a dozen men, women, boys, and girls, who represented several boats. Each family aimed to secure one rickshaw-full of humanity or baggage, and our plan was, of course, to get the contents of all four rickshaws into one boat. A boy grabbed my satchel and his portly mother took me by the two hands like an old friend, but I managed to release one hand in time to save the bag. In the meantime my two companions were being led each to a different boat, and the trunk had already been snugly settled on a third sampan. Fortunately, Father Brebion, who had

A HAPPY REUNION OF FRENCH AND SPANISH BISHOPS AT AN EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION IN TONGKING

joined us, came to the rescue and united all in one sampan, much to the disgust of those who lost their early morning fares—perhaps, too, their bowl of rice.

Through the Hainan Straits.

There was no delay, as the captain was going home and was already long behind his schedule. My two priest-companions were provided with a dark-looking cabin amidships, and I was allotted to an upper berth in my former stateroom with an Englishman as fellow-sufferer.

The trip was without incident, but at Hoihow on the island of Hainan we settled down to an inexplicable wait of about twenty hours. The excuse, typically Chinese, was that the residents of Hoihow, who have cattle to send away, prefer to bring their cargo to the ship after dark, the insinuation being that some of their darlings (hogs, hens, and oxen) might thereby escape the eyes of watchful officials whose duty it is to levy taxes on such outgoing products. Had it been possible we could have sent word to the priest in charge of Hainan and arranged to go ashore, but telegraphs and telephones were out of the question and the only means of communication was by sailing-boats, which have a habit of standing still for hours at a time while the wind goes off elsewhere for a lark.

Towards evening, after a long day of enforced rest, we remarked a fleet of boats coming out of the river and towards our steamer. One would almost imagine that he was about to witness a yacht race under the direction of a New York club, but he would have been soon disillusioned. The boats were large unpainted sampans with sails of straw and each boat was loaded with cattle and yelling Chinese.

By the time the fleet began to bump against the sides of our steamer we were enjoying a *Victrola* concert provided by the second-mate. The audience was not large but all were appreciative, except perhaps one of the custom-house officers, whose thoughts were elsewhere after a day's relaxation with its somewhat excusable libations. Caruso was just reaching the climax of some tragic theme when this worthy exclaimed, "The hogs are here!"—and vanished into the dark.

Later I sauntered out to see the moving-pictures. Hogs were resting at full length in bamboo baskets, and out of the sampans the donkey-engine was hoisting four at a time, allowing two minutes for each couple. The oxen came up separately, with an allowance of one minute from an adjustment of the sling about the animal to the recovery on deck of its standing position. For the privileged steers stalls had been prepared, but the hogs were thrown without order in layers of two and three. The bamboo is so stiff that one hog does not actually rest upon another, but the actual conditions would hardly appeal to a member of the *S.P.C.A.*, since the animals are not able to move without cutting themselves on the sharp edge of the bamboo and also because they remain for one and sometimes two days without a scrap of food or a drop of water. So must suffer those who live as hogs.

My stateroom was lined on one side (outside, of course) with a file of hogs and guarded at the door by an ox whose horns I had to dodge whenever I wished to get in or out, but I must admit, with all due respect to the millions of good people in China, that my sleep was less disturbed by these animals than it had been on the down voyage by a score of natives who then occupied the same places.

When I arose the next morning we were well out on the China Sea, pitching some but making good headway towards Hongkong, which we reached shortly after noon the following day, Friday.

Meanwhile my stateroom companion, with twelve white suits, a helmet, a straw hat, and scores of other wearables, had been quite disgusted with our neighbors. He aired his views, however, on the love of animals and on other traits that make for the perfection of our natural life, asserting that he had more sympathy for a suffering dumb beast than for a human being who could make known his pain. He also emphasized his own golden rule of life, "Do unto others—etc.," but when he asked me if I was not of the opinion that a man did his full duty by living up to this rule, and I reminded him that many a good heathen or unbeliever might well be in his class and that he had overlooked the supernatural, he seemed surprised and almost shocked.

It is hard indeed to keep God in view when a man fills his life with needless luxuries and meaningless preoccupations.

The Eternal Wrangle.

At Hongkong we anchored out in the harbor, and were again at the mercy of the sampan-sharks. An innocent-looking young Chinaman sought our patronage, and, joining his family, to which was added a couple of his associates, we directed him to land us at a point where my two companions could find rickshaws for Pokfulum and where I could get a chair for the Procure. All went well until we neared the shore, when payment for the sampan was requested. As treasurer and fighter for the group, I refused until we should land. Three rickshaws were in waiting as we neared the landing-steps but as soon as we disembarked they scampered off as if told to do so, and the usual crowd gathered to watch the game. We had insisted on meeting rickshaws and chairs, but there were none in sight on this lonely wharf, and coolies coming forward insisted on taking our things, but we refused until a boatman should fetch the promised means of transportation. In the meantime, as there was a continuous clamor from the sampan men for their pay, I told my companions to guard the baggage while I would try to find a policeman. The word *police* has a magic effect on the sampan tribe and half way across the street I was overtaken by one who speeded away and returned with rickshaws, in which Father Ligneul and Martin were soon seated and on their way to Pokfulum. I then offered the boatman a reasonable fare and the war recommenced. But as I could not now leave my belongings to search for a policeman I was at the mercy of the boatmen, who blocked my rickshaw, standing boldly with folded arms. I sat back and glared at them until they suggested a compromise, and the game was over. This is China—but in America I might have been treated worse.

Eastern Tragedies.

At Hoihow we had received news of an earthquake in Swatow, with great loss of property and life; also that Haiphong which we had just left had been affected, and that Hongkong had

suffered considerably. The news was soon confirmed and I found the people of Hongkong actually repairing damage and moving from condemned buildings. I learned also that a brisk trade was being carried on by some enterprising barbers of the city, who were selling to unsuspecting Chinamen some of the "hair which had been shaken from the back of the dragon when he trembled under the earth so violently as to cause its shaking."

This calamity, occurring during the Chinese New Year, quite upset the pagans of Hongkong, who look forward to a succession of troubles during the next twelve months.

I found Father Fraser in Hongkong. He had come to tell me that all arrangements had been made to take the regular boat to our future mission field, Yeungkong, and that this boat—a junk towed by a small steamer—would leave Canton the following Thursday, giving us a chance to spend at least two days at Yeungkong and enabling us to return in good time for my steamer to America. Meanwhile the catechists were getting together their household effects and my priest companions had laid in a stock of needfuls. This was all good news and we settled down for a few days in and about Hongkong.

Fearing that I could not, as planned, find another opportunity to go to Nazareth, I left the Procure Saturday afternoon for that peaceful spot, which we reached in time for a walk with the director, Father Monnier, in whose heart there is a warm place for Maryknoll and who looks forward with joy to the possibilities of our united efforts. The Christian Brothers of Hongkong have secured quite near to Nazareth a small house which gives them opportunity for an occasional rest or for convalescence and we lunched with them on Sunday, enjoying from their refectory the perfect ocean view which the Pokfulum side of Hongkong affords. Father Robert had come with Father Ouillon to join us and we returned together to the Procure.

I had tried to do some business on Saturday afternoon in Hongkong but the *races* so absorbed the residents of the island that this was quite impossible, and as similar conditions would exist on Monday afternoon we used the morning to arrange several details, including police permits to leave the city, permits to land in Japan, and a visé from the American Consul

to get back to what my Irish friend in Shanghai calls "God's country." The two priests of the Procure were late for dinner, and when they arrived, breathless and heated, they told of an awful catastrophe at the race course—the weakening of a bamboo grandstand, with the precipitation of hundreds of persons and an immediate conflagration, in which nearly one thousand spectators, mostly Chinese, lost their lives. The priests on hearing the news had rushed to the scene but found only the charred bodies of the dead. That night, as he watched the precious hairs from the body of the dragon, many a Chinaman was strengthened in his superstition.

Arrangements and Disarrangements.

Other news had come during the day, announcing a second tearing-up of rails between Hongkong and Canton and the retaking by General Lung of Yeungkong, our own objective. I began to wonder if we could get to Yeungkong at all as events were shaping themselves, but we had no final news to the contrary and on Tuesday night we left by the English steamer, a very well-appointed boat, for Canton, expecting to arrive at six o'clock the next morning. It seemed to be a perfect starlit night as we moved away at ten o'clock from the wharf in Hongkong, but about three hours later the fog-whistle was blowing and after a rattle of the anchor-chain the vibration of the steamer ceased. We were "tied to a post" for the night and until about ten o'clock the next morning, arriving finally at Canton in the early afternoon.

On this passage we met a Catholic physician from Seattle with his wife and son, the first American tourists whom I have seen in the Far East during these war times. I have of course met many Americans, but all are either resident here or they are in the Orient for some passing business.

Before leaving Hongkong we had received a message that the regular boat on which we were to sail for Yeungkong had already left, but upon arrival we learned that, fearing its requisition by some one of the combatant armies, its directors were holding it at a place called Kongmoon. Gradually it was made evident to us that there was no hope of getting to Yeungkong by the

usual route, that overland would take too long and that there was only one means left—to hire a small steamer, which would in the space of a short week get us to Yeungkong and back, allowing us also to visit Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier had died in sight of the land which he so much longed to evangelize.

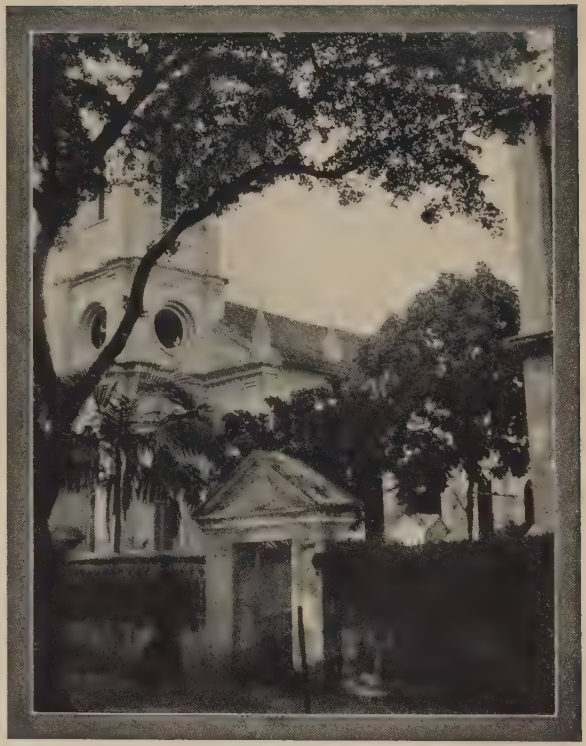
Inquiries had already been made and the price of coal seemed prohibitive, but when we reckoned the cost of otherwise transporting catechists, furniture, and ourselves we decided to make the hazard, and with a price almost agreed upon began preparations. But in China this is only one step in an uncertain undertaking.

Before sailing we went out on the river to look at the boat in question and after a long search we found it—a battered and bruised tug, unwashed and uncleanable. Do not think for a moment that such conditions should interfere with plans in this country. If that were so no one would ever get far into China. The trouble we found was more serious. It was a question of pilots (six of whom, we were assured, would be needed), also of dollars and cents in addition to the fixed price, and finally of an uncertainty in passing the line where battles were raging (!).

I told the captain to call on us in the city after lunch for a final decision, and we went directly to the American Consul, from whom I had already received the Stars and Stripes together with a Chinese passport for the interior. The Consul felt that we should be allowed through the lines and as he had been trying to get some Chinese Red Cross money down to Yeungkong I took it from him (without force) but with a slender hope that we might yet reach our destination.

The captain came after lunch, and we brought to our council the keen practical judgment of Father Thomas who, by good chance, had come from his Mission on Sancian Island to Canton and would gladly go back with us even to Yeungkong. The captain's plot had thickened in the meantime, and as he would give us no definite price nor a definite assurance that he could find pilots we were finally obliged to give up the Yeungkong trip and to substitute for it a visit to Sancian, which Bishop de

"Shameen, the island concession where Europeans and Americans live in greater safety and comparative isolation." (*p. 193.*)



"Shameen is like a small island park and the Catholic Church there is picturesque in itself and in its setting." (*p. 197.*)

Guébriant was especially anxious for many reasons to have us see.

We were now facing another problem, that of reaching Sancian Island and—which was more important—getting back at a seasonable date. Father Thomas arranged that we should leave Canton before daylight on Sunday.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DIED

March 3, 1918.

JUST when a Chinese junk is going to leave its moorings nobody seems to know. Four o'clock Sunday morning was mentioned as our time of departure from Canton for Sancian, then three-thirty, then two-thirty. Finally it was decided that we should rise at one-thirty, say our Masses, and get to the boat, on which doubtless most of the passengers would be waiting from Saturday night. This we did, and soon after two a. m. we were hurrying over the rough pavements in the silent alleys of old Canton, meeting only the sentries, until we reached the Bund, where rickshaws and chairs were passing to and fro by the scores.

We pushed along after Father Thomas, past a multitude of barks in which thousands were asleep, until at last we reached the Kongmoon junk, after crossing several smaller boats in order to get to it. The steerage was, as usual, crowded to the last square foot, and the first-cabin passengers, identical with those of the second and third, were stretched at full length asleep, or in sitting postures munching watermelon seeds and drinking tea.

Father Thomas' boy and a *Beau Brummel* Chinese who had been recommended to us as a "professor" had already arrived and secured for us the only two cabins in the ark. They were not altogether inviting but in those surroundings they were the last word in luxury and would have excited the envy of any other foreigner had there been one on board. We spread blankets on the soiled mattresses and tried with poor success to continue our interrupted sleep until about seven o'clock, when the *boy* appeared with some slices of raw ham, some good bread, butter (canned in Australia), and condensed milk, a spread fit for a deposed king. Father Fraser, who in fifteen years had acquired a habit of training servants, consigned the ham to the flames and it soon reappeared with an appealing expression on its fat face that won our sympathy and restored our appetites.

As there was no promenade deck we remained in the coops, catching occasional glimpses of the passing scenery. Shortly before reaching Pakhai, as we were going through some rapids, we heard an explosion of firecrackers and saw bits of paper falling from the stern of the vessel into the water. This, Father Thomas explained, was a superstitious ceremony observed as a rule by the Chinese pilots, who thus seek to make friends with the evil spirits lurking in these treacherous currents.

Pakhai is a coming centre, a convenient point of departure for Hongkong, the West River, and many other more or less important ports, including (among the less) Yeungkong. It is also the terminus of the *great railway line constructed, owned and controlled by Chinese enterprise.* At present it seems to have only two streets, one at right angles to the other and both lined with ambitious shopkeepers or restaurant-sharks. There are also a few blocks of houses, but by far the most prominent buildings are a group of six or eight substantial structures occupied by—Protestant missionaries *from America.*

As we had two hours to wait and the circuit of the town had been finished in fifteen minutes, we decided to visit our fellow-Americans. The minister had gone out of town with his family to spend the day among friends but we were received kindly and made a short inspection of the boys' school, after which we were served with tea and cake by a small group of deaconesses from whom we learned that this Mission is Presbyterian and that many of its personnel are from Toronto, Canada. We also learned that the same missionary Society supplies workers to Yeungkong, our own future mission-field.

The Sunning Railway.

Our train left in good time and the engine was a genuine American snorter, that could make enough noise to be heard far into Westchester county from the tracks of the New York Central under the cliffs that skirt the Hudson. The cars were made in Wilmington, Delaware, and the seats were marked with the name of a Philadelphia firm, because this is the road into which has been sunk American money earned in many a Chinese laundry throughout the States.

But oh! how beauty fades! It is quite possible that the cars of the "*Sunning Railway Company*" have been washed since they were put into operation some years ago, but no one would ever suspect it, and were I from Wilmington or Philadelphia I should have felt as if my good name had been sullied. Dirt was no new experience, however, in Far East interior traveling and we soon turned our eyes outward to passing scenes.

We were indeed in the land of the Americanized Chinaman and every few moments we caught glimpses of villages recently constructed in gray brick and tile. The houses were, as a rule, of one story, huddled closely in alleys as narrow as can be found in any town laid out by stay-at-home Chinese, and the Temple of Ancestors had its usual prominent place in the village group. Occasionally, however, there were more pretentious houses of two stories, with breathing spaces on several sides, and, not to reflect unkindly on the returned "Americans," it must be realized that their hard-earned money is a strong temptation to the bandits who literally infest this region and against whose attacks every village and town aims to protect itself by close union of dwellings massed behind an encircling defense.

At the bank of a broad river we came to a stop and without alighting were ferried by cable across its rapidly moving waters, a feat engineered, I was told, by the Chinese and admired by all travelers to whom the idea is new.

Kong-yet the Worst-yet.

Our destination for the night was a place called Kong-yet, which I hope never to see again, at least under circumstances similar to those we experienced. Kong-yet is also an Americanized (?) town, with unusually wide alleys that might almost be called streets. It boasts of a hotel, to which we looked forward as to a place of rest and refreshment, because there are no Catholics in this town and no priest within miles of it. Priests, European or Chinese, are disappointingly few in the populous districts through which we had passed, although the activities of American Protestants are quite in evidence.

When we entered the village of Kong-yet late in the afternoon it was full of soldiers who were on one of two errands, bound

either for Yeungkong to battle against General Lung, the leader of the Northern troops, or detailed to round up an army of bandits that lay hidden in surrounding mountains after having pounced on the village of Kwonghoi and carried into captivity three hundred and fifty persons, including a Chinese seminarian in deacon's orders from Canton.

Father Thomas had planned that we should stay at Kong-yet so as to avoid the danger of traveling by night either on sea or land while we were in the district, and he brought us to the best hotel—the only place of shelter that he could think of. We entered, passing between a counter full of liquors and a butcher shop to a "grand stairway" which was so greasy that I nearly slipped. On the second floor we found ourselves at the heart of the establishment, the kitchen, where a force of "boys" was occupied soaking vegetables and making other preparations, while others were taking a half-hour off for chopstick exercise. The second and last flight of stairs brought us into a large hall which, by means of low wooden partitions *that did not reach to the ceiling*, provided the full hotel accommodation: six or eight bedrooms, two private dining rooms, a pantry, and the clerk's desk. Everybody in sight smiled as we appeared on the scene, and when our intention to remain was understood all got busy—after their fashion.

To Father Fraser and myself one room with two beds was assigned. The floor of that room I am willing to avow had never been washed since it was laid. The walls were indescribable, the mosquito nettings were of such a color that we decided not to use them, concluding that no insects would try to get near us. On a marble-covered table were some crumbs which Boy No. 1 swept with a dishrag on to the floor, after which we three priests sat down to a meal prepared by Father Thomas' "boy." Then, at a very early hour of the evening, with nothing to do and a five o'clock rising before us, we decided to turn in—to our own blankets, of course.

We did so, but there was no sleep that night. A party of shabbily-dressed army officers had hired one of the private dining rooms, also another room separated from ours by a thin board; a second group, evidently larger than the first, sat down

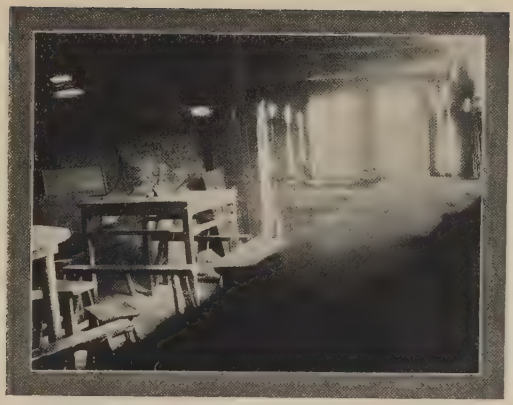
for a domino gamble; then the devil was let loose. My only consolation was that I did not know the language, which we had reason to believe, and were later assured, was far from choice. Poor Father Thomas, who is a past master in Chinese, was in a worse position than we, being closeted between the officers' quarters and an opium fiend.

The wild voices, occasionally rising to a shriek, continued until after four o'clock, when the soldiers fell asleep over their dominoes. It was then time for us to get up, breakfast, and continue our journey, and I fear that I must have made some unnecessary noise as I thought of the slumbering miscreants, but oh! it was good to get out into God's pure air and to say, "Never again for me!"

But this last reflection recalled the possibility of the same conditions for Father Thomas on some future journey—and of similar experiences for Maryknoll missioners. A mission that can afford it should have a catechist established in such towns and a room in the catechist's house could be kept for passing missioners. This would call for at least two hundred dollars a year—and besides accomplishing something towards the spread of faith it would enable a priest to respect the dignity of his sublime calling and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mission of Canton is too poor for this.

Relief.

We took the train in silence that morning, as if we had passed through a miserable nightmare, and we settled down to our breviaries, each of us evidently anxious to forget the experience as soon as possible. A village called Doison was now our objective and there we expected to find a small steam launch to carry us, after lunch, over to Sancian Island. We reached this port towards noon and went directly to another "hotel," not so pretentious as that at Kong-yet but quite as dirty. As we landed on the second floor a small boy yelled as if a fire had just broken out, but Father Thomas informed us that he was only calling an order of rice to the kitchen below or possibly notifying the proprietor that a "full-up" Chinaman was leaving the place and would try to get by without paying.



THE DINING-ROOM OF A CHINESE COUNTRY INN

WHERE SAMPANS AND JUNKS MEET THE MODERN STEAM LAUNCH
ON CHINESE WATER-WAYS

Father Thomas' "boy" saved our lives again on this occasion, providing even the dishes for our lunch, to which his "master" sat down late and with a poor appetite. The usual upset of plans had occurred. The boat that Father Thomas had engaged for us could not go. It's owner, fearing that it would be requisitioned and never paid for, had ordered its engine to be dismantled. When Father Thomas received this news he put on his fiercest expression and paced through the town like a war-horse, returning with the news that he had engaged the police-boat, which would wait over a day for us at Sancian and bring us back to Doison. This would make our date of return more certain than if we depended, as had been planned, on a sailing bark to cross that section of the China Sea.

This was comforting for Father Fraser and myself, but Father Thomas, in whose poorly-covered mission district we had been for almost twenty-four hours, had, while in his quest for a boat, learned that more of his parishioners had been kidnapped and that one, a well-to-do Chinese, was being held, with threat of early death, for a ransom of sixteen thousand dollars, a seemingly impossible proposition. Father Thomas ate little that noon and it was not until our police-boat had puffed out into the main river that he recovered his spirits. Even then he was obliged to pass and to point out to us the mountains in which the captives of Kwonghoi, including the deacon-seminarist, were being detained. It was a rocky promontory, evidently impregnable, at least to the present Chinese armament.

We were fagged after the sleepless night and when we came to the ocean some sleeping soldiers were called up from the single cabin and we turned into their places for a nap. I have a recollection of being considerably tossed, but of nothing else until I heard Father Thomas' voice announcing that we were in sight of Sancian.

Sancian Island.

Sancian—where St. Francis Xavier had landed—where for weeks he had lived, waiting for the chance that never came to get to the mainland already in view. *Sancian*—where this intrepid Apostle of the Indies and of Japan breathed his last

sigh, resigned in the knowledge that he had done his best to bring into China the Standard of Christ. A bold, bare, mighty rock stretched to the north, and midway as the westerning sun came forth from a passing cloud its rays brightened the pure white surface of a little chapel, whose spire pointing heavenwards makes known to some, at least, who sail these seas that Francis Xavier, to whom earth meant only a passage and to whom the Kingdom of Heaven was all, was once buried on this sacred spot. This memorial chapel—for such it is—stands quite alone on the cliff that marks the entrance to a small bay. A line of houses was soon revealed, stretching north and south from the Mission buildings, a rather imposing group at that distance.

We anchored about three hundred feet from the shore and sounded shrill whistles to attract some fisherman, our only hope of landing. Pirates are always to be reckoned with by the natives in Sancian, although, under Father Thomas, a volunteer guard-system has been established and the island for some time past has not been visited by robbers. Father Thomas, too, seldom returns to his flock in anything but a sailboat. He was not at first recognized from the shore and it looked as if some one might have to swim to the beach. Finally a couple of men put in an appearance, and as they rowed out to us a group of children came cautiously down to the water-edge. When the boat drew near the rowers recognized their spiritual father and were evidently delighted as we all clambered in. As our boat scraped the sand the children gave a chorus of welcome blessings to their pastor, following close upon our heels as we passed over the damp sands to the church.

A church it is, with quite a broad façade and clerestory, but a few moments were enough to reveal the fact that the priest who built it, like most missioners, had an eye to the future. The actual church occupies only the nave, which is marked on either side by partitions. Between one of these partitions and the outside wall is the priest's house, running up into the clerestory, and beyond the second partition is the school with its dormitory above. Father Fraser and I were given the "pastor's study," the only possible guest-room, which is almost on a level with the choir-gallery of the church, into which we could pass

1. *"A little chapel makes known to some, at least, who sail these seas, that Francis Xavier — was once buried on this sacred spot."* (*p. 284.*)

2. *"In the direction of Yeungkong — where we are planning to send from America valiant young soldiers of Christ."* (*p. 286.*)

3. *"The children gave a chorus of welcome blessings, following close on our heels as we passed over the damp sands."* (*p. 284.*)

by a short staircase, and beds were erected for us without delay so that we might look forward to a real sleep that night.

Sancian Island has about ten thousand inhabitants, most of whom are fishermen. When Father Thomas first went there Catholics were practically unknown, but today they number nearly two thousand and Father Thomas is recognized by all classes, as also by the Government, as a power in the island. In fact he acts as judge, since there is no mandarin at Sancian, and his strong character, joined to a marked disinterestedness, has won for him the respect of all the pagans in the island as well as that of all Chinese officials with whom he comes in contact. We had remarked on the train his wide acquaintance with Chinese men and the keen attention which they gave as he talked to them fluently in their own tongue, but now as we looked at the living fruit of his intelligent zeal we were not surprised.

But Father Thomas, like most of us, has his "off days." They come usually after his "days off"—and if he were not morally obliged it is doubtful if he would take any "days off" from his beloved Sancian. He has, however, to advise occasionally with his Bishop and must find time for his regular confession —and each of these means a difficult passage across the sea with an expense of forty to fifty Mexican dollars. This worthy priest has also poor health to reckon with; but his greatest trial comes from a realization that in the development of his work he has reached a point beyond which he cannot go under present conditions.

The Bishop of Canton and he have talked over the situation at Sancian and both agree that at the earliest possible moment a well-equipped school under the direction of some teaching Brothers should be established. These are the principal obstacles: a building must be erected that will cost five thousand dollars (here is a chance for some one to found a college on the island where St. Francis Xavier died); four or five teaching Brothers must be secured. When Father Thomas can realize these needs his cup of happiness will be filled and he will think of tearing down the partitions so as to enlarge his church, into which now he cannot invite his entire congregation for any one service.

In the Footsteps of Xavier.

The morning after our arrival at Sancian Father Fraser and I walked over the beach to the Memorial Chapel, where, in the presence of the children and two native nuns, we offered the Holy Sacrifice, in honor of St. Francis Xavier, for the propagation of the Catholic faith in China. After Mass we venerated relics of the Holy Cross and of the Apostle, on whose tombstone the reliquaries had been placed, and before leaving that hallowed spot I looked out across the China Sea in the direction of Yeung-kong, where battles were even then, perhaps, in progress and where we are planning to send from America valiant young soldiers of Christ to fight Satan.

As we returned on the sands that morning we picked up a few shells—small, dainty, curious things that interested us enough to suggest the idea of carrying them away as souvenirs. We were, of course, observed, and one little girl of about four followed us to the door of the priest's house, having in the meantime loaded us down with shells good, bad, and indifferent, of her own selection. During the day other consignments of shells were disgorged from mysterious pockets and that evening a small table in the dining room was quite covered with the "treasures." Some soldiers who dropped in on the "Governor" of the island helped themselves to a few and we stowed away others for exportation to America.

During the day we visited two of Father Thomas' Christian settlements, to the north and south of the central Mission respectively. At one of these settlements there is a resident Chinese priest who, while we were on the island, lunched and dined with us, providing his cook as waiter for the American guests. This young priest was educated by a benefactress in New York and he was evidently grateful for her kindness. His house has two rooms: one, like Father Thomas' dining room, has a variety of uses; the other, just above, provides his bedchamber.

At this settlement we found a school in progress, but I confess to something of a shock when I realized that it was in a pagan ancestor-temple. "How can I help it?" answered Father Thomas to our inquiry. "This place is used only once

a year by pagans, who come from a distance to adore the spirits of their forefathers, and in the meantime it serves our purpose. We have nothing else, and are not likely to have it until better times come."

I walked over to the shelvings of tablets, each with its inscription and each so sacred in the eyes of the relatives interested that it would have been a serious matter to remove it, but I could not help asking myself what effect the continual presence of this superstition had on the Catholic children studying and reciting their lessons daily in that atmosphere. And then on reflection I was glad to feel that the Sign of the Cross, with prayers to the One True God and ejaculations in honor of our Immaculate Mother Mary, could and doubtless would restrain the power of Satan over these children of light, and perhaps bring the grace of conversion to some whose ancestors had been enrolled here.

No one who visits with its pastor a Christian settlement in China can fail to be impressed by its atmosphere. The moment a Christian catches sight of his priest his eyes brighten with evident pleasure and his salutation is delightfully familiar and respectful. Young people race away to warn their elders and in a few moments faces appear at the doorways or in the alleys, all anxious to receive a word of recognition or at least to catch a glimpse of their spiritual father and his guests. If a stop is made or any building entered, the windows and doorways are closed in almost immediately by groups of inquisitive children—and grown-ups. This was the case at Sancian as elsewhere, but Father Thomas attempted occasionally to *shoo* the crowds, and he succeeded about as well as the housewife does when she shakes a rag at the flies and leaves the door ajar.

Running the Gauntlet.

We went to bed early for a second and last night's sleep at Sancian, because we were due to rise before three o'clock. The hour was to have been a little later but word had come from the police-boat that if we wished to make the tide at Doison we must start very early. Our Masses were over by three-thirty and they had been served by four altar-boys who seemed as

bright as if they were at a noonday lunch. These youngsters accompanied us down to the beach with Father Thomas and helped us into the fishing boat, which brought us in a few moments to the anchored launch. Everybody seemed to be asleep on board, but dressing is not a long operation with Chinese soldiers and after a brief delay we puffed out under the cliffs and in full moonlight headed westward for the China mainland.

The air was cool, almost cold, but the cabin was still occupied by soldiers and we had to find the best shelter available, on the hatch behind the steel shield that was supposed to be at least bullet-proof. I recalled that Father Thomas, intrepid apostle that he is, did not fancy the idea of night travel on these waters, where pirates like to stay out in the dark, but the moon was reassuring that morning. All went well until we were about two-thirds of the way across, when at a low signal the sleeping soldiers jumped from their berths, hurriedly snatched rifles, stepped silently by us, and stationing themselves behind the steel guards fixed their eyes on some approaching object.

Father Fraser and I were at that moment on a rather interesting subject and I had the lead. At his suggestion, we stepped down into the cabin left vacant by the soldiers, and I found myself wondering whether we were safer there with a shield of wood than on deck with a steel protection. It was an unusual sensation, this waiting for a rain of bullets, and although at Father Fraser's request I continued the story I confess to a loss of interest caused by the preoccupation of the moment. Nothing happened, however, and when one of the soldiers returned with an unconcerned expression we resumed our places on deck. We were now nearing Doison and I was glad to feel that we should there find—even with a wait until eleven o'clock—a train that would carry us past that awful hotel, up to Pakhai in time for the Canton junk.

We were getting towards the mouth of the river that would lead us into Doison, when suddenly the boat stopped. It was not for pirates this time, but the news, calmly delivered to us, was almost as bad. We had run aground and could not possibly make Doison until the next full tide, which would come that afternoon—too late, of course, for our train. Long, idle hours

In the house of a parishioner

The shelvings of tablets

"We found a school in progress, — in a pagan ancestor-temple." (*p. 286.*)

AT SANCIAN ISLAND WITH FATHER THOMAS

on this crowded gunboat, a noisy tinder-box for our rest that night, and Heaven knows what else the day would bring to us—these were not comforting reflections, but I had begun to realize that in China the unexpected happens frequently and that St. Teresa's maxim about patience is well worth remembering—at least once an hour.

The soldiers knew that we were disappointed and in their own way expressed their sympathy. Then as their brains began to work the captain suggested that we might back off the sands, make for Kwonghoi, the village that had been raided by bandits, and take a chair or even walk to Doison, a distance of about nine miles. We assented at once, although we knew that the chance to reach Doison in time for that train was a slim one. For several minutes I expected a boiler explosion and the churned waters looked like the mud-baths of Marienbad, but little by little we moved backward, and, floating clear, turned the cannon's mouth and incidentally the bow of the boat towards Kwonghoi.

It remained "towards" that morning, for just as we reached the harbor of that unhappy seaport we scraped the bottom again. The landing-place was a good mile away and every minute's delay now seemed serious, because we were in a racing mood with a train as the goal. The boat-whistle gave its shriek to call a sampan from the village, but fortunately for us an old woman with her daughter and grandchild had made an early trip to an outlying junk and answered the signal in a few moments. Grandmother sculled at the stern, mother, standing beyond our shelter, rowed with a vigorous stroke, while the representative of the third generation slept peacefully on mother's back, rocked automatically by the stroke of her oar.

Over the Dykes.

A half-dozen coolies were waiting for us, and their charges were sky-high because they knew that we must be after that train and that we could not dispense with their services. There was no time to bargain and in five minutes, with two coolies trotting ahead and Father Fraser setting a pace for the "Professor" and myself, we were swinging along in Indian file through Kwonghoi and the connecting villages, out onto the dykes of the rice-

fields. We were really too anxious about our train to realize that we were going over the ground recently invaded by hundreds of bandits, but occasionally as I looked at some passing group I wondered if at that moment they were not thinking of dear ones captive in the fastnesses of that robber mountain, which the Chinese Government should either clear or blow up.

The sun was hot and there was no shade. An umbrella rarely finds a place in my travel outfit but I missed one on this trip, perhaps because I happened to recall that everybody in the Far East seems to be in mortal dread of the sun, especially when it strikes the back of the neck. Villages were numerous and it would have been a blessed relief in more ways than one to have passed through them, but each was fenced with bamboo against the bandits, and while it was always possible to enter, the impression left was that the much-abused inhabitants would rather have strangers keep outside the bamboo; and this we did, holding to our rapid pace for several miles until we reached the perspiration-bath stage. The train-hour, eleven o'clock, was always with us, an incentive not to linger but a somewhat dismal thought whenever we looked at our watches.

After the third mile we met two chair-carriers and suggested that they should right-about-face, but they had already taken a "fare" that morning and with a shake of the head, telling us that they had not yet eaten their rice, they passed on. Before we had made half of our journey, however, we found other chair-bearers who yielded to the temptation and lifting us on their shoulders carried us at an even more rapid pace than we had been walking. These men knew the hour of the train and the distance to be covered. They would "lose face" if they failed to arrive on time, but two ferry passages and a brief stop for the carriers' "chow" (they, too, had not eaten that morning), almost took away our hope and the Chinese hotel loomed up again on the horizon as a possibility for the night. At the last ferry we might have been delayed by a transport of soldiers had we not arrived just in time to keep them waiting first, and as we filed by the company we knew that this was our final dash. We waited every moment for the sound of the passing train, but our fears were not realized, and with a genuine "Thank God" we climbed on

board the "Sunning Express" which, with all its dirt, was good to look upon. In a few moments we were speeding westward towards Pakhai, where as planned we should connect with a junk for Canton.

Back to Canton.

The Far East is certainly extensive but on the travel-ways one often meets friends or acquaintances. On this particular run, for example, we ran into three such: one a minister whom I had encountered on the steamer coming from San Francisco; another a Chinese Catholic who, ten days before, had tried to find a boat for us; the third, the young Chinese doctor who had called on me at Hongkong and who had just come down the line to place his wife in the care of an eye-specialist. He had with him his three-year-old, who was loaded for the journey with sugar-cane and firecrackers. The "Doctor" has some shares in the Sunning Railway but he seems to fear that the tracks and running stock will rust out before he realizes anything from them, and as an "American citizen of Chinese extraction" he is quite ashamed of the present condition of the equipment.

Just before reaching Kongmoon we passed several miles of great hills literally honey-combed with graves. Our first impression was that this was a central burying place for some very large district, but we were afterwards told that it represented only the multitudes of that particular locality. Overwhelming is the thought of the millions upon millions who have toiled through their Christ-less lives on the soil of China.

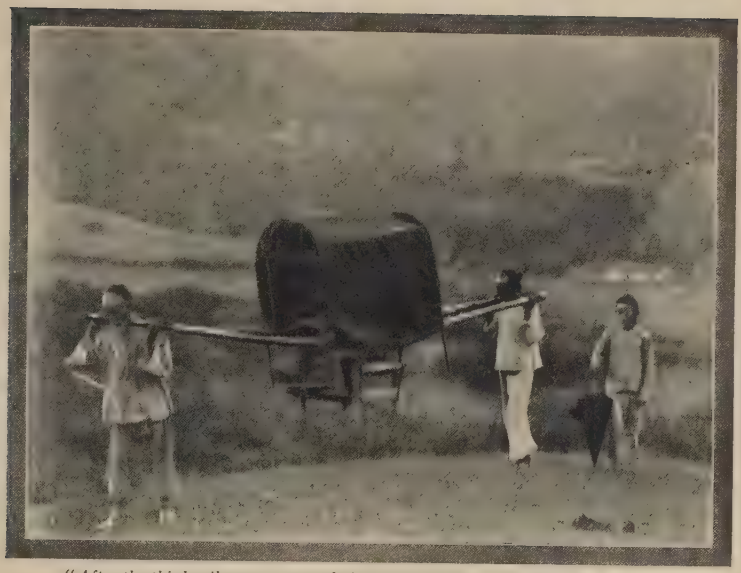
At Pakhai, which we reached before five, we found a sampan advertising the Canton junk, and learning that the departure hour was seven o'clock we decided that it was about time to search for food—a commodity of which we had seen little for more than twelve hours. We selected one of three restaurants, and, quite pleased to find ourselves alone, ordered "chow and chopsticks" for three. Just then Father Fraser had the happy inspiration to think of some bread that was tucked away in our belongings on the sampan and we dispatched the "Professor" for this link with home. In the meantime, chopsticks, from which the paint had long since been washed, and watermelon

seeds were set before us, and—perhaps the worst was yet to come, but in any event just as that critical moment arrived the "Professor" returned and nonchalantly announced that the sampan with our bags was about to leave the dock for the junk which would be moving towards Canton in another fifteen minutes. The restaurant keeper looked dazed as we rushed by him, and when he awoke to the situation he probably felt a few heart-pangs, but—this is China, and we were "foreign devils."

The Canton junk was crowded, but ours were the only two white faces. Every stateroom had been taken and we were offered for the night two camp chairs with the space occupied by them. We accepted, called for some rice and chicken (which after it had been returned for an extra roast was manageable), and with a couple of sponge cakes went through the dinner exercise, to the delight of the stateroom passengers—all women and children—who looked at us through the window-bars until the last dish had disappeared and we left to get a breath of fresh air on the upper deck.

I did not go down again until we arrived in Canton at about three o'clock in the morning. This meant a stretch of nine hours, but the saloon below was stifling and the upper deck, while too cold to encourage sleep without a blanket, gave me an opportunity to walk and sit alternately. Besides there were occasional thrills, as we swung corners or ploughed through rapids following the lead of the tug upon whose power, together with a stout rope, we were depending. There were other thrills as we neared midnight and passed the lurking places of bandits. At such moments the soldier on guard would stop chatting with the rudder master, and station himself ready to shoot behind a shield similar to that which adorned the police-boat that had dumped us into the sampan at Kwonghoi.

The lights of Canton seemed endless that night and I realized for the first time how large the city really is. The tug dropped our junk at its temporary wharf—another junk—over which we had to clamber and then walk a narrow plank before we were on firm footing. It was after three o'clock but the "Great White Way" with its "First-Class Gambling Houses", was again ablaze. We had secured coolies to carry our baggage, but, fearing that



"After the third mile we met two chair-carriers and suggested that they should right-about-face." (*p. 290.*)

"At the last ferry — as we filed by the company we knew that this was our final dash." (*p. 290.*)

they had fallen overboard in crossing that treacherous plank, Father Fraser went back. While waiting for him I discovered in a dark corner something that looked like a bag of potatoes. Approaching it, however, I noticed a movement and concluded that it was a large turtle left there for the moment. My companion, better acquainted than I was with Chinese men and animals, identified it as a beggar of the human species, a tribe that in China has as wretched representatives as it would seem possible to find anywhere in the world. I had already seen many beggars in potato-sacks, their faces purposely blackened with coal-dust, but I had an idea that most of them had some protection at night.

We walked again through the silent alleys of Canton, wondering if and how we could break into the episcopal "palace." The outer door to the court was open and fortunately we managed to arouse the sleeping police who are always "on guard." Recognizing us, they passed us through the inner gate and a bell brought the Vicar-General to a window as suddenly as if he had been summoned to a night sick-call. Doubtless he was so much relieved to find this was not the case that he did not mind the interruption, and even if he did he could have given us another impression because the lengths to which Catholic missioners here in the East put themselves out for one another and for strangers is indeed edifying.

When we awoke some hours later we learned that the Bishop was away and would not return until evening, so we decided to stay over another night before leaving for Hongkong. Reckoning the hours of sleep for several nights they were not many, and I have a recollection of saying all kinds of stupid things while trying to talk that last night to the good Bishop, who finally suggested that I turn in—which I did gladly enough.

CHAPTER XIX

HOMEWARD

ETURNING from Canton early the next morning (March the seventh) by train, I wondered if it would be held up by bandits. Perhaps this thought would not have occurred to me had I not been obliged to carry a rather large sum of money to Hongkong. In any event the train ride proved to be quite respectable and I profited by it to bring my log to date.

On this train trip I met an American with whom I had crossed the Pacific. He is in the employ of a large Protestant organization, is the son of a Protestant minister, has great respect for Catholic missioners, and is presumably married to a Catholic. I have stumbled on several cases somewhat similar and wondered how many such could be found through inquiries made by American priests. There is doubtless a considerable leakage among English-speaking Catholics in the Orient—a leakage that might be checked were English-speaking priests available.

Last Days at Hongkong.

I had a short wait before the sailing-date set for my home voyage, and it was passed between Hongkong and Pokfulum. At Hongkong there were material preparations to be made. At Pokfulum there was a breath of spiritual atmosphere to be drawn after months of travel and preoccupations.

On arriving at Hongkong I found Bishop Pozzoni in some embarrassment. Good shepherd that he is and very fond of his Chinese subjects, he is not less mindful of the "other sheep" who have strayed into his fold. Among these other sheep are several hundreds, running doubtless to over a thousand, who speak English, and for these the Bishop is always anxious to provide a yearly retreat. He had not succeeded in finding an English-speaking preacher in three years and in response to a former invitation I had given a conditional acceptance, only to find that it would interfere with my plans. Then I had suggested

the Redemptorists of the Philippines, but at the last moment this source also failed. In the meantime Bishop Pozzoni had announced the retreat from the pulpit and in the press. My companion, who had planned, in any event, to remain, consented to meet the need, much to the Bishop's relief.

Before leaving the city for Pokfulum Father Robert took me to the home of a well-to-do Chinese who, with his wife and children, has embraced the Catholic faith. The members of the family retain their Chinese dress but their home is European, inside and out, and if the chopstick exercise is taken at all there is no trace of it for the casual Western visitor. The family was good to look upon and made one realize the possibilities and advantages of similar conversions as the Chinese learn to know the golden hearts of Catholic missioners.

My stay at Nazareth in Pokfulum was all too brief. It is an ideal retirement, and the spirit that pervades this house of prayer and consecrated toil must appeal especially to veterans in the service who, unable to exercise longer an active ministry, may find here opportunity to prepare even remotely for the great end and be occupied meanwhile with labors suited to their capacity. When illness comes to a priest at Nazareth he has only to move across the street to Bethany, where kind and brotherly hands will minister to him and where, unhampered by other concerns, he may calmly await the reward of his apostolic life.

Tuesday I returned to the Procure for a lunch, which Father Robert, with his usual thoughtfulness, had prepared in view of my departure. It was a small gathering, but the pleasanter for that. Bishop Pozzoni came, also the Procurator of the Dominicans, the pastor of Kowloon, and the Superiors of Bethany and Nazareth. Father Jarreau, once a curate at St. Loup, the birthplace of Théophane Vénard, and whom I had met while he was passing his year of preparation at the Paris Seminary, was also present with the priests of the Procure. Speeches were in order and I had an opportunity on this occasion to point to the series of incidents that from the beginning of the Maryknoll foundation had linked our young Society with those of Paris and Milan, as also with the Order of St. Dominic.

That evening—Tuesday—Father Fraser came up from Canton and we lunched Wednesday at the Dominican Procure, which was once the private residence of a wealthy Chinese and has an admirable outlook over the harbor.

My boat, the *Empress of Russia*, sailed the next morning, Thursday, March 14, on the stroke of ten o'clock. Fathers Robert and Ouillon, with Father Fraser, accompanied me across the ferry to the dock at Kowloon, where we found the Superioress of the Canton convent with Sister Mary Angeline, both loaded with gifts for the Teresians at Maryknoll. The much-loved Bishop of Hongkong also came with one of his priests before the steamer sailed, and I caught another glimpse of the Dominican Procurator and of the pastor of Kowloon.

The *Empress of Russia* is no small craft and it took a few half-mile walks to become acquainted with her. She is speedy, too, and by Saturday afternoon at an early hour we were anchored outside of Shanghai. In these days, however, to be anchored outside a port means to be "so near and yet so far"—and it was five-thirty o'clock before we could land at Shanghai on a tender that should return at eight-thirty.

Among Chinese Friends.

While in Shanghai on the down-trip I had met, through Mr. Lo, another well-known Chinese, Mr. Nicolas Tsu, who had long desired to have two of his boys educated in the United States but did not know just how to proceed as he feared to send the young men, unguarded, away from the home-nest. On that occasion I had agreed to bring the boys with me across the Pacific and, so far as I could, direct their education for a time.

It was, I knew, a responsibility, but on the principle that "to those who love God all things cooperate unto good" I felt that, although these boys would not come to be trained as apostles and to be sent later from Maryknoll to their native land, they would be the first-fruits of our usefulness as an American Catholic Mission Society to the New China that is struggling to evolve in this our day. While at Hongkong I had heard through Father Hoogers of Shanghai, the Procurator of the Scheut Fathers and a friend of Mr. Tsu, that all arrange-

AFTER AN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SCHOOL OF THE CANADIAN SISTERS, CANTON
Four Chinese girls in the center have green veils which they wore while singing "A Little Bit of Heaven."

ments had been made for the boys' departure, but I still expected that the plan would have met some obstacle.

As our tender reached its wharf, however, I found a line-up of Chinese gentlemen with Mr. Nicolas Tsu at their head and his two student-sons already dressed like American youths, evidently prepared for the "big voyage." They gave me a cordial welcome, after which Mr. Tsu treated me to an exhibition of *hustle* that would put the average American business man out of breath.

Mr. Tsu is small of stature, a little bent, and wears a skull cap above his black silk Chinese clothes. He talks some English and he wasted neither time nor words on this occasion. As soon as I had greeted him, he asked two questions: What was my program? Would I dine with his family? I had to leave number two contingent on my visit to the Paris Procure, where I had been so kindly entertained during my former visit, but I told Mr. Tsu that probably I would take dinner at his house. In another minute we were rocking through the streets of Shanghai in a taxicab. It was then five-forty. We called at my friend *C—'s*, found that he was down at the Commercial Hotel arranging for a St. Patrick's Eve Dinner, ferreted him out at the Hotel, visited the General Hospital, then made a long jump to the Avenue Joffre, where we discussed with an American steel representative—a friend of Mr. Tsu and a boat-acquaintance of my own—the training of the youths. From this point we pushed around to the Paris Procure, then over to Father Hoogers of the Belgian Procure, and finally speeded for Chinatown, a considerable distance away.

I had asked Mr. Tsu to stop at some store, as my steamer cap had blown overboard, but he assured me that we could transact this business at his house. The program, so far, had taken only a little over an hour and we had reached the nearest possible approach to Mr. Tsu's home, which opened on an alley too narrow for motor-cars. As I ran after my companion I managed to learn from him that he was born in the house to which we were now going.

The young men were awaiting us outside, and, serving as an escort, led us through an open courtyard into another that was roofed and appeared to serve as a reception room. It was

dimly lighted but I could distinguish many persons, young men in one group, women in another, and on the outer flanks the servants, all curious to see the American "kidnapper."

Then to my surprise Mr. Tsu led me into a very attractive chapel, large enough to hold seventy-five or one hundred people, and indicated a central kneeling bench—decorated for the occasion—which I approached, followed by the entire household as if I were a bishop in the Philippines.

Some prayers in Chinese began and I realized that this was the "departure ceremony" for the two youths who that night would leave their homes for a far distant land and for a period of several years. The seriousness of the moment made a deep impression on me, and when the father of the family presented the Holy Water sprinkler my blessing was for that Christian parent above all—and that those under him might be faithful to his example. More prayers followed the blessing, the men's voices on one side of the chapel alternating with those of the women on the other, and then before leaving this little home-shrine the father presented in turn his own mother, a woman nearly eighty years old, his wife, and his sons' wives.

I had already met most of the young men, who included on this occasion some cousins. Two sons were absent, one a Jesuit priest who labors in the vicariate of Kiang-nan under Bishop Paris, the other an aviator in France who has been decorated several times. The only daughter of Mr. Tsu is a nun, as is also her aunt, both "Helpers of the Holy Souls." His brother, as well as his son, is a Jesuit priest, so that the family is well represented in the ranks of the Church. As we sat down to the table—at which only the male members were gathered—I asked how many persons made up the normal household and Mr. Tsu replied at once, "Fifty-two." I did not dare to ask if this included the servants but I presume that it did.

My active host placed his watch on the table and the banquet began, with every available space at the doorways filled with female members of the family. The menu was largely European, with occasional helpings of pigeon eggs and other Chinese delights. After the first course Mr. Tsu called for caps and one was brought that did not fit my head, which seems to have grown

THE TSU FAMILY OF SHANGHAI, WHICH HAS HAD THE FAITH FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS

larger under Eastern skies. Then Mr. Lo's son, a stalwart young Chinese, solved the difficulty by securing from his own wardrobe across the street the necessary covering, an up-to-date English cap. During the meal the two boys, Francis and Ignatius, left to say good-bye to their mother, whom I, too, hoped to meet again before leaving. The meal was finished in good time, and Mr. Tsu, after quietly informing me that he was making a present to Maryknoll of some vestments, gave the signal for thanksgiving and departure. In less than five minutes we had passed without another word between lines of women and children (the mother was not there) out into the alleys and to the waiting automobiles, into which as many of the men crowded as possible. In my car was a brother of Mr. Tsu, who had visited Europe and been received in audience by the Holy Father.

Before stepping on the tender that night the boys embraced their good father and more than one among the bystanders seemed to realize the strength of the bond that was being strained by the separation of that Chinese parent from his sons. The tender was crowded and I soon lost my charges, but they turned up from a sub-cellar as we fastened an hour later to the great steamship and enjoyed their first inspection of the *Empress*.

Every inch of Francis and Ignatius is new, at least so far as exterior equipment is concerned. All their lives they have been wearing Chinese clothing and now they must try to feel at home in trousers such as only women wear in China, in tight-fitting waistcoats and jackets, and in stiff collars. For nearly eighteen years they have been taking as a regular diet rice and the fixings, and now they must see rice rarely, improperly cooked, and served differently from the way they "used to have it at home." But this is life, one separation after another, until we can all get together in Heaven with God.

"Good-bye, China," I whispered to myself. "May we meet again! And may you be as kind to the sons of Maryknoll as you have been to me!"

On an "Empress" Boat.

A cozy and retired place for Mass on the *Empress of Russia* is the writing-room, which I had used for that purpose since

leaving Hongkong. Sunday morning I had two servers, Francis and Ignatius, and two assistants, Catholic gentlemen whom I had already met in Shanghai.

Monday morning, the 18th, we anchored outside of Nagasaki and went through the long siege of a Japanese examination. Every seaman had to show his face and have his hand clutched by the visiting physician. Then the passengers were ordered to their places in the dining-room, where after a considerable wait the Japanese medical officer appeared and a simple count was made of all. The next move was "two flights to the smoking-room," where Japanese police-officials were seated at little tables, prepared to look at every passport and to inquire into one's ancestry and occupations.

It was an interesting line that passed under the scrutiny of these Japan police-officers, and about every nation under the sun seemed to have its representative there. One "husky six-footer" rather disturbed his little examiners. Asked in what country he was born, he answered "Africa," getting down gradually to Cape Town. He hesitated to answer for his parents' birthplaces but finally located one in Australia, the other in Scotland. When asked for his residence he replied, "This boat," which the Japanese police did not consider a serious answer, but he softened their smiling wrath by a further statement, "London and Bombay." I learned afterwards that the police made this individual "dance a little" before they provided him with a permit to go ashore.

Nagasaki to Kobe.

We landed at Nagasaki towards ten o'clock and went directly to the Mission, where I was so fortunate as to find Bishop Combaz at home. Since my visit the hand of death had fallen upon the diocese and sickness had entered into the episcopal household, but, as usual, all were in good spirits, satisfied with what comes from the hand of God.

The Bishop was very enthusiastic about a corps of American engineers who had been stalled for some months in Nagasaki, waiting to get through to Siberia. Out of about one hundred and fifty of them eighty were Catholics. All of these Catholics

attended the Midnight Mass at Christmas, and sixty of the eighty received Holy Communion. Since then these Catholic men had been going regularly to the little church and one who had practically given up his Faith had returned. The Bishop told me that these Catholic engineers have made a very deep impression on the Japanese of the city, Catholic and pagans. I met one of them later on the street and if he represented the others, as I heard that he did, I do not wonder at the enthusiasm shown by Bishop Combaz.

Before leaving Nagasaki we visited again the Brothers of Mary and found them quite happy in the progress of their school, which has gone over the five hundred mark and is recognized as a strong educational factor in the life of the city. I also took my two Chinese acolytes out to Urakami, where they were impressed with the size of the new church, in which five thousand Japanese can squat.

Our boat left Nagasaki late that afternoon for Kobe. The sail through the Inland Sea is noted for its beauty, but much was lost on us as a mist covered all but the nearest islands. The Japanese waters were alive with fishing boats and ships, many of which were evidently new. Japan is not idle a moment these days and the hum of industry is growing louder.

We reached our anchorage outside of Kobe Tuesday evening but were not allowed to land until six-thirty the next morning. However, in the meantime we had again gone through the doctor's scrutiny, the police-mills had received our permits, and we should have no delay in the morning, so that we decided to go to the church for Mass. The *Empress* fastened to a new dock shortly after six-thirty, as promised, and we were soon in rickshaws bound for the *Tenshudo*, which we reached just in time for me to follow Father Fage after his regular Mass. The Chinese boys served my Mass while the Japanese sexton prepared what was necessary.

A Veteran of the Missions.

In October, on my way through the diocese of Osaka, I had been unable to visit an old priest, Father Villion, whom I knew by correspondence and who is one of the ancients in the

Church of Japan. I met Father Villion on the occasion of the second visit to Father Fage. He is what the French call an *original* and I believe that he rather enjoys the title. He is also an octogenarian, or so near to it that he deserves to be called such. For more than fifty years he has labored in Japan and has entered deeply into the life of its people and into the study of its religion, especially Buddhism. He has made friends with all classes and has, I am told, through his association with Buddhist priests been given unusual opportunities to know intimately their cult and their customs. For years Father Villion gathered data on these subjects in the hope of publishing a book, but he could never get enough money to carry out his purpose and as he had no credit he finally poured his literary treasures into the laps of the Jesuit Fathers, who, though like himself poor individually, were apparently not so poor collectively as his own Society. Father Villion had also made friends with a Protestant minister, who left him, as a legacy, some old clothes which my ancient friend was "sporting" when I met him. They certainly looked old, but the beneficiary was quite pleased with them.

Father Villion has no beard to fondle. He tore off this curtain one day some years ago because, as he explained, it so frightened his scholars that he had to teach holding a handkerchief to cover the monstrosity. Father Fage, who wears a respectable beard, does not believe his ancient confrère on this point and insists that if all other missioners were clean-shaven Father Villion would surely wear some sort of ridiculous beard. The old priest is also an advocate of cold-water baths and is never happier than when he can break ice to reach the water that he allows daily to trickle down his backbone and spread over his venerable form. He describes with glee this process that has helped to bring him to a ripe old age, and whatever the cause I found him truly a young old man. I even offered him a room in the new St. Joseph's at Maryknoll, but although it appealed to him I think he would be disappointed not to die in the country to which he has given so generous a portion of his long life.

I took the boys, Francis and Ignatius, up on the hill that day to let them see the city and its harbor; managed unwittingly

to keep good Father Fage from an engagement at Kyoto; visited some American friends from Albany; and reached the boat in time for its sailing at four o'clock.

Last Glimpses of Japan.

Yokohama, our final stop in Japan, came into view Thursday about noon. We had hoped to see Fuji on the way, but again the mist would not permit us. Outside of the Yokohama breakwater we anchored, and after submitting anew to the examinations we were allowed to proceed to the dock, on which I found Father Spenner (one of the Brothers of Mary) waiting. We walked to and through the little city, which seemed now to me like an old friend, and climbed the hill to the Bluff where I called on the two old priests who, with the help of Father Spenner and of Father de Noailles, the Procurator of the Hakodate diocese, have been ministering to the spiritual wants of Catholics, native and foreign, in this busy seaport. One of these venerable men, Father Pettier, is very nearly blind; the other, Father Evrard, had been recently at death's door and was still confined to his room.

We passed across the street to a Chinese family from Shanghai where my two boys, whose English is very thin and whose French is a little thick, were overjoyed, although they did not show it, to converse in their own dialect with one who turned out to be a former resident of Shanghai and a friend of their father. It was then arranged that Ignatius and Francis should remain with these Chinese friends while Father Spenner took me to the college. We returned to the boat for dinner, but I was quite surprised to find that my two acolytes had not enough appetite to enter the dining-room. They had, it seems, taken some chop-stick exercise while waiting for my return.

Our boat was not due to sail until Saturday noon and as we had Friday free we left that morning by the electric cars for Tokyo, arriving at the Cathedral about ten-thirty. Many changes had taken place since my first visit. Death had removed one of the priests who had sat with us at the Archbishop's table; the Archbishop himself had taken up his residence in another quarter of the city; the Seminary, too, had been transferred, and Father Steichen, relieved of its direction, had been made

curé of the old Cathedral. There were other changes, shifts necessitated doubtless by the pitiful lack of priests in the archdiocese and suggesting a period of severe trial to all concerned.

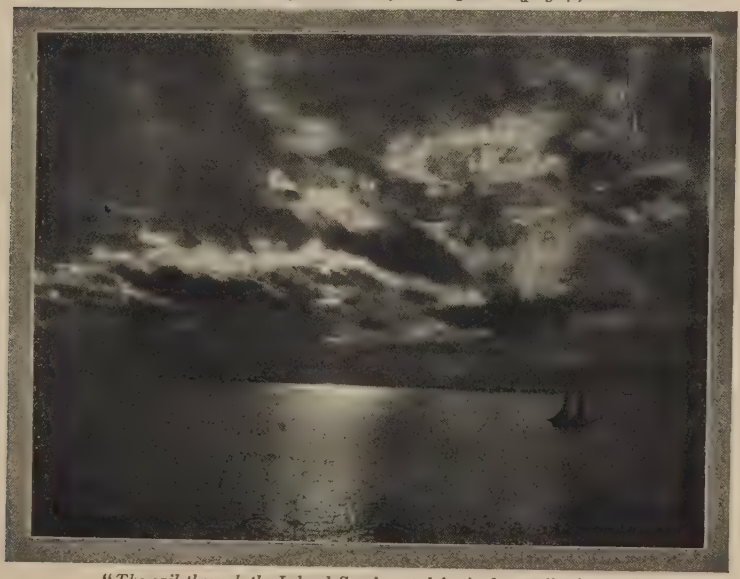
We had time before dinner to visit the Jesuits, where the boys saw for a few moments one of their former professors at Sicawei College, Shanghai, and by good luck I found the Archbishop on our return to the Cathedral. He was kind as usual, but evidently worried, for the Church of Tokyo has been hit hard in many ways. That afternoon, however, after a visit to the flourishing school of the Brothers of Mary where more than one thousand scholars, representing some of the best blood of Japan, are in attendance, I could not but feel that, although the Mission itself has suffered in the weakening of its personnel, the works which have been established under its patronage are full of promise, and are doubtless compensating to a considerable extent for the losses of men and means.

We went back to our boat that evening, and I said Mass Saturday morning at the church on the hill. It was cold and very few out of several hundreds of possible European and American worshippers were present for the Lenten Mass; but the Chinese family was there—father, mother, and children—and all received Communion, as I was told they do every day. I wondered how they felt at times to realize that they themselves appreciate the Catholic faith better than many to whom they would naturally look for an example. Probably in their charity they find excuses for the omission of their neighbors.

After a farewell greeting to the two old priests I left their house in company with a young layman, who, on the way to Father Spenner's, turned aside at my request for a possible view of Fuji. The mountain was in full view and its great cap of snow seemed to be melting in the morning sun. I do not wonder that the Japanese are fond of Mount Fuji. The pity is that any one of them can satisfy his soul by adoring it.

I had several things to pick up that morning and along the way managed to rob both Father Spenner and Father de Noailles of some of their treasures. An ancient sword had already been deposited in my stateroom and a two-hundred-pound bell from an old pagoda, both the gifts of missioners, had been stored

"I do not wonder that the Japanese are fond of Fuji. The pity is that any one of them can satisfy his soul by adoring it." (*p.* 304.)



"The sail through the Inland Sea is noted for its beauty." (*p.* 301.)

under my name in the hold, but we returned to the steamer toward noon with a rickshaw full of parcels, all of which I could only hope would get safely home with me.

The good heart of Archbishop Rey prompted him to come to Yokohama, as he had so graciously done to welcome me to Japan and the Far East. Father Spenner had been there also as at my arrival. It was like the antiphon to a long series of varied psalms, closing as it had begun, and as I turned to my stateroom when the faces on the pier were lost to view I felt closer to Japan and the Far East than I had realized, and grateful beyond measure to the bishops and priests who had, during the months passed among them, made pleasant and profitable my sojourn, edifying me with their simple lives, their unmixed piety, and their untold patience. May God bless them one and all! May the Sons of Maryknoll be inspired by their spirit!

Homeward-Bound.

The home-voyage from Yokohama was not long and was without incident. The *Empress of Russia*, large and swift, does not leave much to be desired and if it were not for two "rounders" in my cabin, who "rolled home" from the card table after two o'clock every morning and slept until afternoon, I would have found it restful. They were birds of a feather, with plumage thinned after many a lark, and conscience—I hope that I have not misjudged them—lulled to sleep long years ago. After one or two skirmishes with them and an unsuccessful attempt to change my lodgings I resigned myself to the inevitable, and we managed to keep on speaking terms.

The first day out was hardest, because the sea was rolling and I found the horizontal needful. As for my two charges—Ignatius fell first and his sympathetic twin, Francis Xavier, soon followed, both keeping to their stateroom for the next six days. Seasickness, however, for the Chinese does not affect the appetite so seriously as for the average American and my worry lest they should starve on the trip soon disappeared. When they came back to life their one desire was to see a whale, but the monsters of the deep are lying low in these submarine days.

I missed my Mass-servers but the doctor from Seattle, who with his family had joined the steamer at Yokohama, replaced them as the solitary worshipper until Holy Thursday, in preparation for which I determined to sound a call for such practising Catholics as were able to be up and about. There was a problem to be solved first, however.

When going to Japan across the Pacific we dropped a day from our lives and now, returning, we had to add one, and no one seemed to know whether it would be Wednesday or Thursday. Late Wednesday evening I learned from the officers that the next day would be Wednesday. On that second Wednesday a note appeared on the purser's bulletin board—

HOLY THURSDAY

Mass will be offered in the Writing Room at 7:30. Catholics desiring to receive Holy Communion may consult—etc., etc.

Great steamships with several decks and numerous recreation centres do not encourage the making of acquaintances, and besides, many traveling Catholics hesitate now-a-days to approach a priest since certain classes of Protestant ministers have taken to flattering the "Romans" by buttoning their collars behind and keeping their faces clean-shaved. It was an agreeable surprise, therefore, to find more than a dozen of the faithful at Mass on Holy Thursday.

When Easter Sunday arrived Mass was offered in the largest recreation room—at an early hour (eight o'clock), of course, so as not to interfere with the official Church of England service. For those who participated, a score of Catholics representing at least seven nationalities, it was a comforting and edifying sight. The Chinese attendant had prepared with palms a special bay for our little altar and a set of finely-embroidered white vestments, the gift of Mr. Nicolas Tsu of Shanghai, was brought into requisition. Several of the score of people present, including one of the officers, received Communion and during the Mass two gifted young Italians who had been touring the Far East played, at their own suggestion, their beloved instruments, the violincello and the violin. Holy Saturday had brought up on deck my two Chinese boys, and they edified all as servers at Mass and

by their devout reverence for the Sacrament which is usually their daily Food.

Hail, America!

Easter Monday morning on schedule time we were tied to the dock at Victoria, but our stay was too short to allow passengers, bound for Vancouver, to see this evidently progressive Canadian city of the West. I telephoned greetings, however, to Bishop MacDonald who, always alert, whether to hit a heretic on the head or to grasp the hand of an old guard, managed to get to the steamer before it sailed. He was the first to receive our overseas greetings and to give the latest appreciations of the war.

A telegram went to San Francisco that night and another across the country to Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson. Hand-clasps soon followed at both places and a stop-over at Scranton enabled me to salute the growing family at our Apostolic College. It was good to be home and I doubt if the *Te Deum* ever filled my heart quite so full as it did that late afternoon of May when, on arriving at Maryknoll, I found in the little chapel, dedicated to St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, the two communities gathered and waiting, in the silence of the Holy of Holies, to join with the long-absent father in that marvelous hymn of praise, and to receive a blessing from the tabernacled Christ.

Te per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur Ecclesia—how much the words meant now! "Thee the Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge. The Father, of infinite majesty. Thine adorable, true, and only Son. Also the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete. . . . Day by day we bless Thee. And we praise Thy Name forever."

CHAPTER XX

SOME IMPRESSIONS

ND now that the observation shutter has been closed, some among those who have followed this narrative will be curious enough to ask what strong impressions remain with the writer as he looks back on his journey to the Orient.

Here are a few very briefly recorded:—

The Far East is Not So Far after all.

One can live there and feel quite at home because one can lose his heart to any country, and it is a commonplace that "home is where the heart is." On the return voyage a steamer-companion, who moved from the Middle West to Seattle some years ago and is now one of that city's public-spirited physicians, spoke of a New York friend who had visited him. The Doctor proudly showed this friend—a prominent K. of C., by the way—the city beautiful, and, as they motored over it, described its marvelous progress. The guest expressed quite properly his appreciation, and all went well until, at the end of the drive, he said to the Doctor, "Fine—but, how can you live so far away?"

His host turned, surprised, and asked, "Far away from what?"

And the Easterner answered somewhat hesitatingly, "Why—from New York."

In the Orient there are even New Yorkers who find themselves settled for life with no longings for the subway, or for the elevated, or for skyscrapers; and this leads to another impression.

There are very Likable People in the Orient.

This is especially true of the Chinese and Koreans; also, I believe, of the Tongkinese. The Filipinos are likable but they are annoying; and the Japanese are said to love themselves too well to be loved by others, and yet they are often charming. Most of the English-speaking business and professional men whom I met confined their observations to the Chinese and almost unanimously referred to them as the most lovable of all peoples.

This judgment will strike the average American reader as strange, simply because he has never seen more of a Chinaman than what is exhibited in the laundry window of his home town. And he has read or heard little of their qualities and much of their misdeeds.

There are shrewd Chinese but the masses of the people impress one as honest, peace-loving and simple. They suffer much but patiently, and a sense of humor more than normal attracts one to them. The Chinese children are not so precocious as the Japanese but they are bright and quite delightful.

A Word about Morals in China.

A Chinese Catholic once remarked to me, "*Chinese boys—some good, some bad—like Melican boys,*" and I could hardly see my way to oppose the statement.

While China is overrun today with bandits, its coast infected by pirates, and petty larceny frequent—conditions for which unprincipled politicians are largely responsible—the Chinese, as a people, are found honest, industrious, patient, and religious. They are also in many respects far more moral than any realize except those who have lived among them. Here is an example that can be multiplied:

Father Thomas of Sancian Island is practically its local magistrate, and is in direct contact with about ten thousand people, of whom eight thousand are pagan. He has spent over a decade of years among these people and in that period of time has never known of more than three cases of adultery. In every instance the indignant people, taking the law into their own hands brought the offenders out into the bay, tied them together, and sank them with weighted stones.

"Drastic"—"cruel"—you say. Yes—and so appears to us the Old Testament law which provided for the stoning to death of the unfortunate woman. In these days while the earth is still freshly saturated with the blood of millions who, Christians in name, fought one another like barbarians, what was "drastic" and "cruel" often escaped comment and only the effect was noted. In any event we wish that in this our own country the crime of adultery could arouse indignation as commonly as it does in China.

Polygamy, it is true, is sanctioned and quite usual in China among men of means, but we must recall that these men have not yet been reached by the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Refinements of Civilization.

If the reader happens to live in any of our large cities he can probably find an emporium for the sale of things Oriental, or a museum in which they are exhibited. If not, he has access to a public library which can hardly lack books on the Far East. He need not, therefore, travel in order to be impressed with the artistic sense of our Asiatic brothers.

He will find work in ivory, marble, silver, gold, and embroidery that is almost a miracle of patience and skill, and he will probably see reproductions of paintings and photographs of structures that would delight his eye still more could he see the originals in their often perfect coloring.

He must live among these people, however, to realize that behind them is a refinement of literature and art, as well as a moral sense, all based on religious foundations crude and unsatisfactory though they be. He must see them at work in their own environment and note what they have already accomplished to understand the future possibilities of these peoples so recently emerged from their isolation. Little by little, as he comes into personal touch with all that is good in them, he will understand how it is that an educated pagan of the Orient can often smile quietly and unobserved as he looks upon certain products of Western civilization.

American Prestige.

No traveler can return from Eastern Asia without frequent thought of the thousands of Europeans and Americans who live in the great cities along its coast line or here and there in the interior. Several of these thousands are connected with missions as priests, brothers, and nuns; or, if Protestants, as ministers, deaconesses, medical men and women, and teachers in schools or colleges. Other thousands, in business, in the professions, or in the Government service, have chosen to spend a portion, if not all, of their lives in those distant lands.

Rev. James E. Walsh, Maryland.

Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, Iowa.
The late Rev. Thomas F. Price, N. Carolina.

Rev. Francis X. Ford, New York.

MARYKNOLL'S FIRST APOSTLES TO CHINA

I came away from the Orient with a decidedly strong impression that, of all the foreigners residing there, Americans from the United States are today the favorites, especially with the Chinese; and that the prestige of American citizenship would be helpful to the influence of Catholics there, not because of American power and wealth, but because our Government has won the respect of Asiatics and is looked upon as unselfish, with no territorial ambitions. This impression of American prestige has, I confess, often awakened the regret which every American Catholic feels once he realizes that there is only a handful of American-born priests in the whole of Asia.

We can offer our excuses, of course, for this lack of representation, but no one can honestly say that the hackneyed "too-much-to-do-at-home" excuse has justified our aloofness in recent years. We are learning that we have been narrow—uncatholic; and this knowledge will react not only on the missions but on the life of the Church at home.

English-speaking Priests Needed.

English is the language most commonly spoken by these "strangers within the gates" and English is the language which the Eastern Asiatic, with the exception of the Tongkinese, is most anxious to learn.

The absence of English-speaking priests has been widely noted in the Far East and often commented upon by the resident foreigners, but it has worked particular hardship for English-speaking Catholics, laymen and women, who number, in Shanghai alone, some fifteen hundred, not to speak of Peking, Tientsin, Hongkong (a British possession), or the great cities of Japan. For these, opportunities to assist regularly at Mass are, of course, provided and English sermons are preached in some cities of Japan, also in China at Tientsin, at Hongkong, and occasionally in Shanghai, but often the English is broken and ineffective. Besides there is the question of what the French call *mentalité*. It is difficult for a priest whose native tongue is not English to appreciate the habits of thought and view-points of the English-speaking, especially if he has never lived among them in their

own *habitats*. It is hard enough for the several English-speaking peoples to catch one another's view-point.

At all events I came away with the impression that many English-speaking Catholics are not getting the spiritual aid which they need and which they honestly desire to have. I believe, however, that this condition can be easily remedied, especially in missions controlled by the Jesuits, Lazarists, and Franciscans. All of these Orders have houses and recruits in English-speaking countries and the transfer of a comparatively few earnest, zealous priests would largely solve the difficulty.

A closer association of these English-speaking Catholics with priests who understand them would also benefit the missions. I met many excellent and influential Catholic laymen, some of whom stand high in their professions or in business life, but I was always impressed with their ignorance of Catholic mission activities. Some of these men could and would help the Church's work of evangelization but apparently the idea has never been suggested to them.

Resources for the Missions.

Before leaving Canton I was asked by Bishop de Guébriant what single fact in connection with my tour of the missions had most impressed me.

The answer that occurred to me at the moment was the fact that the recent progress of the Church has been due, under God, largely to the resources of the missions themselves.

For years I had been under the impression that the great bulk of mission support for the Far East was gathered in Europe, and lately to some extent in America.

I had heard so much of the excessively low cost of living and of construction, and of bought babies at ten cents a head, that I pictured priests who received their yearly allowance from the mission-aid societies, a fair share of Mass intentions, and some occasional small gifts, yielding a total income of three or four hundred dollars annually, as quite well-off and able to push all needed works.

I found, in China at least, and I believe the same statement will apply elsewhere, that when Catholic missioners have no

other material resources than the regular allotments made from our poorly sustained mission-aid societies in Europe and America, they can do hardly more than keep together body and soul, and possibly hold the people around them. They cannot make any appreciable progress. Not every missioner receives a dollar a day from home-sources, but even this amount is hardly more than enough for his household expenses and for the upkeep of a few works already established.

Fortunately in some vicariates funds have been accumulated, the interest of which is enabling the bishops to supply priests with allowances sufficient to carry on necessary activities.

These funds, which are mainly in the hands of the Jesuits and Lazarists, are the combined result of indemnities paid by the Chinese Government and of land investments made years ago by missioners who with a few dollars purchased what today is valued by thousands. Added to this income are sometimes the offerings of the faithful who, when they can afford it, give generously to the Church. The higher schools, too, conducted in the great cities by Brothers for boys and by Sisters for girls, are self-supporting as are some of the larger hospitals.

These mission resources are, it will be seen, quite accidental, but with a new China, cleared of bandits, and open to industrial development, native Catholics will gladly help to support their priests and do their share in enabling them to push further into the interior the Saving Cross of Jesus Christ. In China and Indo-China I saw churches, excellent buildings, that bear witness to the generosity of Chinese Catholics—a generosity, as it was expressed, "rivaling that of the 'ages of faith' in Europe."

The resources mentioned above are, it must be remembered, limited to certain districts. There are missions in the care of Lazarists or Jesuits that must get along as best they can on the inadequate subsidy provided from Europe and America, and I believe it is safe to say that nearly all other missions are in this class.

We stay-at-home Catholics have not grasped the situation of our missioners and the fault is not altogether ours. The average foreign missioner has written too much in terms of pennies about his personal needs, and has not sufficiently impressed American Catholics with his propaganda requirements,

so that even today many who give to the propagation of the faith believe that on a few dollars a year a missioner can support not only himself but also every needed work connected with his mission.

A bishop in China told me that it costs him about $1500 to bring his priests together for their annual retreat. Who of us has ever considered this single item in a missionary bishop's budget?

Our interest in missions has been often rhetorical rather than real. We have visioned the heroic priest holding aloft a crucifix as he preached to the multitudes, and winning, perhaps, a martyr's crown. But we must now picture him preparing native priests and catechists to be his helpers, erecting churches, chapels, catechumenates, schools, and dispensaries, houses for priests and other shelters for the faithful religious who help him if he is fortunate to secure such; and we must see him "in journeyings often," paying well for the service required on his travels or for that at his home, for the transportation of merchandise, for nourishing food, for medicines, and for countless other needs.

Native Priests.

Not the least of the favorable impressions I received in the Far East concerned the native priests. I met them in Japan, Korea, China and Indo-China, and the experience always deepened in me an appreciation of their strong faith and humility, giving motive to their upright lives and constancy. There were varying opinions about their qualities of mind, power of initiative, and ability to rule, but only one answer could be given to the question of largely multiplying their numbers. This must be done for the spread and security of Catholic faith in the Orient.

"What country impressed you most as a fertile ground for mission enterprise?"

This is a question that has been asked by many—and the answer is not difficult as I look along the line of travel and consider in turn the countries visited.

It was not *Japan*. If that little Empire is today becoming aware that "nobody loves her" she has caught the sentiment of the outside world. As a passing visitor I liked Japan and the Japanese, but in the mind of practically every foreigner I met in

BISHOP DE GUÉBRIANT OF CANTON, WITH HIS NATIVE ASPIRANTS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

the Orient—European, American or Australian—I found always the same judgment, a "people proud in their own conceits"—too proud to listen to the voice of the Carpenter's Son. Catholic priests in Japan, as in all countries where they labor, are loyal to the country of their flock but even they begin to scent danger in the re-awakened cult of ancestors and in the rigid supervision of all educational establishments.

It is fifteen years since I heard a European who had lived for a quarter of a century in Japan declare that his adopted country was rotting with pride and must be crushed, in the Providence of God, before it could rise; but he added with warmth in his soul, "Then Japan will begin to live and to be loved!" Certainly, the spectacle of thousands among the Japanese, who during a period of two hundred and fifty years kept the Faith without the help of priest or altar, points to possibilities now obscured.

And if tomorrow sons of Maryknoll should be ordered to Japan, they would rejoice in the opportunity to labor, without visible fruit, in the hope and belief that the Seed of the Word, falling on barren ground, would some day be swept on to a receptive soil.

What has just been said of Japan applies, unhappily, also to *Korea*, which only a few years ago fell under the strong rule of the Island Empire. Until then, for some years previous, no people in the Far East were more responsive to the influence of Christianity than the simple, kindly Koreans. Today, however, distrust is in the air and silently but surely the heart of Korea is hardening under the watchful eyes of its new master.

In spite of this discouraging outlook we cannot but express the hope that, as an outcome of the world-war, Japan will realize that to be truly great she must give up principles and practises that stamp her in the eyes of other nations as petty, though strong—and that above all she cannot afford to be intolerant in matters of religion. There are, I am convinced, many far-seeing Japanese statesmen who recognize the value of Christianity and who admit the influence for good of the Catholic Church upon the patriotism of its subjects, its inculcation of respect for civil authority, and the value to every nation of its high moral standards. I

have heard it said that the Japanese admire the Catholic Church more than any other outside religious body; they characterize it as "serious" in contrast to Protestant bodies, but they think it requires too much from its adherents.

Indo-China as a field for mission enterprise has much to commend it, but as it is under the control of France it does not appeal strongly to an American Catholic missionary enterprise. We have been assured, however, that in these days the French Government would offer no objection to the establishment there of American priests, and certainly the soil that has been crimsoned with the blood of Théophane Vénard and so many other martyrs is appealing.

As for the *Philippines*, the most that can be hoped for is that the Church may hold her own there. It is a question of keeping the Faith in those who have had it, rather than the evangelization of new peoples.

China yet remains to be mentioned, and, as the reader knows, it has the preference, in our judgment, as the most fertile field. *Why?*

Because it contains so many people—more than any other country; because these people have qualities of mind and heart as well as religious traditions that fit them for the Christian faith; because they have in so many instances proved themselves worthy followers of the Crucified Christ.

Catholics in China number, it is true, only two millions out of four hundred million pagans, but the yearly increase, until war conditions interrupted, of 100,000, secured with a limited personnel and a comparatively small financial backing, reveals a bright promise. This is why the American Seminary for Foreign Missions was glad when the call came for her pioneers to go to China.

There are present difficulties, it must be admitted, in the Chinese Mission, but these come mostly from a disturbed political condition which must eventually, and soon, we hope, be removed. The change from an isolated Empire to a would-be United States

of China was too sudden and the resultant civil wars brought business to a standstill, hurt the development of land and of industries, and produced a generation of unscrupulous leaders whose one ambition with few exceptions was to make money, and whose example has affected all classes, especially the army. The people have suffered much in consequence, and have been practically without protection, as the Chinese soldiers have the reputation of doing more harm than good. A Chinese proverb says, "It is not the honest man that dons the soldier's uniform." But with the coming of peace after a world-war we may confidently expect that its effect will be felt on China, whose millions, by nature pacific, desire only an opportunity to live, to work, and to learn.

Further difficulties arise from the changing conditions due to the influx of Western ideas. The battle between Christianity and Paganism is being rapidly transferred to the schools. Pagan schools are being established in all parts of the country and the equipment is such as to attract young men who otherwise would turn to Christian establishments. The Protestant denominations are striving to offset this influence by the counter-attraction of good schools, but it is generally admitted that their appeal is rather to a natural than to a supernatural religion. Catholic missioners long to establish all over China schools to correspond with the grammar grades in this country; and this desire will be realized if they can succeed in clutching the minds and hearts of us stay-at-homes.

The After-Word.

The writer returned to Maryknoll in April, 1918. That same month the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda confirmed the agreement that had been made the previous Christmas between the Vicar-Apostolic of Canton, representing the Paris Seminary, and the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll.

Later, a second rescript from Rome announced a further addition to the field outlined in this agreement, and on September 7 the first four missioners left Maryknoll for China, by way of San Francisco, Honolulu, Japan and the Philippines. As they passed from port to port they were welcomed as brothers

by European priests, but particularly significant was their reception at Shanghai where a dinner was arranged for them by a Chinese Catholic, whose family has had the Faith for three hundred years and who, when they were leaving, gave them *"two hundred dollars to start the American Mission."*

A month later these four missioners, accompanied by a French priest, left Canton for Yeungkong, the principal centre of the Maryknoll Mission, and the start is thus described in a letter written by one of them just before the departure:

Tonight we leave for Yeunkong on a "junk de luxe" and we shall be "some cavalcade"—five priests, four catechists, two boys (domestics), one professor of Chinese, and about thirty pieces of baggage.

It seems imposing, but the pirates won't get much if they hold us up, which is not at all improbable, because our goods and chattels, though bulky, would not reach a high figure at a Chinese auction. We are all well and happy, determined to give the best that is in us to the work we came to do.

A few days later in the chapel of an abandoned mission Maryknoll priests offered their Christmas Masses. The place was bare but so had been the cave at Bethlehem, and angels hovered over their poor altar as they did above the rude cradle of the Divine Infant, joining in celestial melody with the whispered words of the Introit of the Feast:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of Our God. Sing joyfully to God all the earth. The Lord hath made known His Salvation. He hath revealed His Justice in the sight of the Gentiles. A hallowed day hath dawned for us; come ye Gentiles, and adore the Lord: for this day a great light hath descended upon the earth. —*Ps. XCVII.*

(The End)

110°
111°
112°
113°
114°
23°
22°
21°
WUCHOW
SUNCHOW
TAKHING
LOTINGCHOW
WATLAM
WANKWAI SHAN
KOCHOW
FACHOW
KWANGCHOW
KWANGCHOW WAN (FRENCH)
LUICHOW
Tau Mat I.
Nau Chow I.
MANDARIN B
CANTON
SHUNTEKFU
FATSHAN
SHUNGKU
WAICHOW
HONG KONG
BRITISH
Macao
LEMA I.
KAIPONG I.
HAUCHUEN I.
Deep Bay
St. John I.
Tongkwa
Hsiayo I.
Chungyu
Chikongyu
Sha Pu
Tinpak
Shuitung
Chunyun
Suikai
Pakhoi
Pakchoi
Kwangchowwan
Tsenki
Tengyun
Junkio
Pingnan
Pakiow
Luchwan
Suny
Shekshing
Yungli
Mc Carpenter
Kaolan
Shawan
Miaoshu
Junghsien
Kaoyao
Wuchow
Tayun Shan
Quinchau
Chongkong
Douan
Kukong
Kaying
Lotung
Shuntak
Shekkow
Szewui
Taishan
Howlik
Kumli
Pakto
Kaoming
Sunhui
Kongmun
Shaping
Tungkun
Kongkong
Wahongtun
Wuchueng
Hoptung
Yeungshan
Shuiping
Shuntung
Tungkwanbatche
Pinghsien
Kaukau
Tungchiu
Tungkwanbatche
Tsochong
Shuichow
Sunchowpo
Chenhoo
Chungkong
Shuitung
Shuitung
Shuitung

INDEX

Americans in Far East, *laity*, 35, 72, 63, 71, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 94, 100, 107, 108, 114, 115, 116, 122, 147, 149, 159, 175, 193, 245, 274, 275, 276, 279, 300, 301, 303, 308, 310, 311; *missioners*, 4, 10, 18, 26, 40, 52, 65, 71, 97, 98, 111, 112, 122, 123, 132, 133, 154, 175, 176, 184, 229, 230, 231, 237, 316.
Amoy, 182.
Anhwei, 134, 144, 150.
Anju, 97.
Annamite Traits, 249, 250, 255, 264, 266, 269, 270.
Antipolo, 239.
Antung, 97.
Armenians in Far East, 35.
Asylums (see also "orphanages"), 64, 110, 128, 140, 161, 167, 168, 192, 236, 267, 268.
Augustinians, 237.
Aumaitre, Fr., 92.
Aurientis, Fr., 68, 69.
Australians in Far East, 148, 182, 315.
Austrians in the Far East, *missioners*, 151.

Bac-Ningh, 251.
Batangas, 241.
Beards, 32, 34, 170, 171, 302.
Beaulieu, Fr., 91.
Belgians in the Far East, *missioners*, 24, 153, 201.
Benedictines, 92, 94.
Berlioz, Bp., 52-60.
Berneux, Bp., 91.
Bethany (see also "Nazareth"), 186, 187, 295.
Bigolet, Bp., 258.
Bourassa, Abbé, 194.
Boxers, 97, 105, 111, 112, 119, 120, 121, 127.
Brothers (see also "Brothers of Mary" and "Native Brothers"), 23, 36, 111, 123, 126, 131, 133, 154, 160, 196, 258, 285.
Brothers of Mary, 23, 33, 36, 40, 44, 45, 65, 70, 71, 79, 112, 113, 131, 139, 153, 181, 301, 303, 304.
Buffalo, 4.

Canadians in the Far East, *laity*, 90, 148, 279; *missioners*, 138, 154, 194, 195, 202-205.
Canossa, 140.
Canton, 20, 184, 191-197, 200, 206, 207, 210, 245, 281, 282, 291, 292, 293, 318.
Catholic Church, universality of, 10, 18, 20, 26, 40, 65, 90, 306.
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (see also "Maryknoll"), 4, 13, 175, 176, 177, 184, 197, 247, 296, 317.
Carmelites, 13, 15, 149.
Catechists, 58, 130, 165, 169, 208, 245, 249, 258, 261, 265, 274, 276, 282.
"Cemetery," 197-199.
Chala, 123.
Chaminade, Fr., 45.
Chaston, Fr., 91.
Chatron, Bp., 31, 69, 70, 71, 73.
Chemulpo, 89, 90.
Chengtingfu, 117, 124, 125-130, 140.
Chicago, 4, 5, 134.
China, 92-222, 266, 267, 313, 316, 317.
China Sea, 272, 284, 286.
Chinese Traits, 287, 291, 295, 296-299, 304, 308-310.
Chinese in America, 14, 17, 18, 174, 196, 296.
Choulet, Bp., 98, 99, 100, 101, 103, 104, 105.
Christian Brothers, 274.
Christmas at Canton, 193-197.
Church buildings, 21, 22, 34, 35, 37, 38, 44, 53, 56, 61, 64, 69, 73, 75, 78, 83, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 94, 99, 100, 109, 118, 126, 132, 143, 149, 155, 156, 165, 178, 186, 189, 191, 192, 193, 199, 209, 216, 248, 255, 257, 258, 270, 284, 285, 301, 313.
Chusan, 155, 158, 160-163, 171, 172.
Cistercians, 123.
Clet, Bl., 134.
Combaz, Bp., 75, 80, 300, 301.
Conrardy, Fr., 201.
Corregidor, 225, 241.
Cothonay, Père, 247, 248, 249, 251, 252, 263-269.
Customs, 32, 36, 37, 38, 42, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 52, 59, 62, 66, 67, 68, 77, 80, 82, 83, 85, 86, 87, 88, 90, 92, 93, 98, 99, 101, 103, 104, 106, 121, 125, 127, 132, 133, 135, 138, 152, 153, 158, 159, 160, 162, 163, 165, 167, 172, 179, 181, 187, 188, 193, 194, 211, 214, 217, 227, 229,

230, 232, 233-235, 238, 239, 241, 243, 244, 246, 248, 249, 250, 253. 254, 255, 256, 264, 265, 271, 272, 274, 280, 289, 291, 293, 298. 299,

Damien, 22, 23, 26, 201.
Daveluy, Bp., 91.
de Azevedo e Castro, Bp., 209, 212.
de Bretenières, Just, 82, 91.
De Guébriant, Bp., 184, 185, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197, 207, 276, 285, 293, 296, 312.
Delegate, Apostolic, see "Petrelli, Msgr."
Demange, Bp., 84-86.
Denver, 7.
De Vienne, Bp., 124-127, 129, 130.
Difficulties of evangelization, 19, 62, 105, 136, 188, 206, 228, 230, 231, 261, 315, 316, 317.
Dispensaries, see "Hospitals."
Doison, 282, 283, 287, 288, 289.
Dominicans, 182, 230, 236, 243, 248, 251, 263-268, 295, 296.
Dong-Van, 253.
Dorie, Henri, 82, 91.
Dormitory, students', in Philippines, 236-238.
Dougherty, Abp., 4, 5, 226.
Dowling, Abp., 5.
Dumond, Bp., 109-115.
Dunn, Msgr., 3, 54, 58, 61.

Earthquake, 273, 274.
Education, see "Schools."
English in the Far East, *laity*, 35, 94, 106, 113, 144, 146, 147, 148, 174, 189; *missioners*, 120, 121, 128, 143, 146.
English-speaking missioners needed, 76, 79, 101, 112, 114-116, 147, 149, 177, 185, 186, 237, 238, 243, 294, 295, 311, 312.
English, teaching of, 57, 112, 113, 132, 133, 136, 141, 144, 147, 156, 209, 236, 243.
Evrard, Fr., 34, 35, 303.

Farley, Cardinal, 4.
Fatiguet, Bp., 143.
Faveau, Bp., 179, 180.
Favier, Bp., 118.
Fielding, Lady, 128, 143.
Filipino Traits, 229, 230, 231, 240, 308.
Floods, 106-108, 109-111, 124.
Foley, Bp., 225, 226, 228-230, 240, 241, 242.
Franciscans (see also "Sisters"), 131, 133, 136, 142, 145, 312.
French in the Far East, *laity*, 35; *missioners*, 10, 20, 32, 33, 35, 40, 63, 77, 86, 90, 100, 102, 108, 111, 123, 134, 145, 150, 193, 201, 207, 258, 263, 295.
Fukushima, 60-63.

Gauthier, Fr., 207, 208, 210-221, 245, 246.
Gendreau, Bp., 252, 258, 261.
Gennaro, Bp., 132, 136, 137, 140.
Germans in the Far East, *missioners*, 24, 40, 92-94.
Gotti, Cardinal, 197.

Hai-Duong, 251.
Haimen, 161, 162, 166, 167, 168, 170, 171.
Hainan, 246, 247, 271, 272.
Haiphong, 246, 247-251, 269-271, 273.
Hakodate, 58, 71, 303.
Hangchow, 177, 179, 180.
Hankow, 131-134, 140-142, 144.
Hanna, Abp., 14, 15.
Hanoi, 246, 251-253, 259-262, 263.
Harty, Abp., 231.
Hawthorne, 247, 268, 295.
Heck, Fr. (S. M.), 65, 66.
Heinrich, Fr. (S. M.), 45, 65
Hoban, Bp., 4.
Hoffman, Fr. (S. J.), 40.
Hogan, Abbé (S. S.), 247.
Hongkong, 175, 181, 183-189, 210, 243, 244, 273-275, 279, 294, 295, 311.
Hoihow, 271, 273.
Hollanders in the Far East, *missioners*, 24, 130, 143, 144, 153.
Honolulu, 21-25, 317.
Hoogers, Fr., 153, 296.
Hospitals and dispensaries, 54, 110, 111, 112, 117, 120, 122, 123, 128, 140, 141, 143, 144, 146, 151, 152, 153, 154, 189, 230, 258, 313.
Hurth, Bp., 242.

Imbert, Bp., 91.
Imperial University, 41, 68.
Indo-China, 243-266, 267-270, 313, 316.
Industrial training in the missions, 69, 86, 89, 94, 115, 118, 121, 123, 128, 129, 147, 149, 167, 186, 209, 236, 270.
Irish in the Far East, *laity*, 34, 73, 74, 102, 105, 113, 116, 141, 145, 146, 148, 149, 158, 175, 191, 192, 246, 247, 275, 297; *missioners*, 35, 65, 112, 143, 146, 150, 151, 156, 171, 206, 213, 228, 229, 240, 241.

Italians in the Far East, *laity*, 113; *missioners*, 134, 137, 140, 142, 178, 185, 187, 295.

Jacquet, Fr., 52, 53, 59.
Japan, 31-81, 300-305, 317.
Japanese Traits, 10, 26, 27, 43, 44, 48, 51, 52, 71, 81, 106, 301, 308, 314-316.
Japanese in America, 14, 18, 26, 29, 30.
Japanese in Korea, 82, 83, 89, 91, 94, 95
Jarlin, Bp., 117, 119, 124.
Jesuits, 13, 14, 32, 33, 39, 40, 41, 42, 108, 144, 146-148, 149, 176, 209, 212, 213, 236, 237, 302, 303, 312, 313.

Ke-beo, 253.
Kennelly, Fr., 147, 149.
Ke-so, 253, 257-259, 261.
Kiang-nan, 149.
Kiang-si, 143.
Kiang-su, 134, 144-150.
Kiashing, 177-179.
Kiukiang, 128, 143, 144.
Kim, Fr. Andrew, 93.
Knights of Columbus, 238, 308.
Kobe, 72, 73, 145, 301-303.
Kongmoon, 275, 278, 291.
Kong-yet, 280-282.
Korea, 29, 82-97, 146.
Korean Traits, 29, 83, 91, 308.
Kowloon, 243, 245, 295, 296.
Kuling, 144.
Kwangtung, 197, 200.
Kwonghoi, 281, 283, 289, 292.
Kyoto, 66, 68, 69.

Langson, 248, 261, 263-266, 267-269.
Lazarists, 21, 108, 109, 110, 117, 126, 127, 134, 143, 145, 156, 171, 178, 180, 181, 312, 313.
Leprosy, 23, 24, 199, 200, 201-206.
Ligneul, Fr., 270, 273.
Lipa, 239.
Lo Pa Hong, 150, 151.
Loting, 185, 197.

Macao, 208-210.
MacGinley, Bp., 225, 226, 230, 240, 242.
Malate, 228.
Manchuria, 97-105, 145.
Manila, 224-232, 235-242.
Marists, 9.
Martin, Fr., 261-262, 270, 273.
Martyrs, 24, 36, 55, 68, 75, 76, 82, 91, 92, 93, 94, 134, 190, 247, 250, 251, 252-258, 262, 316.
Maryknoll, *on-the-Hudson*, 1, 4, 5, 7, 13, 29, 113, 114, 140, 153, 184, 185, 195, 247, 268, 296, 315, 317; *at-Scranton*, 3, 4, 7, 35, 149, 256, 307; *in-San-Francisco*, 13, 14; *in-China*, 184, 187, 195-197, 207, 209, 210, 215-220, 245, 274, 279, 286, 316, 317, 318.
Matheron, Fr., 261-262.
Maubant, Fr., 91.
Maynooth Mission, 181.
McCloskey, Bp., 242.
Menlo Park, 12, 13, 29.
Milan missioners, 185, 295.
Mission Shops, 121, 123, 177.
Missioners of the Sacred Heart, 22-24.
Moji, 73.
Molokai, 22, 23, 26, 201.
Monnier, Fr., 274.
Montreal, 194.
Mormons, 9, 10.
Mukden, 97-105, 106, 145.
Mutel, Bp., 81, 86, 87, 88, 90, 93-97.

Nagasaki, 73, 74, 75-80, 85, 146, 300, 301.
Native Brothers, 79, 129, 157, 158.
Native clergy, 21, 37, 39, 40, 42, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 70, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 85, 86, 92, 93, 96, 99, 100, 101, 102, 104, 109, 134, 137, 150, 153, 168, 181, 194, 196, 199, 203, 209, 212, 219, 220, 232, 233, 249, 254, 256, 258, 260, 280, 281, 283, 286, 298, 314.
Native Sisters, 35, 54, 59, 86, 90, 101, 103, 110, 117, 129, 137, 138, 156, 157, 167, 168, 195, 258, 298.
Nazareth, 186, 187, 274, 294, 295.
Newspapers and magazines, 37, 109, 146, 238, 239.
New Testament, 78.
New York, 2, 3, 54, 61, 145, 286.
Nikko, 47, 48-52.
Ningpo, 154-159, 161, 173, 245.

O'Doherty, Abp., 226, 230, 231, 232, 237, 238, 239, 242.
Omura, 75.
Orphanages, 84, 86, 89, 103, 104, 118, 121, 122, 137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 143, 157, 161, 168, 169, 189, 192, 195.
Osaka, 10, 68, 69-71.
Osouf, Bp., 63.

Pagan worship, 35, 49-51, 55, 60, 69, 76, 127, 135, 136, 160, 162, 163,

173, 181, 187, 214, 218, 265, 266, 274, 275, 279, 280, 286, 287, 302, 304, 317.

Pakhai, 279, 289, 291.
Paris, Bp., 147, 148, 149, 153, 176.
Paris Foreign Mission Society, 14, 34, 40, 53, 63, 66, 91, 99, 100, 145, 183, 186, 252, 257, 263, 270, 290, 295, 317.
Paulists, 5, 14, 30, 196.
Pawnshop, Catholic, in Philippines, 238.
Peking, 21, 117-124, 131, 140, 311.
Penang, 244.
Perboyre, Bl. Gabriel, 134, 135, 143, 157.
Persecutions, 27, 31, 36, 55, 75, 76, 82, 93, 100, 105, 111, 112, 119, 120, 121, 134, 135, 157, 250, 251, 257, 261, 262.
Petrelli, Msgr., 70, 227, 238, 249.
Pettier, Fr., 34, 303.
Pettijean, Bp., 31, 75, 76.
Phat-diem, 259.
Philippine Islands, 86, 225-242, 316, 317.
Phuyli, 257-259.
Picpus Fathers, see "Missioners of the Sacred Heart."
Pokfulum, 184, 186, 187, 270, 273, 274, 294, 295.
Polish missioners, 190.
Portuguese in the Far East, *laity*, 35, 152, 182, 197, 208, 209, 243; missioners, 208, 209, 212.
Pozzoni, Bp., 185-187, 190, 294, 295.
Procures, 13, 145, 146, 153, 183, 184, 185.
Propositum, 4.
Protestant missionaries, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 30, 37, 49, 51, 52, 62, 75, 84, 94, 95, 113, 136, 139, 140, 144, 156, 163, 164, 200, 202, 228, 236, 261, 263, 279, 280, 310, 317.

Raguet, Fr., 78.
Red Cross, 101, 276.
Redemptorists, 17, 228, 295.
Rey, Abp., 33, 34, 37, 38, 44, 45, 47, 66, 303, 304, 305.
Reynaud, Bp., 155, 157, 158, 173.
Robert, Fr., 145, 183, 185, 187, 189.
Rome, 184, 195, 197, 317.
Russians in the Far East, *laity*, 81, 97, 113.
Ruys, Bp., 249.

Saigon, 259.
Salesians, 209.
Sallou, Fr., 145, 149, 150, 151, 153.
Salmon, Fr., 78.
Salt Lake City, 7, 9, 10.
Samshui, 211.
Sancian Island, 276, 277, 282-288, 309.
San Francisco, 7, 12, 13-15, 307, 317.
Scheut missioners, 153, 154, 296.
Schools, 3, 4, 23, 24, 25, 36, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 54, 70-72, 79, 89, 102, 103, 110, 112, 113, 128, 129, 130, 133, 136, 137, 140, 143, 144, 146, 147, 152, 153, 154, 156, 169, 189, 192, 209, 228, 229, 230, 236, 243, 244, 280, 285, 286, 301, 304, 313, 317.
Scotch in the Far East, *missioners*, 106, 144, 178.
Scranton (see also "Maryknoll-at-Scranton"), 2, 3, 7, 247.
Seattle, 275, 306, 308.
Seminaries, 4, 12, 13, 29, 37, 40, 53, 55, 57, 84, 85, 92, 93, 102, 103, 110, 118, 129, 136, 143, 149, 156, 178, 192, 209, 244, 249, 253, 257, 263, 281, 303.
Sendai, 47, 51, 52-58.
Seoul, 81, 86-97.
Shameen, 193, 197, 208.
Shanghai, 29, 143, 145-154, 175-177, 181, 296-299, 311, 318.
Sheklung, 200, 201-206.
Shimonoseki, 74, 80.
Shi-pu, 164, 165.
Shiuhing, 212, 213.
Sicawei, 146, 147, 149, 150, 304.
Silin, 185.
Sisters (see also "Native Sisters"), *Assumptionist*, 228, 229; *Canossian*, 137, 140-142, 187, 243; *Dominican*, 182; *Franciscan*, 23; *Franciscan Missionaries of Mary*, 113, 116, 154, 212, 213, 240; *Little Sisters of the Poor*, 192, 193, 206, 207; *of Charity*, 7, 111, 112, 116, 117, 120-123, 124, 128, 129, 140, 143, 144, 151, 155, 156, 157, 160, 161, 163; *of the Good Shepherd*, 241; *of the Holy Infant Jesus*, 73; *of Holy Souls*, 149, 154, 298; *of the Immaculate Conception*, 194, 195, 202, 203, 296; *of St. Maur*, 35, 39, 40, 54; *of St. Paul de Chartres*, 89, 189, 258; *Sacred Heart* nuns, 13, 25, 43, 44; *Trappistines*, 58, 59.
Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 54, 89.
Songkaong, 181.
Spanish missioners, 182, 212, 243, 244, 269.

Spenner, Fr., 33, 36, 303-305.
St. Sulpice, 12, 13, 203, 247.
Statistics, 18, 20, 21, 34, 35, 40, 48, 52, 61, 64, 70, 107, 130, 150, 153, 195, 198, 228, 285, 311, 314, 316.
Steichen, Fr., 37, 45, 303, 304.
Sunning, 279, 280, 291.
Support of missions, 58, 85, 88, 89, 104, 111, 118, 119, 122, 128, 129, 130, 132, 136, 158, 161, 162, 170, 192, 264, 265, 312-314.
Swatow, 244, 273.
Swiss in the Far East, *missioners*, 40.

Taichowfu, 155, 158, 161, 163, 167-169, 175.
Taikou, 82, 83-86.
Thomas, Fr., 276, 277, 278, 281-288, 309.
Tientsin, 105, 107-116, 130, 311.
Tinghai, 160.
Tokyo, 10, 33, 34, 36-46, 48, 53, 57, 63-66, 78, 84, 303, 304.
Tongking, 243, 247-266, 267-271.
Tongkinese Traits (see also "Annamite Traits"), 308.
Trappists, 58, 59.
Travel, 4, 36, 41, 42, 47-49, 52, 66, 73-75, 81, 104, 105, 106, 107, 124, 125, 126, 129, 131, 132, 134, 143, 155, 158, 161-164, 165, 166, 169-173, 177, 178, 181-183, 191, 207, 210-212, 213-216, 217, 223, 224-225, 244-245, 247, 251, 253, 254, 257, 259, 260, 263, 266, 269-273, 274, 275-277, 279-284, 287-293, 300.
Tulpin, Fr., 63, 64.
Tungon, 213.
Typhoon, 30-33.

Urakami, 78, 79, 301.

Vénard, Bl. Théophane, 6, 71, 90, 247, 248, 251-256, 261, 262, 295, 316.
Vénard College, see "Maryknoll-in-Scranton."
Versoza, Bp., 239, 240.
Villion, Fr., 301, 302.

Wanfo, 185.
War, *civil*, 131, 138, 139, 141, 157, 161, 173, 174, 196, 210, 216, 217, 245, 275, 276, 280, 281, 286, 289, 313, 316, 317; *European*, 40, 54, 79, 99, 103, 106, 140, 146, 184.
West River, 193, 195, 211, 220, 279.
Wuchang, 132, 133, 134-140.
Wuhu, 144.

Xavier, St. Francis, 32, 276, 283, 284, 285, 286.

Yalu River, 98.
Yangtze River, 132, 134, 143, 145.
Yeungkong, 184, 185, 197, 207, 245, 274-276, 279, 281, 286, 318.
Yokohama, 10, 31, 32-36, 39, 40, 59, 66, 106, 303-305.

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	Kom	MAR 19
FEB 0 3 1969	Angie Dries GTU 343	
	MAY 2 5 1969	

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